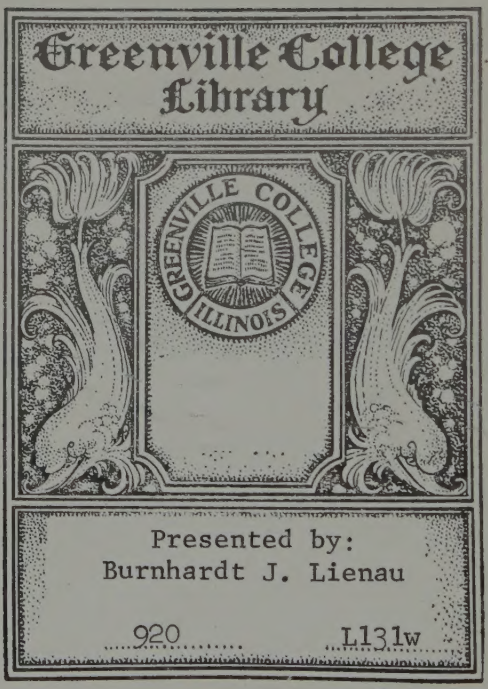
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By BRAND WHITLOCK

LA FAYETTE
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J. HARDIN & SON
BELGIUM
FORTY YEARS OF IT

THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

*After the painting by P. L. Du Bucourt, now in the Musée Carnavalet.*

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# LA FAYETTE

by

BRAND WHITLOCK

Volume II

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
New York London
MCMXXIX

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*After the painting by P. L. Du Bucourt*

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Il a persévéré, jusqu'à son dernier soupir, dans cette mission républicaine et démocratique pour laquelle il avait été évidemment créé. Car en lui, et pour qui l'observa de près, tout, depuis sa naissance jusqu'à sa fin, semble attester une véritable prédestination, surtout son dévouement, naïf, invariable et sans réserve, à cette terrible mission, dont le but l'aveuglait sur les sacrifices, quel que fût le contraste avec les douces et pures qualités de son cœur, les grâces aimables et aimantes de son esprit plein de finesse et d'agrément, et l'intègre bonté et générosité de son noble caractère.

*le Général Comte de Ségur*

# CHAPTER V

## PRISON AND EXILE

*1792-1799* *Aet.: 35-42*

## CHAPTER V

## PRISON AND EXILE

### I

AS they rode on through the long rainy twilight, in the silence of those lofty woods and the peace of that Sunday evening, so painfully in contrast to the feelings in their breasts, he was already turning over plans in his mind. He would go to The Hague and ask the protection of his old friend, William Short, the American Minister; or to England, where proscribed patriots could always find asylum; he would send for Adrienne. . . . And over there, dim across the sea, was America; he thought of Washington and the calm of Mt. Vernon. . . .

The cavalcade rode along the soft road, under the solemn arches of the tall, dripping beech-trees, while the light slowly died away and the gloom of evening gathered among the spectral trunks. There was no sound but the clink of a scabbard against a spur, the jingle of a bit, the tired horses blowing through their soft nostrils now and then. They were none too sure of their route, or of the position of the Austrian troops. They met a peasant, but he, in his fright, professed to know nothing of the country. One of the officers put a pistol to the man's head and was about to force him to act as guide, but La Fayette took pity on him and told them to let him go.

Then, they heard hoof beats behind them, and as the riders drew near, they recognized French voices. They proved to be a group of officers, led by du Roure, brother of Clotilde's first husband, the Viscount du Roure, come with their servants and orderlies to join La Fayette. The party now consisted of fifty-three men—a rather formidable troop to be asking free passage through an enemy's lines. They had come seven leagues; then at a turn in the road, there, in the darkness, gleamed the camp fire of an Austrian outpost. There was nothing to be done; their horses were tired and thirsty; they could not turn aside, for, on their right, was the chain of Austrian outposts, on their left, either French patrols at Givet or bodies of French *émigrés*.

La Fayette told Bureaux de Pusy to ride on ahead and hail the outpost. Pusy did so, and the company was ordered to advance, and led to a lodging in the town of Rochefort. They had hardly dismounted and stretched their weary legs when La Fayette was recognized, and he sent Bureaux de Pusy to the commander, Count d'Harnoncourt, to tell him the truth, to say that they merely wished to pass through his post and go on to Holland, and to assure him that they would leave before morning. When d'Harnoncourt heard that La Fayette was at the head of the troop, he said that they must get passports from General Moitelle, his superior, commanding at Namur. It was too late to set out that night, but early the next morning an Austrian officer was detailed to go with Bureaux de Pusy to Namur.

Before Pusy went La Fayette dictated a statement, which they all signed, declaring that they could not be considered "as enemy soldiers since they have renounced their places in the French army, and even less as that portion of their compatriots whose interests, feelings or opinions, absolutely opposed to theirs, have led them to ally themselves with

the powers at war with France," and claiming that "free passage which international law assures them and of which they will avail themselves to proceed promptly to a territory whose Government is not at this time in a state of hostility against their country."

Then while he waited he wrote a letter to his wife, though since it would be read by the Austrian authorities, and, if it ever got to France at all, by the Jacobins, he could not write freely.

Whatever the vicissitudes of fortune, my dear heart, you know that my soul is not of a temper to let itself be overwhelmed, but you know it too well not to pity the torture that I felt in leaving my country to which I had consecrated my efforts. . . . My destruction has been decided upon this long time. I could, with more ambition than morality, have had an existence very much different to this that I have here, but there was never anything in common between crime and me. I was the last to uphold the Constitution that I had sworn to support. . . . The mathematical demonstration of my inability longer to oppose crime successfully, and the certainty that I should be the object of one crime the more, forced me to withdraw my head from a struggle in which it was evident to me that I should die without fruit. . . . I make no excuses, either to my children or to you, for having ruined my family. There is not a person among you who would owe his fortune to a conduct contrary to my conscience. Come and join me in England; let us establish ourselves in America; there we shall find the liberty that exists no longer in France; and my tenderness will seek to recompense you for all the joys you will have lost. Adieu, my dear heart.

That day, under a heavy escort of Austrian hussars, they were taken to Namur. Bureaux de Pusy had been received by General Moitelle, to whom the Austrian officer delivered a letter from the Count d'Harnoncourt; the General had not read many lines of the letter before he broke into transports of joy and danced about the room, crying:

"La Fayette! La Fayette! Run quick and tell Monseigneur the Duke of Brunswick!"

And he kept on repeating, as though it were too good to be true:

"La Fayette! La Fayette! . . . Take a post-chaise at once and carry this news to His Royal Highness at Brussels! . . . La Fayette! La Fayette!"

In fact, he could not get over it, and whilst giving orders to write letters to all the princes that he knew, informing them of his great coup—for by this time he was convinced that this amazing capture was due to his own cleverness—he kept on repeating, "La Fayette! La Fayette!" and forgot all about poor Pusy waiting there, the unenthusiastic witness of so much delight.

But General Moitelle had been ordered to the front; the Marquis de Chasteler was taking over his command, and when La Fayette arrived, the Marquis came to see him. After an exchange of formal bows, Chasteler informed La Fayette that the Prince Charles of Lorraine was coming from Brussels to consult him on the situation of affairs in France, and invested this announcement with such a significance that La Fayette took offence and replied haughtily:

"I do not suppose, Monsieur, that any one will permit himself to ask me questions that it does not suit me to answer!"

And so when the Prince of Lorraine appeared shortly afterwards, La Fayette received him with a coolness that the Prince's civil manner did not merit. The interview did not last long, and the Prince left with no more information about the state of affairs in France than he had when he came. Later, the Marquis de Chasteler came to La Fayette and showed him the report that he had written to the Aus-

trian authorities at Brussels; he had minified as much as possible La Fayette's revolutionary reputation, and, in his graceful and elegant way, had attempted to show that he was not so bad as his enemies all over Europe had represented him. The fact that his head had just been demanded by the anarchists who were strangling France might be taken in support of this softened judgment, and, in any event, it was difficult for the Marquis de Chasteler to think so ill of the tall, distinguished nobleman with the ancient name, and a marquis himself, in spite of all this subversive nonsense of *ci-devant* nobles. But La Fayette's republican susceptibilities were particularly sensitive just then, and he recalled to Chasteler his own ardent support in the Assembly of his brother-in-law Noailles's measure to abolish the feudal privileges, and begged him to delete from his letter all compliments of that nature.

The Duke of Saxe-Teschen, at Mons, was notified and ordered the prisoners to be taken to Nivelles until he could receive orders from Vienna. While waiting, La Fayette spent his time in writing letters. He wrote to his aunt at Chavaniac; he thought that Madame de La Fayette and the children were probably no longer there,

> and I very much hope, my dear Aunt, that you have consented to follow them. In any case, show them or read them my letter. . . . Say to the inhabitants of the commune of Aurac that they would be wrong to take offence at the Constitution because their fellow-citizen whom they love is persecuted. . . . There are abuses, but those of the old régime were much greater and the Revolution has been none the less made for the happiness of the people. Thus I hope that they will always be good patriots. Adieu, my dear Aunt. You have at least the consolation to think that I no longer run the risks of the dangers of war. I confess to you that I do not share your satisfaction on this point, and that the idea of my country being invaded with-

out being defended by me wounds my heart. . . . But they would have it so. . . . Adieu my dear Aunt. I love you tenderly.

He wrote a long letter to the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, his "unfortunate and divine friend," with whom he had worked in intimate and unbroken harmony from the beginning of the Revolution.

Where are you, my dear Friend? Do you still breathe? Would it be possible that so much virtue, that a love of liberty so constant and so pure, could have escaped proscription? I love you too much not to tremble for you, and I should hesitate before writing to you if our friendship were not known to all the world, and especially to the ruling chiefs. I shall therefore teach them nothing in communicating to you the frightful anxiety to which I am a prey. . . . If I regain my liberty I shall retire to a village in England, because I can not tear myself away from the interest with which my country inspires me. But in case despotism and aristocracy on the one hand and the factions or disorganizations on the other cause me to lose the hope of seeing it free, I shall become once more purely American, and finding again in that happy land an enlightened people, friends of liberty, observers of the law, grateful for the happiness that I had to be useful to them. I shall recount to my respectable friend Washington, to all my other companions of the Revolution, how that of France in spite of me has been defiled by crime, obstructed by intrigues, and destroyed by corruption and ignorance, become the instruments of the vilest passions.

He wrote to William Short at The Hague:

You will greatly oblige me, my dear Friend, by leaving for Brussels as soon as this letter reaches you, and by insisting on seeing me. I am an American citizen, and an American officer. I am no longer in the service of France. In demanding my release, you will be acting within your rights, and I have no doubt of your immediate arrival. God bless you.

He wrote also to his old friend, the Princess d'Hénin, then an *émigrée* in England, established in a house at Rich-

mond. She was a gay, lively little woman, very original and a little flighty—Horace Walpole would not receive her at Strawberry Hill because she had a *faux ménage* with Lally-Tollendal—and she was devoted to La Fayette.

The days dragged on in uncertainty, and while his "family" were merry in misfortune—laughing, like Figaro, to keep from crying—their hopes were oozing away. No Short came, nor any word from him. The toils were being more and more tightly drawn about them. Sentinels were placed at the doors; they were no longer permitted to walk in the little garden behind the house. One morning officers came with an order to take over the army chest containing the money entrusted to the paymasters of La Fayette's army. When they made their demand, La Fayette drew himself up, and remarked with a glacial air:

"Without doubt Their Royal Highnesses, if they had been in my place, would have carried off the funds of the army when they left."

Then he turned contemptuously on his heel, leaving the Austrian officers to discover for themselves that, aside from the sums obtained by the sale of their horses, the prisoners had not two months' pay of their rank amongst them.

La Fayette wrote to the Duke of Saxe-Teschen—uncle of the Emperor of Austria—at Mons asking for an explanation of his detention, but no answer came. Then, on a September morning, suddenly and without warning, guards came to take him away; the prisoners were divided into three groups; the officers of the line with the orderlies and common soldiers were to be released and ordered to leave the country; La Colombe, the three Romeufs, Masson and Charles and Victor de La Tour-Maubourg were to be imprisoned in the citadel at Antwerp. He himself, with La Tour-Maubourg, Bureaux de Pusy and Lameth, considered

especially dangerous because they had been deputies in the Constituent Assembly, were to be held as hostages for Louis XVI.

He was in his room upstairs, talking to Louis Romeuf, when the guards came to fetch him; they would not allow him to say good-bye to his friends, not even to his good La Colombe, who had been by his side ever since they had sailed in the old *Victoire*. Louis Romeuf, certain that he was bidding farewell to his general for the last time, burst into tears upon his breast. There was no time, however, for tears or farewells. La Fayette was convinced that the combined monarchs of Europe were about to take vengeance upon him, and that the head he had saved from the people whom he had served was to be demanded by the Kings he had opposed. He thought of but one thing, and that was to charge Louis Romeuf with a statement of his "unshakable political religion," a sort of political testament to be published after his death. Louis Romeuf wrote it down:

To the French people: I had clearly foreseen that if I fell into the hands of the arbitrary governments they would take vengeance for all the harm that I had done them. But after having defended until the last instant the free national constitution of my country against the factious politicians, I abandoned myself to my fate, thinking it better to perish by the hands of tyrants, than by the misguided hands of my fellow citizens. It was necessary above all to prevent a great example of ingratitude from injuring the cause of the people in the eyes of those who are unaware that there is more pleasure in a single service rendered to that cause than all the pain that personal vicissitudes could give. Besides, they have wasted their efforts; the truths that I have uttered and my labours in the two worlds are not lost; aristocracy and despotism have received their death blow, and my blood crying for vengeance will raise up new defenders for liberty.

They were taken away at once, he and La Tour-Marbourg, Bureaux de Pusy and Alexandre Lameth and their servants, in four coaches, escorted by officers and a detachment of cavalry; they were driven to Arlon, thence to Luxembourg and turned over to the Prussians. There he received a letter from the Duke of Saxe-Teschen:

As it is you who are responsible for the Revolution that has overturned France, as it is you who put your King in irons, despoiled him of all his rights and legitimate powers, and kept him in captivity, as it is you who were the principal instrument of all the disgraces that overwhelm this unhappy monarch, it is only too just that those who are working to re-establish his dignity should hold you until the moment when your master, after having recovered his liberty and his sovereignty, can, in his justice or his clemency, decide on your fate.

As they entered Luxembourg, great crowds thronged the streets, wild with curiosity to see the prisoners, and especially the famous La Fayette, about whose name a sinister and terrifying legend had grown up. The guards with difficulty kept back the crowds, and the malevolent had to content themselves with insulting cries and offensive grimaces, though now and then he distinguished among that mass of unfriendly faces a countenance filled with compassion.

After ten days in Luxembourg, closely guarded in an inn, he was told that they were to be taken to prison at Wesel. The four coaches and the escort of cavalry set out once more and went to Trèves, whence they were taken to Coblentz.

"Yes, Coblentz, my dear Princess," he began his letter to Madame d'Hénin, "it is from Coblentz that the unalterable friend of liberty writes to you, and this city, the name of which recalls feelings so different, had yesterday and to-day for its spectacle the arrival of four patriotic prisoners."

The allusion was to the fact that Coblentz had become

the capital of the foolish and errant Empire of the *émigrés,* for it was there, in the *château* of Schönbornlust, which the Prince Elector had placed at their disposition, that Monsieur and the Count d'Artois had established their residence. They had their mistresses with them; the Countess de Balbi, as the accredited favourite of Monsieur and Madame de Polestron of the Count d'Artois, and, this fundamental Bourbon principle observed, they established a court with all the approved ceremonial, with civil and military households, grand marshals, ladies and gentlemen of the wardrobe and bed-chamber; bodyguards in helmets, Swiss Guards with halberds, soldiers of the regiment of Rohan in uniforms of white with black facings. Their followers and hangers-on observed strictly all the rules of precedence and etiquette, asked for audiences, signed books, formed cliques, were gnawed by jealousies, envies and spite. Those who had emigrated in 1791 would not speak to those who had come out in 1792. They gossiped and quarrelled, circulated scandalous stories, had intrigues and affairs, abused Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and La Fayette. The Jacobins at Paris could not have invented more outrageous calumnies against the Queen than those openly proffered by the royalist debauchees in the *salons* of Schönbornlust. Small wonder then, that in her prison tower Marie Antoinette called her brothers-in-law "Cain," and that Louis XVI, in his frank way, said "my brothers have assembled at Coblentz all the whores of my Court."

And so, whilst this life was going on at the *château* of Schönbornlust, La Fayette, a prisoner, was writing the Princess, telling her that the next day they were to be transferred to Wesel in Westphalia to be imprisoned in a fortress; he asked the Princess to address her letters there, "where,"

he said, "I shall say like the bird in *The Sentimental Journey*, 'I can't get out.'"

They were taken down the Rhine, and in three days arrived at Wesel. They were thrown into separate dungeons, not permitted to see one another, to receive or write letters or to have any news of the outside world. They were not allowed exercise or air, and were subjected day and night to the torture of being watched by an under-officer, changed every two hours, so that not a single action of theirs could be lost sight of. To La Fayette, used for so many years to the open air of camp and field, this solitary confinement was like to prove fatal, strong though his constitution was. The régime got on his nerves; he could not sleep—with rats swarming and those silent gaolers watching him fixedly—and the damp, miserable cell in which he lived gave him fever and cold on the lungs. The prison doctor recommended that the prisoners be allowed air, but the King of Prussia forbade it; they were treated with a species of refined moral torture that La Fayette himself did not like to recall. His two servants, Felix and Chavaniac, were shut up in cells apart; the authorities of the prison would neither allow them to serve their master, nor send them away. The prisoners were obliged to pay for their own food, and Tzchersky, the commandant, exploited them mercilessly, even charging them postage for the letters he did not send.

There was a moment when La Fayette was thought to be dying, and Maubourg, hearing of it by the indiscretion of a guard, asked the commandant to allow him to bid his friend good-bye and receive his last wishes. But "that could not be allowed."

Then one day the commandant and an auditor came to La Fayette's cell with a letter from the King of Prussia,

promising to ameliorate his lot if he would give information that the coalition could use against France.

"Your King is very impertinent to connect my name with such an idea," he blazed, "and even if I am his prisoner I will suffer no insults from him."

He felt somewhat better after that.

The year wore away; he was without news of his wife and family, without news of France, or the world outside. Then a change came, and any change was welcome; they were to be transferred to the fortress at Magdeburg. They had the joy then of speaking to one another, of breathing pure air, of seeing the sun once more. They were conveyed at this time, not in coaches, but in carts, with chains and handcuffs to be used if the guards thought necessary. Though it was the dead of winter, their journey across Westphalia and Brunswick into Saxony almost restored their health, and was marked by no adventure other than a singular incident at the little town of Hamm. Just as their carts halted at an inn a coach drove up and from it emerged the fat face, the Bourbon beak and the bulky figure of Monsieur, and after him, the slender Count d'Artois. The royal nomads had just arrived from Düsseldorf on one of those feverish and futile journeys that gave to their exile an air of importance and occupation. Every one in the suite of bedraggled royalty avoided him, except the Count Charles de Damas who came to see him.

They reached Magdeburg on New Year's Eve, and were shut up in subterranean dungeons, the mouldy stone walls of which dripped with moisture, while through the tiny slit of a barred window a ray of light came in, but never the sun.

THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE IN 1792

FROM A PORTRAIT BY COURT IN THE MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES.

## II

If the fall of La Fayette had been celebrated by his enemies at Paris with an explosion of joy, his escape had thrown them into a violent and impotent rage, which found expression in childish spite. At the Hôtel de Ville they took down Houdon's bust of him and ground it to powder. It was proposed to raze his house in the rue de Bourbon, and in its place erect a column "to transmit to posterity the memory of the General's crimes." The Commune, on the motion of Duvivier himself, ordered Sanson, the executioner, to destroy publicly the die of the medal engraved by Duvivier in his honour. And what was more serious, the Assembly ordered that his property in the colonies—his plantation in Cayenne where he was emancipating his slaves—be seized and sold, slaves and all—in the name of liberty. The hatred against him among the *émigrés* was as intense. Rivarol published a violent pamphlet at Liège, entitled: "The political life, flight and capture of Monsieur de La Fayette," which was read with splenetic satisfaction by hundreds of *émigrés* in shabby lodgings in all the melancholy, rain-drenched towns in the valley of the Rhine that winter. It was consoling to read: "Such is La Fayette. . . . He is not a man decided between stupidity and rascality, but a man composed without ceasing of one and the other; always false in his plans, always cruel in execution, absurd as a whole and criminal in details."

The long letter that La Fayette had written from Nivelles to his friend La Rochefoucauld was never read by the Duke; on September 3, in the midst of the massacres that in French history were to take the name of that lovely month, he had been arrested and at Gisors while in charge of a commissioner sent to conduct him to Paris, under the

eyes of his wife and his mother, was murdered and torn to pieces by a mob organized by the commissioner himself. The letter that La Fayette had written to William Short at The Hague reached the Minister, but Short did not go to Brussels; instead he turned to Gouverneur Morris, and Morris advised him to keep out of the business and to confine his efforts on La Fayette's behalf to "prayer and supplication."

Meanwhile Madame de La Fayette at Chavaniac was wild with anxiety; her father and her brother-in-law Grammont had been on duty at the Tuileries on August 10, and she did not know whether they were alive or dead. The gazettes were full of La Fayette's resistance at Sedan; the decree against him was voted; a price was placed on his head; he was to be brought to the bar of the Assembly alive or dead. But she heard that her father and Grammont were safe; and then, on August 24, she received a letter from her sister Louise, informing her that La Fayette had got out of France.

She was in an ecstasy of joy and relief; there was rejoicing in the old manor-house, and the people at Chavaniac came to present their felicitations. She hid or burnt her husband's papers, buried his swords of honour and other trophies and, fearing for her children, decided to put them in a place of safety. In the night M. Frestel took George to a hiding place offered by a *curé* in the mountains of Auvergne, and she sent Anastasie and Virginia to Langeac. Then, two letters came from La Fayette—the one he had written to her from Rochefort and the one he had written to his aunt from Nivelles. In her joy she was preparing to go to England as he had asked when, early one morning the *château* was invested by a band of armed Jacobins from Le Puy and a commissioner named Aulagnier presented an

order from the Committee of Safety, and a letter from Roland, now Minister of the Interior, to arrest her and her children and conduct them as prisoners to Paris.

She ordered her coach at once; she would go to Le Puy. Whilst she was making ready for the journey, the patriots, after slashing with their swords the ancestral portraits in the hall, began to ransack the *château* and in her escritoire found the two letters from her husband; the commissioner waved them in triumph as most incriminating documents.

"You will see in them, Monsieur," she said, "that if there had been any courts of law in France, Monsieur de La Fayette would have presented his head to them, very sure that there was no action in his life that could compromise him in the eyes of true patriots."

"The courts to-day, Madame," said the commissioner, "are public opinion."

Aunt Louise-Charlotte, seventy-three years old, whom no consideration had ever induced to leave the *château,* declared that she, too, would go to Le Puy and, if necessary, even to Paris. Anastasie, who was then fifteen, insisted on going as well, and taking with them two ladies' maids and three servants, and surrounded by the armed guard, they set out to drive down the valley to Le Puy. They spent the night at Fix, and drove into Le Puy the next morning, with a crowd stoning the coach.

"If your father knew that you were here," said Madame de La Fayette to Anastasie, "he would be anxious—but also, highly pleased."

Madame de La Fayette appeared before the Departmental Council at the town hall, her aged aunt and her daughter by her side.

"You, Messieurs," she said, "may receive your orders from Monsieur Roland or from whomsoever you please.

As for me, I wish to receive them only from you, and I constitute myself your prisoner."

Then she asked permission to read out the letters of her husband.

"But that would be painful to you, Madame," said one of the officials.

"On the contrary, Monsieur," she replied proudly, "the sentiments that they express sustain me and are my consolation."

She stood there, a slender little figure, and read out her husband's letters. And as she read the men were impressed; some were in tears; the Mayor, M. Bertrand, showed so much sympathy that she feared he would compromise himself in the eyes of the purer patriots, and to save him from aspersion she said:

"Monsieur le Maire, we have noticed that it is a long time since you came to pay us a visit at Chavaniac."

She compelled them, then and there, to copy and certify the letters and give her duplicates before sending the originals to Paris—"They lie often in the Assembly," she said. Then she argued the injustice of her arrest, and asked that if they must hold her as a hostage, they allow her to remain at Chavaniac on her parole.

The courageous President, M. de Montfleury, decided his colleagues to present this request to Roland, and Madame de La Fayette wrote a letter to Brissot, who had so often fed at her table, and sent it with the dispatches of the Department to the Directory. She did not know what the reply of M. Roland would be.

It is easy to see that if it is dictated by justice, it will restore to me my liberty indefinitely. If it is according to the wishes of my heart it will permit me to join my husband . . . so that we together may go and establish ourselves in America. . . . If

you will serve me, you will have the satisfaction of having performed a good deed, in lightening the lot of a person unjustly persecuted and who, as you know, has no more the means than the wish to do harm.

I consent to owe you this service.

NOAILLES-LA FAYETTE

She waited in her temporary prison at Le Puy, where her confinement was made tolerable by the kindness of some old members of the National Guard, and by the respect still imposed in Auvergne by the name of La Fayette. But the news was sinister. She heard that La Fayette, far from having been set at liberty, had been turned over to the Prussians. She was in despair, longed to fly to him and regretted that she had offered her word to remain at Chavaniac.

Brissot, of course, showed her letter to Roland and Roland gave permission for her to remain at Chavaniac, but, afflicted then as ever, with a consciousness of his own social inferiority, and stung by her haughty tone, he wrote to her a letter filled with insult and impertinence, and concluded by saying that her phrase about "consenting to owe Brissot a service" was inspired by the "obsolete pride of what used to be called nobility."

The communal authorities were to be held responsible for her and to detail a guard to be always on duty at the *château*. When Madame de La Fayette heard of this order she appeared before the Departmental Council and said:

"I declare, Messieurs, that if you place guards at my door, I will withdraw my parole. Choose between the two securities; I can not be shocked by the fact that you do not believe me to be an honest woman; my husband has much better proved that he is a good patriot. But you will permit that I, myself, should believe in my own probity, and that I should not strengthen my word with bayonets."

The plucky little woman had her way; they decided that no guard was necessary.

The only reply that she had received to her letter to Brissot was the insulting missive from Roland. But, burdened as she now was by her promise not to attempt escape, she wrote to him again and she did not lower her proud tone. "I ought not to write you again, Monsieur, after the use you make of my letters." She had read in a Jacobin sheet edited by Brissot that her husband had been separated from La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy and was to be taken to Spandau; and she asked "no other liberty than that of going and shutting herself up within the walls, or at least, near the walls of the citadel of Spandau. . . ."

She even overcame her pride and wrote to Roland:

> Whatever repugnance I might feel to owe a service to those who have shown themselves the enemies and accusers of him whom I love and revere as greatly as he is worthy of being loved and revered, it is with all the frankness of my heart that I vow an enduring gratitude to him who in freeing the administration of its responsibility and in giving me back my parole, will render me the freedom to go and join my husband if in France, become freer, it is possible to travel without risk. It is on my knees, if it must be, that I beg of you this favour. Judge of the state that I am in!
>
> Noailles-La Fayette

The prisoners were taken back to Chavaniac and there received from the Town Council of Saint-Georges d'Aurac and the villagers a welcome that touched even the commissioners who had accompanied them from Le Puy. After the commissioners had gone, Madame de La Fayette kept the councilmen to supper, and they drank the health of General de La Fayette.

Late that night M. Frestel, who had stolen out of his hiding place in the mountains, came to Chavaniac to discuss measures for the safety of George. They decided that M. Frestel should obtain a licence and passport as a merchant and go to the fair at Bordeaux, taking George with him; at Bordeaux they would take ship for England, and once in London, go to see Pinckney, the American Minister, and ask his advice for the future. She bade good-bye to the faithful Frestel, and he went back to the mountains; she was afraid that if she saw her son again she would not have the strength to let him go. Then she wrote a letter to Washington: "In this abyss of misery, the thought of owing to the United States and to Washington the life and liberty of La Fayette causes a ray of hope to shine in my heart. I expect everything from the kindness of the people in whose land he helped to form a model of that liberty of which he is now the victim."

The letters to Roland and Brissot were carried to Paris by Beauchet, the husband of a former maid of Madame de La Fayette. Her letter touched Roland as it might have touched a heart of brass, but he felt it his duty to say that it did not seem to him prudent for one of her name to travel just then in France, "because of the unfortunate impressions that were attached to it." However, circumstances might change, and then he would be the first to help her. She thanked him for "the ray of hope that he caused to shine in her heart, so long unaccustomed to this feeling."

The slow weeks went by, and they sank gradually into the snowy winter of the Auvergne hills. They were in the month of December; she had had no news of her husband other than that contained in a gazette which announced that he had been taken to Wesel. Beauchet came back from one of his journeys to Paris, bearing a letter from Gouver-

neur Morris. Washington, on receiving the news of La Fayette's imprisonment, had instructed Morris to do what he could but he could do little. Morris's well-known aristocratic sympathies had made him *persona non grata* to the Jacobins, and they had requested his recall. But he gave Beauchet a letter to Madame de La Fayette advising her to write to the King of Prussia, and, if possible, to have the letter presented by the favourite of the moment at Berlin, Madame de Guisne. He even drew up a model for her to follow. But the chatelaine of Chavaniac considered it too servile; she was a *grande dame,* a Noailles and a La Fayette, and perhaps more than all an Aguesseau; she was not so much impressed by royalty as Gouverneur Morris. She wrote a letter of her own.

Beauchet remained but a day at Chavaniac, took her letters and went back to Paris. He had brought news of the Duchess d'Ayen and Louise; they were safe and well. It was the only news she had of her mother and sister; no one dared any more entrust letters to the post.

Roland had not forgotten his promise. He had seized a favourable moment to obtain from the Committee an order setting her at liberty, though this was somewhat ironical, for there was a general order in rigour prohibiting all former nobles to leave their departments. However, she was no longer bound by her word of honour, and she tried to find some means of leaving France and joining her husband. But there was George; a letter from M. Frestel informed her that at Bordeaux he had found it impossible to escape to England, and he had taken George to the house of his parents in Normandy, where they were waiting for a chance to cross the Channel. And then, there was the question of money; not that they were in immediate need, but her husband had poured out his fortune like water in the cause of

Sire

La reputation de loyauté du caractère de Votre Majesté permet a la femme de m. de la fayette d'y avoir recours dans l'excès du malheur sans manquer a ce qu'elle doit au caractere de celui qu'elle aime. elle a plus d'une fois pensé que le Roy de Prusse sauroit honorer la vertu dans toutes les opinions et en donneroit a l'europe le glorieux exemple. l'ignorance affreuse ou je suis de tous les evenemens depuis trois mois, ne me permet pas de discerner les motifs de ceux qui ont retenu m. de la fayette captif, ni ceux qui ont determiné Votre Majesté a le garder. je ne viens donc plaider la cause, mais il me semble que ses ennemis et moi plaident bien eloquemment en sa faveur, les uns par leurs crimes, l'autre par l'excès de son malheur. les uns prouvent sa vertu, et combien il etoit redouté des mechans, et moi je prouve combien il est digne d'etre aimé. j'ose dire que les uns imposent a la gloire de Votre majesté la necessité de ne pas persecuter le meme objet qu'eux. serois-je assés heureuse moi pour faire gouter a sa sensibilité la joye de me rendre la vie en le delivrant.

souffrés donc que je me livre a cet espoir et a celui de vous devoir bientot le respectueux hommage d'une telle reconnoissance.

je suis avec le plus profond respect

Sire

de Votre Majesté

la tres humble et tres obeissante servante

Noailles la fayette

ce 3 x.bre 1792

chavaniac par Brioude en auvergne

A LETTER FROM THE MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE

TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA

BEGGING FOR THE RELEASE OF LA FAYETTE FROM PRISON.

*In the possession of Judge Walter P. Gardner.*

liberty, had borrowed heavily and she considered it her sacred duty, before expatriating herself, to have the claims established and recognized as liens on their property, so that when confiscated by the government, as was the custom in the case of *émigrés,* their creditors should not lose their rights. The task of arranging these affairs in all their complicated details, obliged her to make frequent journeys to Le Puy and to appear before the authorities there.

Then M. Frestel, unable to leave France, brought George back to Chavaniac. Her joy in seeing her boy was mingled with disappointment, for she was deeply troubled about his future. The Revolution was going from one horror to another. Ever since the beginning of the year, the tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety had been spreading terror. The King had been "tried" before the revolutionary Convention; his own cousin, the Duke d'Orléans, now become Philippe Egalité, had voted for his death; and he had been guillotined in the Place Louis XV, which, like the Duke, had changed its name and become the Place de la Revolution. The horror of this event deepened the gloom at Chavaniac, but she would not lose heart; she wrote to every one who, by any means, however remote, might help La Fayette; when she read in a journal a letter of the German poet Frederic Klopstock in which he spoke kindly of La Fayette, she wrote to him; two Italian plasterers, leaving for Italy, smuggled out her letters. At the suggestion of Gouverneur Morris she wrote to the Princess of Orange, sister of the King of Prussia, and in time received a letter in reply; it was polite, but nothing more.

She had received no answer to the letter she had written to Washington, and on March 13, 1793, she wrote again:

"If it is to be given to me to see my husband again and to be reunited to him, it must be due to your goodness

and to that of the United States. I can do nothing for him; I can neither receive a line from him, nor write to him. Such is the treatment that I receive, but I will take no step that is not worthy of him whom I love, or of the cause to which he has never ceased to be true."

Washington was much affected by the plight of his old friend, but, as the President of a young republic that could not afford to risk foreign entanglements, he was forced to act with great prudence. He wrote to assure her of his unalterable affection for her husband, and to tell her that he had deposited two thousand three hundred and ten florins with Nicholas van Staphorst at Amsterdam, which she might use. Jefferson wrote to the American Ministers in Europe to say that the President noted with satisfaction that they were occupying themselves with the sad situation of La Fayette.

However, all this interest availed nothing. At the end of March, they heard of the treason of Dumouriez, who had sold out to the coalition and gone over to the enemy. In the excitement and the alarm of this not very astonishing event—La Fayette had long since predicted that Dumouriez would do that very thing—the revolutionary government sent out agents to search the houses of all former nobles for incriminating documents. They came to Chavaniac, rummaged through all the Marquise's papers, but found nothing. Then the bloody terrorist Jean-Baptiste Lacoste arrived in the Haute Loire, and a new shudder ran through the population. He went everywhere, distributing a pamphlet that he had written denouncing the Girondins and La Fayette, and in passing through Saint-Georges d'Aurac said that Madame de La Fayette should be arrested. When she heard of this threat, she went at once to Brioude to confront him.

"I have heard, Monsieur," she said, "that there is a question of imprisoning all the *ci-devant* nobles, because of the treason of Monsieur Dumouriez. I come to declare to you that if on every occasion I have said that I should be charmed to be the guarantee for Monsieur de La Fayette, I can not, in any way whatsoever, be guarantee for his enemies. Besides, my life or my death is a matter of complete indifference to Monsieur Dumouriez. You would do better to leave me in my retreat. When they took me away from it, they only succeeded in making people pity me, and in awakening the memory of many injustices. I ask that I be left with my children in the only situation supportable by me while their father is a captive of the enemies of France."

*"Citoyenne,"* replied Lacoste, "these sentiments are worthy of you."

"I do not care to inquire, Monsieur," the little Trojan flashed back at him, "whether they are worthy of me or not. All I wish is that they be worthy of him."

And at this Lacoste became servile and fawning; she was not arrested.

Spring had come to Auvergne, but spring brought no hope in that year of 1793. Now and then, at long intervals, her mother or her sister Louise contrived with much difficulty and danger, to smuggle a letter to her. The Duchess d'Ayen had been ill during the winter but she had had the consolation of being attended by the Duke "with the most touching care." The assassination of Louis XVI had deeply affected her, of course, and produced on the Duke a profound impression that the Duchess hoped "would not be without fruit," but the Duke did not gratify this hope by any change in his religious opinions, and tormented by regulations about certificates of residence and visés and all

the other apparatus of official tyranny, escaped to Switzerland. Louis de Noailles, who had been a general in Dumouriez's army, had got away to England; he sent for his wife to join him, but she would not leave her mother, and besides, was occupied by efforts to save their fortune from the revolutionaries. Another letter from the Duchess said that she and Louise were coming to Chavaniac; they even had secured the passports and were quite *en règle;* but the old Marshal de Noailles was taken ill in his house at Saint-Germain, and the Duchess and the Viscountess had to forego the visit and go to nurse him.

Then there came from Paris news of the events of May 13, the fall of the Girondins, and the triumph of the extremists sitting on the highest benches in the Assembly known as the Mountain. The Girondins had been arrested, Madame Roland among them, and were to be "Septemberized"; there was not a person left among the powers governing France to whom Madame de La Fayette could appeal, not even Roland or Brissot. The Reign of Terror had begun.

June came, and two letters from her husband, written in his dungeon at Magdeburg, but the joy of hearing from him was poisoned by the horror of his plight. She longed more than ever to escape and fly to him. But there were her children, there was Aunt Louise-Charlotte, there were the debts, the paralyzing want of funds and there were the Jacobin agents and spies, barring the way to freedom. There were no revenues now from their property; the revolutionary government persisted in treating La Fayette as an *émigré,* and his property as subject to confiscation. She was trying to preserve some remnants of their fortune, diminished to one-third of its original value by the lavish expenditure of two revolutions. Many aristocratic women

in France, whose husbands had emigrated, saved their fortunes from confiscation by obtaining divorces, but she was too devoted to her religion, she loved her husband too much, and was too proud of his name to resort to such a subterfuge, and whenever she had occasion to address the authorities, she took a proud satisfaction in beginning every document with the perilous words: *"La femme La Fayette."*

She turned again to Gouverneur Morris, sent him a letter by Beauchet, and he lent her a hundred thousand *livres,* telling her not to worry, and adding handsomely that he was running no risk, since if she could not pay back the money herself, he was sure that the Americans would. She used most of the money to pay her husband's creditors and the rest to meet their daily expenses, reduced now to a basis of severe economy.

In the midst of all these troubles and perplexities she did not neglect the education of her children; on summer mornings she took them for long walks in the hills above Chavaniac, and sitting with them beside one of the brooks that came brawling down in those peaceful valleys, read aloud to them in that charmed solitude.

She was sustained by her deep piety, and used often to repeat the words of St. Paul: "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

They could not go to mass for the *curé* was in prison, but every Sunday she assembled the women of the village and prayed with them—and was accused of the crime of "fanaticism."

The summer passed, September came and the decrees of the 17th, destroying what little remained of liberty in France, and announcing new and more terrible persecu-

tions. Even to be suspected by the Jacobins became a crime, and the new "law on suspects" affected not only *émigrés,* non-juring priests, their families and relations, but also all those "who, having done nothing against liberty, had done nothing for it." Under this broad principle, Robespierre and Danton were murdering every one whom they feared, suspected, envied or disliked. In October the Queen was sent to the guillotine; little Madame Elisabeth followed. On All Saints' Day twenty-one of the Girondins were beheaded —Brissot, Vergniaud, Carra, Isnard, Duclos and Sillery among them. Barnave had been beheaded—the price of his pity for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette after that day spent in the coach with them, returning from Varennes; General Custine, who had fought under Rochambeau in America and General Houchard were guillotined—for having lost battles. The Duke d'Orléans was beheaded and died game. Two days later, Madame Roland mounted the scaffold, exclaiming, "O Liberty, how they have fooled you!" Old Roland, hearing of his young wife's fate, stabbed himself to death. But perhaps none of these murders brought home more poignantly to the heart of Madame de La Fayette the fate her own husband had escaped, than that of Bailly. He was dragged from his retreat and condemned for his part in putting down the riot of the Champ de Mars. On the scaffold, he had to wait long in a cold rain.

"You tremble, Bailly," some one said to him.

"Yes, my friend," he replied, "but from the cold."

Pétion, his successor, likewise accused, had escaped to Bordeaux and hidden himself amidst the sands and pine-trees of the Landes, where he was devoured alive by wolves.

And now the Terror spread to the provinces. Revolutionary tribunals were set up in all the chief towns, and it

was ordered that the relations and agents of *émigrés,* as well as all *ci-devant* nobles who had not given constant proofs of a pure and unflagging devotion to the Robespierrean doctrine, should be imprisoned. Committees were named to designate the suspects, and Citizen Solon Reynaud, of Le Puy, a terrorist of peculiar ferocity, headed the committee for that district. Nobles and aristocrats were arrested everywhere; the countryside was in terror and despair.

On November 12 Madame de La Fayette heard that the inevitable summons was to come to her the next day. She concealed the news from her family until the following morning, and spent the day in waiting. That evening the commissioner of the revolutionary committee, Granchier, appeared with a detachment of the National Guard of Paulhaguet. The Marquise gathered her family about her in her boudoir, listened calmly while the commissioner read out the order for her arrest. Even Commissioner Granchier was touched to some show of tenderness when Anastasie pleaded with him to arrest her, too. . . .

The prison-house at Brioude was crowded, and society there, like society everywhere, divided into cliques. The equality that Citizens Robespierre and Danton were so unweariedly trying to establish with their guillotine, had not yet penetrated those precincts, and quarrels over social rank went on incessantly among the women there. Madame de La Fayette had had no relations with the aristocratic women of the district since the beginning of the Revolution, and at first they treated her coldly, and were impertinent, as Virginia wrote in her book. But it was not long before she was welcomed by all ranks; and realizing that there was no hope of deliverance or escape, she devoted herself to helping others. She proposed to several poor women in the

prison that they keep house together and share the expense. They lived, five of them, in a room together, shut off from the common corridor by a screen, and she dissembled the cost, paid most of it herself and did the cooking for them all. The inn-keeper's daughter, who used to bring her food, smuggled in notes with the linen that came each week from Chavaniac. M. Frestel contrived to see her now and then and even brought the children to pass a few hours with her. She heard that the property of her husband was to be sold, and asked permission to attend the sale. M. Frestel took her request to Le Puy, and laid it before Solon Reynaud, who said that he "should like to tear out the entrails of La Fayette," that Madame de La Fayette was the "pride of the Noailles personified"; as for the children, they "were serpents that the Republic was warming in its bosom." Holding such sentiments as these, it was only natural for Citizen Reynaud to refuse the request, and M. Frestel returned sadly to Chavaniac filled with dark forebodings. Shortly afterwards, to the relief of everybody, Citizen Reynaud was succeeded at Le Puy by Citizen Guyardin, said to be a less violent patriot, though he vaunted himself the most ardent believer in republican simplicity, and in proof of this admirable quality, wore in his buttonhole a little fork and spoon made of wood, poor M. Frestel could not quite understand why. But Citizen Reynaud's translation to Paris proved to be anything but a fortunate event in Madame de La Fayette's long trial; for there he reminded the authorities of her existence, and pursued her with an almost inconceivable animosity. Aunt Louise-Charlotte had been arrested, though, by some mercy, allowed to remain at the *château*. And then, to her horror, she heard that her mother and Louise had been imprisoned at Paris.

## III

In his dungeon at Magdeburg La Fayette had an old novel from which he tore the blank pages, and with a pen fashioned from a quill toothpick and ink made by mixing soot with vinegar, he wrote letters which Chavaniac, who had succeeded in bribing a soldier of the guard, smuggled out to be sent to Hamburg by an American and forwarded by the American consul to Pinckney in London. His health was declining daily; "my physical constitution has almost as much need of liberty as my moral constitution." He could take no exercise; he had fever, pains in his chest and could not sleep. His three companions were no better off. When the gaolers opened the cell doors, La Fayette could now and then catch a glimpse of La Tour-Maubourg, and he saw with sorrow that his old friend was sadly changed. He learned, through Chavaniac, of the "successes of the French army, of the new infamies of M. d'Orléans, of the assassination of the King, and of the abominable murder of my virtuous friend La Rochefoucauld." But he never received the letters from his wife and children and did not know whether they were alive or dead.

Then, by the intervention of Pinckney, the King of Prussia was induced to inform him that his wife and children were alive and well at Chavaniac, and that he might write to them. Pen and ink and paper were brought, and with the governor of the prison looking over his shoulder, he could write:

> When, after eight months of silence, my dear heart, they consented to tell me of you, I am permitted . . . to certify to you that I am still living.

They let him have some books, and Chavaniac was released every morning to be placed in his cell;

we talk of our village and of our fellow-citizens. Please give six louis to his father the tailor, and give also news of Felix, who has no communication with me, but I am assured that he is as well as such a situation will permit. . . . My paper is full, and Monsieur le Commandant, who watches me write, must find the time long. I kiss you as tenderly as I love you.

He had to rewrite his letter half a dozen times before it could be brought down to the standard of insignificance demanded by his gaolers. It was only in the secret letters smuggled out by Chavaniac that he could express himself.

One of these was to Herr von Archinholtz, editor of the *Minerva,* a newspaper published at Hamburg, who had printed an article defending La Fayette's political conduct. The journal had been smuggled in to the fortress at Magdeburg, and La Fayette wrote to thank him. He could still hope, and he indulged his fancy in dreams of escape.

I renounced the privilege of living with my compatriots, but not of dying for them. Besides, is it impossible to escape from so many bars, so many guards and chains? Why not? Already a toothpick, some soot, and a scrap of paper have deceived my gaolers. Already, at the risk of their lives, friends will carry this letter to you. It is true, that to the dangers of escape are added those of travelling and of finding an asylum. From Constantinople to Lisbon, from Kamchatka to Amsterdam (for I am in disfavour with the House of Orange) all the bastilles await me. The forests of the Hurons and the Iroquois are populated by my friends; the despots of Europe and their courts, these are the savages for me! While at St. James's they do not love me, they are a nation with laws, but I should like to avoid a country at war with my own. America, that fatherland of my heart, will receive me gladly. . . .

The days dragged on in their slow monotony, one like another; two sentinels always before his barred door; a

rattle of chains and keys to admit the wretched food that must be eaten in the presence of the commandant; now and then a little talk with the prison doctor in Latin. At evening, the last thing, the commandant came to assure himself that the prisoner was still there, and then went away with his bunch of enormous keys. Then, the long night, and, worst torture of all, a sentinel standing at his head, watching him while he tried to sleep. This monotony was interrupted twice that spring—once by the beheading of a condemned man in the prison yard, and once by a visit from the Prince Frederic of Brunswick, brother of the famous manifestor, whose acquaintance La Fayette had made at the palace of Frederick the Great. He refused to see the Prince alone; and the Prince was obliged to squeeze into the narrow cell with all his suite. And for the first time in months he had the joy of seeing and speaking to Maubourg and Pusy. As for Lameth, he made no pretence of friendship for him; Lameth had been ill, and was allowed to walk in the yard an hour each day. Their captors, indeed, showed Lameth marked favours, but when the Prince saw the livid countenances of the three he insisted that they be shown the same consideration, and after that they were allowed to walk for an hour each day, but separately, in the prison yard. La Fayette disdained to speak of his confinement or to make any complaints or requests; they talked about military operations—and the treason of Dumouriez. Brunswick gave several instances of Dumouriez's trickery, one of which was that Dumouriez had sold to the Prince of Coburg a list of all the Dutch patriots who were compromised in the Batavian revolution, those old friends of La Fayette's with whom he and Dumouriez had been in communication in 1790. Brunswick talked quite frankly, too, of the plots of the Queen and the Duke d'Orléans with the coalition, and at

this La Fayette could not resist the temptation to indulge in the old sarcasm. "It is very fortunate for me," he said, with a smile, "to be held in irons by the allied powers since their new ally, Monsieur d'Orléans, will not pardon me for having so often prevented his assassinating the late King."

He longed to inform his Dutch friends of the interesting revelations made by the Prince Frederic, but he had to wait until Chavaniac's friend came on guard duty once more before he could send out word of warning to Short at The Hague. On the Fourth of July he held a little celebration of his own by writing secretly to Pinckney in London.

My dear Sir, whilst on this anniversary, my American fellow-citizens are toasting their joy, I join in a solitary bumper with the happy remembrances, the patriotic wishes which are crowding upon us. Encircled as I am with ditches, ramparts, guards, double sentries and palisades, shut up in a quadruple gated, barred, chained, locked, grated, narrow, moisty, subterraneous dungeon, and doomed to the moral and bodily hardship which revengeful tyranny is heaping on me, let it be to-day my frolic, so far to cheat the gang and their vile agents as to be enabled first to scribble, then to convey this homage of a sympathizing heart. . . . What have been for twelve months past the policies of America, I am of course very anxious to hear. Are the forts and the Mississippi ours? . . . Remember me to our friends in America.

But he was nearer disillusion than ever before in his life.

I have lost great opportunities for glory and happiness [he wrote to the Princess d'Hénin], and that which is still more irreparable, the injustice of the people, without diminishing my devotion to that cause, has destroyed for me that delicious sensation of the smile of the multitude.

And the fate of La Rochefoucauld was ever present in his mind; he could not get over it.

The name of my unfortunate friend is always before me.—Ah! there is the crime that has profoundly ulcerated my heart! The cause of the people is not the less sacred to me. I would give my blood, drop by drop, for it; I should reproach myself with every instant of my life that was not solely devoted to that cause; but the charm is destroyed!

In October, because of Washington's interest in him—the President had written personally to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria—he was allowed to write open letters to his wife, to the Princess d'Hénin and to Lally-Tollendal. He had a few books, in English, French and Latin, but he had an unfortunate habit of reading fast, so that this diversion did not last long. His money was running low, and he felt a delicacy in asking his friends for more; the ten thousand florins that Short had deposited to his credit at Magdeburg were almost gone; his gaolers were stealing it so fast that he had scarcely enough to last through the year, and when it was gone, he would have to live on bread and water—all that the Prussians would allow.

He received a secret letter from the Princess d'Hénin warning him that his haughty manner and sarcastic speeches had irritated the powers; he wrote secretly to defend himself; he had given way to his anger only twice, he said, once at Namur, and once at Wesel, when they had asked him to give information about the situation in France.

It is true that I speak of persons and things as freely here as I do everywhere else; and if the powers expect complaisance from me, they do not know me well. . . . And to-day, when, dead to the world, I answer no more except for myself, after having in the grief of my soul denounced popular tyranny, I

must go with a gay heart and conciliate the tyranny of these Kings! No, my dear Princess, in disdaining the rôle of a great usurper, in order to remain faithful to liberty and virtue, I have won the right, during the remainder of a life that my present régime greatly shortens, to continue not to flatter either the men that I despise, or the vice that I hate!

The autumn passed; and he was growing desperate with his long confinement. La Colombe, the Romeufs, Boinville and d'Arblay, his aides-de-camp, had been released from the citadel at Antwerp and were in London and he wrote to the Princess d'Hénin to tell them that if some one who could speak German were to come to Magdeburg his escape might be arranged. He was always turning over in his mind some project of release, even the most illusory and impossible; just now it was to be a striking diplomatic action by the United States. "It is time to take the step," he wrote in a secret letter to La Colombe. "I speak of it all the more freely since I count on the friendship of the representatives who will take it, and feel that each American family, gathered in the chimney corner by its winter fire, will rejoice that it has been done." He proposed that Pinckney and Short prepare a note that, without any apology for his conduct, would demand the release of "the American General La Fayette, citizen of the United States."

Then at the New Year he was informed that he was to be transferred to the fortress of Neisse, a hundred and fifty leagues away in the depths of Silesia on the Polish frontier. Worst of all, he was to be sent away alone, for Maubourg was to be taken to Glatz. He was filled with dark suspicions, almost, at last, with fears, and wondered if the intention of the "crowned gang" was not to poison him, to condemn him to a slow and obscure death in a far-off dungeon. In haste, almost in desperation, he wrote to La Colombe and

his other aides asking them to come to Neisse and rescue him; Neisse was on the frontier of Poland; he had been friends with King Stanislas, and there was Kosciuszko, with whom he had served in America; he wrote a letter to be delivered to King Stanislas, and added a word to present his "tender felicitations" to d'Arblay, who had just married Fanny Burney, and to Boinville, who had also taken a wife.

Then, sorrowfully, he wrote to the Princess d'Hénin, a letter that was like a testament.

> Maubourg and I had sinister suspicions of the malady that I had at Wesel . . . in order that the little that remains of me may still denounce tyranny after my death, I must set down in this letter the new accusation that I bequeath to it. In the hour when the most violent feelings of tenderness and terror, when new anxieties for my wife and children, and for my aunt rend my soul, when the fury of the Jacobins excites more than ever suffering and fears as limitless as their scoundrelism, when, separated still more from the scenes, the news, the communications that interest me, torn from the friend who shares and lightens all my pain, I am faced with complete solitude and the sealing of my tomb. . . . Adieu, then, my dear wife, my children, my aunt, you also, my excellent friend, more excellent than ever in misfortune, whom I shall cherish to my last breath.

The next day, January 4, 1794, under a heavy guard, he was placed in a cart and transferred to the fortress of Neisse. Maubourg was taken to Glatz; Lameth was too ill to be moved, and was left at Magdeburg with Pusy. The journey took twelve days, in bitter winter weather, but the open air was of immense benefit to his health. He arrived at Neisse on January 16, and was locked up in a dungeon under the ramparts of the fort. The commandant, Major von Hanff, strangely polite and considerate, permitted Felix and Chavaniac to attend him; allowed him to read the

gazettes of Leyden, Hamburg and Berlin; gave him books, and best privilege of all, let him write now and then open letters to his friends, and receive news from them. The prison doctor could speak no French and had forgotten his Latin, so that La Fayette could not converse with him as he had with the doctor at Magdeburg. His situation in this respect, he wrote to Mauburg, was like that of Louis XV, who had a confessor who was totally deaf. He was thinking of taking up the study of German.

He was anxious about Adrienne, but dared not write to her, for his handwriting was too well known in France, and he wrote to the Princess d'Hénin: "The conduct of my wife in all ways augments still further, if that be possible, my tenderness, my gratitude, and my veneration for her. I would never have consented to her returning to France"—he had thought she was in England—"and my most ardent wish is to know that she is outside. What safety is there in a country where Robespierre is a sage, Danton an honest man, and Marat a god?" He asked the Princess to send her word that "I live, she knows that I love her, that I pity her with all my heart, that I am ceaselessly occupied by the thought of her, her sentiments and her misfortunes, by that of my excellent aunt, and by my inexpressible and eternal tenderness."

Thus the winter passed, spring came, and with it, another change. The Prussian government, weary of its ungrateful rôle as gaoler for the coalition, had opened *pourparlers* with the Austrian government, and the Emperor having agreed to guard the hostages, he was informed that he was to be transferred to an Austrian prison. Lameth had been sent under guard to a watering-place to take a cure, but La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy were brought to Neisse, and the three were taken with their servants to Olmutz, the

ancient capital of Moravia. There, in the fortress, they were stripped of the little the Prussians had left them—their watches, their razors, their knee-buckles, their collar-buckles, and a few books in which the word "Liberty" was found, among them Tom Paine's *Common Sense*.

"Does the government consider common sense as contraband?" asked La Fayette.

He was told that thereafter he should see nothing outside of the four walls of his dungeon; he should have no news, neither write nor receive letters, nor be reassured about his family; no one of the prisoners should know of the existence of the others, guards and gaolers were forbidden even to pronounce their names; they were to be designated only by numbers, and as that situation would naturally tempt them to kill themselves, they were not to be permitted to have knife, fork or any means of suicide.

There was one more flash of the old spirit.

"Messieurs," he said, "I am not obliging enough to kill myself!"

## IV

The prison at Olmutz was a fortress in the old wall of the city, near the river Morawa, into which, under the cross-barred windows of their dungeons, drained the open sewers of the town. The stench was insupportable; vast swarms of mosquitoes rose from the river; dense fogs hung over it, and it bred pestilential fevers.

La Fayette and his friends were not the only French captives in the fortress. Beurnonville, Jacobin Minister of War, was a prisoner there, as well as the four commissioners of the Convention whom Dumouriez had betrayed to the Austrians: Bancal, Quintette, Lamarque and Camus—the same Camus who, when La Fayette had appeared in the

Assembly the morning after the flight to Varennes, had cried, "No uniforms here!"

Beurnonville and his companions were shown far more consideration than the three prisoners who did not share their advanced political views, and were allowed, under guard, to go for drives outside the prison walls. But La Fayette, La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy were never permitted to leave their cells, or to have any communication. There was a constant guard of thirty men; the doors of the cells were opened only when the old corporal, who rejoiced in the title of provost, came to serve their meals. None of the guards was allowed to speak to them, or to answer their questions, but Felix and Jules, Maubourg's servant, contrived a system of signals by whistling and singing, and could thus carry on communication among the prisoners. They were all in rags, like beggars; Maubourg was reduced to a waistcoat and a pair of nankeen pantaloons made at Nivelles. Their miserable food was prepared in the guard-room and reeked with the odour of rank tobacco. They were not allowed knife or fork, but only a pewter spoon; the napkins they had brought with them were in rags. They drank their sour wine and dirty water from earthen pots, which, after each meal, were left in the corridor, exposed to dust and crawling with flies. The soldiers used these pots to wash in, but thoughtfully cleansed them once a fortnight with a wisp of straw.

Thus, without a word from the outside world, they lived. But one day in September the prison physician, Dr. Haberlein, a good-natured, naïve fellow who admired Washington, told La Fayette that, quite by accident, he had met his friend, Dr. Bollman, in the town; the doctor had lately been in London, had seen the General's friends there, and desired his compliments. La Fayette had never heard of Boll-

man in all his life, but he concealed his excitement, thanked the doctor and sent a polite message to his friend with his best compliments and many thanks.

He had divined in a flash that something was toward. He got word to Felix, and Felix signalled to Jules, who informed La Tour-Maubourg and Pusy; they agreed that it meant a chance to escape. La Fayette thought it would facilitate matters if he could obtain permission to drive out, as did Beurnonville and Bancal, and urged Maubourg and Pusy to join him in a request, so that, should his surmise prove correct, they might all be delivered; but they sent back word that if all three were to ask, they should be refused, and they would not embarrass his chances. La Fayette, who still had those pains in his chest, induced Dr. Haberlein to make the request, and though the commandant said that he was not yet ill enough, the permission was finally granted.

And now, every other day, he drove out in a phaeton, with a mounted guard, into the flat Moravian countryside, beyond the city walls, eagerly watching for this new and unknown friend from London. The days dragged on; September passed; and nothing happened.

But at last, early in October, Dr. Haberlein brought him a note and a novel from Bollman. The note was banal enough, but on it was scribbled the words: *"Mettez-le au feu."* He waited until he was alone, and then, holding the paper to the fire that smouldered in the little stove by the door of his cell, he saw with intense excitement the gradual emergence of the lines that Bollman had closely written with lemon juice. There was the name of the Princess d'Hénin —Bollman had come from her, and he proposed a rescue at night by scaling the walls. La Fayette wrote in lemon juice on the margins of the novel that a nocturnal evasion

was out of the question; the only chance would occur when he went out for his drive. "I am still robust enough to mount a horse, and if necessary, to disarm my guards in the open country." He suggested that Bollman come with a led horse for him to ride; and to identify himself he would pass a handkerchief over his brow. But he could not write much on the margins of a book; Bollman would have to send him another novel to continue the correspondence.

## V

Dr. Justus Erich Bollman was a Hanoverian student, twenty-five years old. He had been at Paris in 1792 when the name of La Fayette was on everybody's lips, and had made an idol of him. After the fatal August 10, he had offered to Madame de Staël to conduct to England the ex-Minister Narbonne, whom she had hidden in her house, and through many dangers and difficulties had successfully carried out the mission. Narbonne introduced him to the circle of La Fayette's friends in London, and at the house of the Princess d'Hénin and *"le bon Lally"* in Richmond, he met Mr. and Mrs. Church of New York, La Colombe, Cadignan, Romeuf and Pinckney. Their communications with La Fayette had ceased after his transfer from Neisse; they did not know what had become of him, and were wild with anxiety. Some one must go to Germany and find and rescue him; the romantic young Bollman, with his knowledge of the languages and his success in the case of Narbonne, was just the man, and he was eager to save his hero. And so the Princess d'Hénin supplied him liberally with funds, and with the English passport, to which, as one of the King's Hanoverian subjects, he was entitled, he went to Germany. He heard that several state prisoners

were closely guarded in the fortress at Olmutz, and, convinced that La Fayette was among them, he went there. But in a town swarming with Austrian secret police, even a young German student with a rucksack on his back, travelling for scientific research, was not insignificant enough to escape their curiosity, and he stayed only long enough to reconnoitre the fortress and the surrounding country towards the frontier of Silesia, and then went to Vienna. In September he returned to Olmutz, and put up at the inn of the Three Swans. He learned that the physician at the prison was a certain Dr. Haberlein, and scraped an acquaintance with him. They hit it off very well from the start; they discussed scientific questions, and Haberlein found his young colleague to be most congenial, deeply interested in botany—and, best of all, well supplied with funds. And besides science, there was Washington; Haberlein greatly admired Washington. Oddly enough, so did young Bollman; the mention of Washington naturally suggested the name of La Fayette—and, by the way, ventured Bollman, how was the General's health? Haberlein replied that La Fayette was fairly well. Strangely enough whilst in London, Bollman had met a number of La Fayette's American friends, who were also friends of Washington; no doubt the General would be pleased to know they were all well. Dr. Haberlein thought that there would be no harm in repeating the message; he felt important in dealing with people who knew Washington.

However, Bollman told his good friend Dr. Haberlein that he must go to the country to collect some more botanical specimens, and he went again to Vienna. There, in a coffee-house, he fell in with an American student, Francis Kinloch Huger, of Charleston, South Carolina, a good-looking youth of one-and-twenty, with blue eyes, pink cheeks

and the manner of an English lad of aristocratic family. As they sat in the coffee-house over their beer, Bollman asked Huger many questions about America, and after a while mentioned La Fayette. By the strangest coincidence in the world Huger knew La Fayette, that is, as a child he had seen him; and he told Bollman how La Fayette and Kalb and another officer—he thought it was Baron von Steuben, but he wasn't sure—had landed in Georgetown Bay and come to Prospect Hill. Bollman wondered if it would be possible to rescue him. Huger's blue eyes flashed; it was just the sort of adventure he loved.

But Bollman, a German, was as methodical as he was romantic; they must make preparations; he got a silver penholder containing a slender file, made arrangements to buy a travelling berline with secret pockets in the upholstery, ordered rope ladders, and all the classic paraphernalia of nocturnal escapes and returned to Olmutz. It was already October, and time to act. He at once hunted up Haberlein and it was then that he induced him to carry the civil message to La Fayette, and afterwards the novel and the note *"Mettez-le au feu."* Haberlein had to watch for opportunities to deliver messages to La Fayette; it often required days before a reply could be brought back. While waiting, Bollman posted to Vienna, and he and Huger made their plans; they would pretend that they were fitting out a botanical and geological expedition; Bollman got the travelling berline, gathered up his apparatus and they took servants, a groom and two saddle-horses, and rode to Olmutz, fifty leagues from Vienna, the berline following with their luggage, and the rope ladders concealed in its secret pockets. Huger travelled as a young English nobleman and Bollman as his tutor; the aristocratic Huger and the near-sighted Bollman looked the parts well. At the Inn of the Three

Swans they were received with the deference due to a young English lord on his travels.

## VI

La Fayette had his reply ready, and since the letter was to be read by the incredibly stupid or, more credibly, the venal Haberlein—La Fayette, in one of his notes, had reminded Bollman that there is one absolute and unswerving loyalty in this evil world, and that is to money—it had to be written with prudence and cleverness, flattering the doctor and by double meanings conveying to Bollman what he would say. He contrived to inform him that he had put the note in the fire,

> as you so wisely recommended. . . . My strength is still good and if they gave me a passport I would quickly join my friends. But I suffer much with my chest, and yet I consider my drive every other day as the most efficacious remedy that I can adopt. You have, I believe, mistaken another prisoner for me. I go out every other day, in a plain frock-coat with a round hat, and I am not so often with an officer, but with a Provost-gaoler, who wears the uniform of a corporal. It is the day after to-morrow, Sunday, that I take my promenade.

When he drove out on that Sunday, October 19, he saw two young men, and drew his handkerchief across his forehead, and when one of them replied with the same signal, he dropped from the phaeton a letter, written in English:

> You must overtake us on horseback, as we generally drive slowly; have a trusty man with you, stop the driver. I engage to frighten the little cowardly corporal with his own sword. I will not have the least difficulty to jump on a led horse of your man who can ride some distance behind me. The driver . . .

will do nothing but cross himself. . . . The bolder it seems, and the more unexpected it is, the better it will succeed, and we may say with the poet that

> Presence of mind and courage in distress
> Are more than armies to procure success.

Take care not to mistake Beurnonville or Bancal for me. They ride on the day that I do not, the one at half past one the other at 4. I wish you may have pocket pistols for me, when I am on horse-back. Till then I want them not, and the corporal's own sword will be more than sufficient. . . . I am going to owe you a thousand times more than life;—but do not miss this excellent opportunity. Every other way has dangers; this is certainly immanquable, I think. . . . Adieu, my dear friend! I wish you could know as I do the two men that accompany me. Write if you can by the doctor . . . any day you make the attempt, next Sunday or any other day after that I shall be ready. Adieu.

One day early in November the doctor told La Fayette that Bollman had said that he was leaving Olmutz on the 8th; he counted the days; yes, the 8th was on Saturday, the day for his drive; this, then, was the signal for the attempt. He waited; the days went by slowly, so very slowly; it was hard to wait a whole week. But at last Saturday came.

They drove out, with a soldier on the box, the Provost Corporal beside him on the seat. A little way beyond the town he gave the mounted guard money for drink, and they stopped at a public-house on the road. Presently, down the road he saw two horsemen riding towards him. He took out his handkerchief and drew it across his forehead. The horsemen passed, rode on a way, then turned and followed the phaeton at a distance. La Fayette suggested to the Corporal that they get out and walk a few paces; the exercise would do him good. The Corporal consented, and as they

strolled beside the road, the phaeton following slowly, La Fayette drew out his handkerchief and waved it behind his back. Presently he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. He casually laid his hand on the hilt of the Corporal's sword, and drew it partly out of the scabbard, as if, in the professional interest of an old soldier, to examine it. The Corporal made no objection at first, but as the drumming of hoofs behind them grew louder, he suddenly snatched back his sword. Then they struggled; the Corporal seized him by the throat and roared for help; he thrust his hand into the Corporal's mouth to stop his cries; the young men galloped up, leapt from their horses—one of which promptly bolted—grappled with the Corporal, got him to the ground and Huger held him down by kneeling on him. The soldier on the box was running gallantly towards the town, waving his cap and shouting for help; the driver was crossing himself.

But La Fayette was free; in his excitement he was aware of Huger's handing him a brace of pocket-pistols, putting the bridle rein into his hand, and saying:

"Go off!"

He leapt into the saddle, glad to feel a horse under him once more, and rode away. But he did not like to leave them still engaged in the struggle, and rode back.

"Is there anything that I can do?" he asked.

"No," said Huger, "go off! We will follow!"

The guns on the ramparts were already booming an alarm. He turned and rode down the high road. He had no spurs but he urged his horse into a gallop, and soon was riding as he had not ridden since that time he rode from Newport to Boston and back. Peasants working in the fields looked up in astonishment at the spectacle of the queer, dishevelled figure of this man, in the round hat, the

tails of his long black coat flying behind him as he urged on his horse.

He had strained himself in the scuffle and his back ached; his hand was bleeding from the Corporal's bite and gave him pain. He glanced back over his shoulder; his two young deliverers were nowhere to be seen. What had become of them? Huger had said, "Go off." But where? He had no idea; all he knew was that he was on the same road by which he had come to Olmutz, and that he was free. And with wild hopes he urged on his horse. A few miles and he came to a fork in the road; which way was he to go? He feared to inquire; his appearance, his wretched clothes, covered with mud and stained with blood, the accent with which he spoke his meagre German would expose him to instant suspicion; he hesitated, wondered, but decided to follow the road that, as he remembered, led to the frontier. He galloped on and on—for hours.

He had ridden eight leagues; his lathered horse was jaded; night was coming on. In the outskirts of a village he met a peasant, and asked if he could find him a horse and guide. The peasant agreed to fetch them, told him to ride down a lane and await his return. The peasant went away, and came back presently with a party of soldiers, who arrested him and took him before the magistrate of the town of Sternberg. There, with that sang-froid which had carried him through a life of danger, he told the magistrate that he was a merchant, in the country on business, that he had lost his way, and ridden hard in order to reach his home on the frontier before night. The magistrate was impressed and was about to let him go, when a young man in the gaping crowd called out:

"I think he is General La Fayette; I saw him when he was being brought from Neisse."

"In that case," said the magistrate, "I must detain you until I can hear from Olmutz."

The game was up.

"Yes," he said calmly, "I am La Fayette."

## VII

The law of the ironic contrariety of things had worked smoothly, as usual. Huger, in his excitement, had spoken, of course, in English; and he had said, not "Go off," but "Go to Hoff." La Fayette had taken the wrong road; had he taken the other fork he would have come, in a short time, to a small post-town called Hoff, where Bollman that morning had sent the groom and their servants with the berline to await their coming. They had taken no led horse, for fear of exciting suspicion, but one of their horses would carry double; they had intended to ride it and mount La Fayette on the other, until they could reach Hoff. After La Fayette had ridden away, Bollman and Huger had released the Corporal, who had set out hot foot for the town, bellowing for aid. They caught the horse that had bolted, and Bollman mounted it, Huger climbing up behind. But, as it happened, this was not the horse that carried double, and the animal flung them into the ditch. Soldiers were pouring out of the citadel and down the road; there was no time to lose. Huger insisted on Bollman riding off to join La Fayette, then waited for the soldiers to arrive, and gave himself up. Bollman rode to Hoff, waited for hours and then drove across the frontier into Silesia, and lingered about the iron mines of Tarnowitz, where he hoped that La Fayette might be hiding. At the village of Waldenburg he was arrested by Prussian soldiers.

The next day La Fayette was taken back to Olmutz, and

placed in solitary confinement; Chavaniac was no longer allowed to serve him; there was little else of which they could deprive him. His hand had been severely wounded by the Corporal's bite, and he suffered with intense pains in his back. He was allowed no light, and all through the long nights, without the possibility of aid, he tossed on his pallet in a high fever and sweats, with no shirt for a change. When the surgeon came to dress his finger—no longer Haberlein now!—he did so under the eye of an officer, who would not allow him to speak. But the sharpest pain of all was the thought of the two young men who had tried to rescue him. He could not find out what was to be done with them. The authorities were in a panic of fear, imagining some desperate political plot that threatened the very existence of the Empire. Even the venerable General Count d'Arco, commandant of the fortress, an old Venetian, was, for the first time, impolite. The affair had brought down on him the wrath of the Emperor; he was smarting under his disgrace, and when La Fayette asked him about the young men, he replied:

"They will be hanged before your window, and I shall take pleasure in serving them as hangman."

They were, in fact, at that moment lying in irons in that same fortress, and during the eight weeks that their trial lasted, and the six months that they were kept in prison afterwards, La Fayette was tortured not only by inquisitions, but by his uncertainty about their fate. When the authorities were convinced that there was no revolutionary plot, they decided, finally, to take into consideration the imprisonment already endured, and sentenced the two youths to irons for a fortnight, and to be banished from Austria. When they were freed, in July, 1795, they left at once, and got over

the border, just as an order arrived from the Emperor, who considered the sentence too light, to reopen the case.

## VIII

Madame de La Fayette was still confined in the prison at Brioude, when one day in May, 1794, M. Gissaguer, Captain of the Gendarmerie, appeared, so overcome that he could not speak; he had an order to transfer her to the prison of La Force at Paris. Such an order, under the Terror, was a death warrant. M. Gissaguer was devoted to the La Fayettes, and as the order directed that she be conducted from brigade to brigade to Paris, which meant a journey in a cart exposed to the insults and indignities of all the Jacobins along the way, he offered to accompany her.

"Do you think that I could escape on the way?" she asked. "For if I could, I would not expose such a guardian as you. But if there is no chance of escape, I shall accept your offer."

M. Gissaguer assured her that there would be no chance of evasion, and she decided to leave with him. She sent word to Chavaniac, and was taken to the prison for common criminals at Brioude. M. Frestel came at once—bringing all the jewelry of the people at the *château* to be sold so that Madame de La Fayette might not have to make the journey in a cart. M. Frestel obtained a delay of twenty-four hours, returned to Chavaniac and brought the children to their mother's cell. She charged the children with her last wishes, made them promise that if she died, they would try to find and join their father and then left, under the charge of M. Gissaguer, in a post-chaise.

They arrived at Paris, and she was delivered at the prison of La Force, in the rue du Roi-de-Sicile, an old mansion

that in happier days she had known as the *hôtel* of the Duke de La Force. It was the eve of Whitsun Day, or, in the jargon of the Revolution, which had abolished the Christian era, the "19 Prairial of the Year II," the eve of the feast of the Supreme Being.

The next day Robespierre, curled, scented and powdered, wearing a pale blue satin coat, holding in his hand a bouquet of flowers and ears of wheat, stood at an altar in the Garden of the Tuileries, and in a pompous oration established the new official religion. Three days later he inaugurated the "Terror in the Terror," and the guillotine began to chop off sixty heads a day.

Inside her prison, Madame de La Fayette heard of these new horrors; there was no pretence of trial and judgment; all the prisoners confined there were to be immolated indiscriminately. She saw them led forth every day; any morning her turn might come; she knew that her mother, her sister and her grandmother were confined in the Luxembourg, but she could get no news of them, and dared not inquire. There was no hope now, except the chance of being overlooked, and in the case of a La Fayette, or a Noailles, that chance was small.

After a fortnight she was transferred, she had no notion why, to the prison of Plessis—the college in the rue Saint-Jacques, where La Fayette had gone to school. There she found her cousin, the Duchess de Duras, daughter of the Marshal de Mouchy, and sister of the Viscount de Noailles, who was now in America. She had not seen her cousin this long while; the Duchess had disapproved of La Fayette's course and had not been sparing in denunciation. But now, in the plight to which the Revolution had brought them all, their differences were forgotten, and they were united in the old affection, reinforced by their common misery, danger

and despair. Two days after her arrival Madame de La Fayette learnt that the Marshal de Mouchy and his wife had perished under the guillotine, and she had the dolorous duty of announcing this news to the Duchess de Duras.

The old Marshal, about to be led up the scaffold in the Place de la Liberté, had said to those who, awaiting the same fate, bade him good-bye:

"At seventeen I mounted the parapets to lead an assault for my King; at seventy-three I mount the scaffold for my God. My friends, I am not unhappy."

One of the buildings of the College of Plessis was used as a *depôt* for condemned prisoners from the Conciergerie and every morning, from her small mansard on the sixth floor, she saw twenty prisoners leave to mount the scaffold; every evening the colporteurs of gazettes cried before the prison the names of that day's victims. She wrote her testament:

Lord, Thou hast been my life and my strength in the great calamities that have overwhelmed me; Thou art my God; all the events of my life are in Thy hands; come to my aid; be always with me, and then I shall fear nothing in the shadow of death. . . . I pardon, with all my heart, my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors, whoever they may be, and even the persecutors of all that I love. I pray God to heap good upon them and to pardon them as I pardon them. Lord, in praying to Thee for our persecutors, as sincerely as Thy grace inspires me to do, Thou wilt not reject my prayers for those who are dear to me, and Thou wilt treat me according to the greatness of Thy pity. Have pity on me, O my God!

I declare that I have never ceased to be faithful to my country, that I have never taken part in any intrigue that could trouble it, that my most sincere wishes are for its happiness, that the principles of my attachment for it are unalterable and that no persecution, whencesoever it may come, can change them. A model very dear to my heart gives me the example of these sentiments.

I give to my children my most tender benediction, and I ask God, at the price of this life that I should have liked to consecrate to their happiness, to make them worthy of Himself.

It is in the name of Jesus Christ that I pray for all the mercies that I hope for. Filled with confidence in Thy great pity, I confide these dear children, I confide my soul, to Thy hands. I know, my God, that it is to Thee that I have confided my all, and that Thou art powerful enough to give it back to me in the great day of Eternity and reunite us all to bless Thee for ever. It is in Thee, and in Thee alone, that I have placed my hope. Have pity on me, O my God!

She passed fifty days in the prisons of La Force and of Plessis, expecting death every hour. But the serpent of anarchy had begun to sting itself; Robespierre, in his remorseless logic, had sent to the scaffold, one after another, all who disagreed with him; he had claimed the heads of Danton and Camille Desmoulins; then, the 9 Thermidor came, and his own head, with its mangled jaw, was forced down beneath the knife. The Reign of Terror was over.

When the news came to Plessis, Madame de la Fayette's first impulse was to send to the Luxembourg for news of her mother, her grandmother and Louise. But the name of La Fayette might still have power to compromise, and Madame de Duras wrote instead. The reply came; five days before, on the 4 Thermidor, they had all perished on the guillotine. . . .

She thought, at first, that she would lose her reason, and that there could be no more consolation for her in this world. But later she wrote to the children at Chavaniac: "Thank God for having preserved my life, my reason, my strength; do not regret having been far from me. God has preserved me from revolt against Him, but I could not, for a long time, endure the appearance of human consolation."

The new Committee of Public Safety, formed by the

*Photograph by Giraudon*

MADAME DE LA FAYETTE

FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF M. FRANÇOIS DE CORCELLE.

Thermidorians, delegated in the month of Fructidor, that is, towards the end of September, two commissioners, Bourdon and Legendre, to visit the prison of Plessis and decide the fate of those who were held there. Nearly all the prisoners were released; objections were made to the liberation of the Duchess de Duras, but Legendre set her free. Madame de La Fayette was the last to appear before the commissioners, and the usher did not dare to announce her name, as he had done for the others. She entered then, with head high, and announced it herself:

*"La femme La Fayette!"*

The astonished Legendre shouted at her that he detested her husband, and the very name of La Fayette.

"I am ready at all times, Monsieur," she replied, "to defend my husband and my name."

He heaped insults and indignities upon her, and when she replied with her dauntless courage, he screamed:

"You are an *insolente!*" and sent her back to prison. She was sunk too deep in grief to care much.

But there was a new American Minister at Paris, James Monroe, succeeding Gouverneur Morris. Monroe and his wife came to Plessis to see her, and asked the authorities to release her. Soon after she was transferred to another prison in the rue des Amandriers, and then to the *hôtel* de Delmas, rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. The winter was rigorous, there were no fires in the house, and the prisoners all took their meals together in a great cold hall. With the change in administrations, it was the turn of the Jacobins to go to prison, and Madame de La Fayette had to endure their scorn, instead of that of the aristocrats.

During the winter Père Carrichon came to the prison in the disguise of a carpenter and she seized the occasion to make a general confession and to pass her whole life in

review. And from him, she heard the details of the 4 Thermidor.

Long before, when the Abbé Edgeworth became an *émigré* in Switzerland, Père Carrichon had succeeded him as confessor to the women of the house of Noailles, and they had exacted from him a promise that, if the worst came to the worst, he would go with them to the end. On the morning of the 4 Thermidor, that is, Tuesday, July 22, M. Grellet, the tutor of the Viscountess's children, had appeared at Père Carrichon's house, pale and shaken, to tell him that the three women were to appear that morning before the Revolutionary Tribunal. They had been notified the night before; Madame d'Ayen, when the summons came, was reading *The Imitation of Christ.* She wrote on a page of the book, *"Mes enfants, courage et prière,"* and gave it, wet with her tears, to the Duchess d'Orléans, to be delivered, if possible, to her children. They were transferred to the Conciergerie. Madame Lavet gave up her bed to the aged Duchess de Noailles; the Duchess d'Ayen, without undressing, lay down on a rude pallet. Louise refused to take any rest. "Why take repose," she said, "on the eve of eternity?"

All that last night she remained awake, attending to the wants of her mother and grandmother. In the morning Madame de Boufflers, so soon herself to meet the same fate, came with chocolate for them, and they made their eternal adieux. Louise made her mother's toilet, dressed her hair and said to her:

"Courage, Mamma, it is only an hour more. . . ."

Père Carrichon followed the tumbrils along the rue Saint-Antoine to the scaffold at the Barrière du Trône. A terrible thunder-storm came up, with heavy rain and a violent wind. The old Duchess de Noailles, her mind affected by her years, in the first cart, seated on a plank, her hands bound behind

her back, could scarcely sit upright; her great black bonnet was blown off, showing her white hair; the crowd ran after her, laughing, jeering, insulting her.

"There she is, the old Maréchale," they cried, "who used to lead such a grand life driving out in her coach, now in a cart like the rest!"

But the rain scattered the crowd. At the entrance to the faubourg Saint-Antoine, before the prison of La Force, Père Carrichon took his stand on the edge of the crowd; the cart with the Duchess d'Ayen and the Viscountess de Noailles was lumbering near; Madame d'Ayen in a dress of blue and white stripes, looked scarcely forty years old; Louise in white, serene and beautiful, seemed no more than four-and-twenty. She was looking about over the crowd, her eyes evidently seeking the priest; she saw him and smiled; then bent and spoke to her mother; they looked at him, bowed their heads, and Père Carrichon raised his hand and pronounced the absolution.

The storm diminished, the rain ceased. He followed the cart and stood before the guillotine. On the platform the executioner waited, chewing the stem of a withered rose, posing before the mob. A young man, one of the condemned, was pouring forth horrible blasphemies. Louise turned towards him calmly. "I pray you, Monsieur, ask pardon instead!"

The old Duchess de Noailles was assisted by two valets up the steps of the scaffold. The executioner opened her black taffeta dress at the throat. . . .

Six other women were beheaded. The Duchess d'Ayen was the next. The executioner seized her bonnet; a pin held it and he tore it off, a lock of hair with it; a look of pain crossed her face. Then Louise, so small, so frail, so white, looking with her smile "like an angel"; even the mob remarked it, and used the epithet "angelic," which all

her acquaintance had used for years. The executioner tore her bonnet off in the same way; she had forgotten to remove a pin, and over her sensitive face there was a momentary shadow of pain. She died with the same courage, the same calm, that her mother had shown.

## IX

James Monroe persevered in his visits to the Committee of Public Safety; Madame Beauchet importuned Citizen Colombel, the Duchess de Duras went to see Citizen Legendre—at his toilet—for no sooner had these levellers got into power than they gave themselves aristocratic airs, and, at last, on the 2 Pluviose of the Year III, according to the pretentious calendar of the Revolution, January 22, 1795, by the reckoning of common mortals, Madame de La Fayette was set free.

The first thing she did was to go to the American Legation and thank Monroe. She had but one thought now, and that was to take her daughters and join her husband in prison. She could not leave George in France, nor take him to Germany, among his father's enemies, and she decided to send him out to America and confide him to the care of Washington. She sent word to M. Frestel at Chavaniac to fetch him, and then went to join her aunt, the Countess de Ségur, at her seat at Chatenay. Ségur was well acquainted with Boissy d'Anglas, the most influential member of the Committee of Public Safety, and he obtained the passports. Madame de La Fayette wrote a letter to Washington:

Monsieur, I send to you my son. While I have not had the consolation to be heard by you or to obtain the kind of service that I believed proper to deliver his father from the

hands of our enemies, because your views were different to mine, my confidence is not altered and it is with this very deep and very sincere feeling that I place this dear child under the protection of the United States, which for a long time he has been accustomed to regard as a second country, and which I for so long a time looked upon as being our asylum under the special protection of their President whose sentiments for his father are so well known to me. . . . My wish is that my son lead a very obscure life in America; that he resume the studies that three years of misfortune have interrupted, and that, far from the scenes that could either crush or revolt his spirit too much, he may work to make himself capable of discharging the duties of a citizen of the United States, the sentiments and principles of which will always be in accord with those of a French citizen.

George was only fourteen, and she was sending him among strangers a thousand leagues across the sea. But it would have been the wish of La Fayette, and she found the strength to say good-bye, and left at once for Chavaniac. During her imprisonment, the *château* and La Fayette's other estates—those at Siaugues, Curmilhac, Fargettes, Vissac and Langeac, as well as his house at Brioude—had been sold, but Madame de Chavaniac had bought them all back, except the house at Brioude; she had not been able to save this, having exhausted all her fortune in preserving the others.

Madame de La Fayette remained at Chavaniac a week, then took her girls in her own gig and started back to Paris. She had got no farther than Brioude when she had a happy surprise, for there was Rosalie with her husband, the Marquis de Grammont, on their way to Chavaniac. They had come all the way from Paris on foot, for they lacked the money to travel post-chaise. After a meeting that meant so much of joy and grief, they all went on to Clermont-

Ferrand; the women and the children in the gig, Grammont on foot. But on arriving at Clermont they learnt of those struggles for power between the rival factions of Jacobins and Thermidorians that marked the 1 Prairial, and decided to await the issue there.

Boissy d'Anglas triumphed over the extremists and preserved France from a return of the Terror, and they went on to Paris. She went to Fontenay and to Lagrange, estates that had belonged to her mother in Brie, walking all the way, and obtained the restitution of the property. Ségur got her a passport, in the name of Madame Motier, of Hartford, Connecticut, and she went to Dunkirk with her daughters, and there, on September 5, they embarked on a small American vessel for Hamburg. A week later they arrived at Altona, where her sister Pauline, the Marquise de Montagu, after wandering wide in her exile, had found a refuge with the Countess de Tessé.

Madame de Tessé had been, when she emigrated, as Madame de Montagu said, "more foresighted than her brother the Duke d'Ayen and the greater part of the *émigrés,* and had not flitted from France like a swallow, bearing with her, in order to travel more lightly, only the plumage of her wings"; she had taken with her a part of her fortune in negotiable securities, and after having bought and profitably worked, and more profitably sold a farm at Lowenberg, was now installed at Altona, until she could find another place in the country, meanwhile aiding poor *émigrés,* and giving asylum to priests—with whom she could dispute about religion. The family consisted of the Count and Countess de Tessé, the Marquis de Mun and his son, Adrien, the Marquise de Montagu and her crotchety old father-in-law, Monsieur de Beaune, who would not permit the name of La Fayette to be mentioned in his presence;

Montagu was at Lake Constance. The French colony at Altona and Hamburg gathered about Madame de Tessé, came for tea and spent the evening agreeably in abusing La Fayette.

And here Madame de La Fayette one day arrived. After they had embraced many times and wept and laughed, and wept again, little Madame de Tessé beckoned to Anastasie and Virginia, and with them quietly slipped out of the room, leaving Madame de La Fayette and Madame de Montagu alone together. The two sisters could not speak for a long time. They sat there in tears. After a while Pauline broke the silence:

"Did you see them?" she managed to say.

Adrienne sobbed. Then, when she could speak again, she repeated what Père Carrichon had told her. They said a prayer together.

When a family council was convened to discuss Madame de La Fayette's future, she said, quite simply, "I am going to join Gilbert at Olmutz."

They were all amazed; Madame de Tessé argued against it; Monsieur de Mun represented all the obstacles, all the dangers, in fact, the impossibility of such a mad enterprise. But Madame de La Fayette was inflexible; she was going to set forth in a week. She bought a carriage, engaged a German servant who knew a little French, waited on Mr. Parish, the American consul at Hamburg, and obtained a passport under the name of Madame Motier, of Hartford, Connecticut, then, resisting all entreaties, set out with her two daughters for Vienna.

It was a difficult and anxious business, travelling through a hostile country in which they must conceal their French origin, but they reached the Austrian capital in safety. She had a letter to the Countess von Rumbeck, who received

her hospitably and advised her to make her request to the old Prince von Rosenberg, Grand Chamberlain at the Court, who had been a friend of the Marquis de Noailles when he was Ambassador at Vienna; she was presented to him as Madame Motier, and when she confided to him her name and the errand on which she had come, the old Prince was touched by such courage and devotion, and, without the knowledge of the ministers, obtained for her a private audience of the Emperor.

She went to the audience, taking Anastasie and Virginia with her, and François II received her politely. She made her request, which was merely to be allowed to share the imprisonment of her husband.

"I grant you that," the Emperor said, "but as for his liberation, that would be impossible; my hands are tied."

She had not asked for his liberty, and in thanking him for the favour he had granted, she said that the wives of his friends imprisoned with him would envy her her joy.

"They have only to do as you have done," he replied, "I shall do the same for them."

With her perfect tact she said that she had heard of certain vexations to which La Fayette had been subjected in the *Prussian* prisons, and begged the Emperor to allow her to write directly to him in case she had any requests to make.

"I consent," said the Emperor, "but you will find Monsieur de La Fayette well fed and well treated. I hope that you will do me justice. Your presence will be one pleasure the more for him. Besides, you will be entirely satisfied with the Commandant. In the prisons the prisoners are known only by their numbers; but for your husband, they know the name very well."

Madame de La Fayette left the presence of the Emperor

in a kind of intoxication of joy, but she was compelled to remain a week longer in Vienna to await the formalities. She reproached herself with not having tried to secure her husband's liberty, and before leaving went to see Thugut, the Prime Minister. Madame Royale, daughter of Louis XVI, had just been exchanged for the Jacobin deputies confined at Olmutz—a proceeding that also set Alexandre Lameth completely at liberty—but Madame de La Fayette would not point out the obvious injustice of retaining in captivity one who had been proscribed for having defended Louis XVI while they set free those who had voted his death.

Thugut received her with constrained politeness; he could not dissimulate his hatred for La Fayette and she realized more than ever the immense debt that she owed the Prince von Rosenberg for having obtained an audience with the Emperor before Thugut could know what was going on.

At last, after much red-tapery and many delays, the permission to go to prison was delivered to her, and she set out at once for Olmutz. They drove that day and the next; and that night, thinking of the morrow, she said:

"I do not know how one can bear the joy that we are to have."

Her carriage broke down; she abandoned it and they drove on in an open vehicle hired at a post-relay station. It was October 24, 1795, at eleven o'clock in the morning, that the driver turned round on the box and pointed out the towers of Olmutz.

Madame de La Fayette burst into tears; then made an effort, controlled her emotion and while the girls looked up into her radiant, tear-stained face, she recited the Song of Tobit:

Blessed be God that liveth for ever, and blessed be his kingdom.

For he doth scourge, and hath mercy; he leadeth down to hell and bringeth up again; neither is there any that can avoid his hand.

Confess him before the Gentiles, ye children of Israel: for he hath scattered us among them.

There declare his greatness, and extol him before all the living: for he is our Lord, and he is the God our Father for ever.

And he will scourge us for our iniquities, and will have mercy again, and will gather us out of all nations, among whom he hath scattered us.

. . . . . .

Give praise to the Lord, for he is good: and praise the everlasting King, that his tabernacle may be builded in thee again with joy, and let him make joyful there in thee those that are captives, and love in thee for ever those that are miserable. . . .

## X

For a whole year, or ever since the attempt to escape, La Fayette had been kept in solitary confinement; the guards were forbidden to answer his questions; his servants were locked away; he was allowed no news of the world outside the prison, or even of the world within; he did not know whether his wife and children were dead or alive. And then, suddenly, that October morning, the chains rattled, the doors opened and Adrienne, Anastasie and Virginia were in his arms. . . .

The officer and the guards looked on unmoved. Then, they searched the luggage, locked the doors and left them alone.

All afternoon they talked, asking and answering a thousand questions. He knew vaguely that there had been a Reign of Terror in France, but in the horror that shadowed

their joy, there was one question that he feared to ask. At evening, the guards came and led the girls away, to lock them in a separate cell. He was alone with Adrienne at last, and then he dared to ask about their own. She told him. . . .

In the silence of the night he thought over the long list of victims immolated to liberty. Every one he knew, almost, friend or foe, was on it—the old Maréchale, the good Duchess d'Ayen, the angelic Louise, the Duke de Mouchy and the Duchess, and La Rochefoucauld; Malesherbes, dying with Roman stoicism; Montmorin, killed in the September massacres; Condorcet, a suicide in prison; Louis XVI, meeting death with simple dignity; Marie Antoinette, atoning for all her vanity by the nobility of her sufferings and the grandeur of her end; Orléans, dying, after all, as bravely as a prince of the blood should die; Lauzun, going to the scaffold as gaily as he had gone with his lace handkerchief as a flag at Yorktown; Madame Elisabeth, calmly making the last sacrifice of a life of sacrifices; Pétion, devoured by wolves; Marat, stabbed in his slipper-bath; Bailly, shivering with the cold; Camille Desmoulins, whimpering with fear; and Dietrich, for his resistance at Sedan; Estaing—those days on Rhode Island!—Brissot, Barnave, Madame Roland, old Lückner, Danton, Robespierre, and hundreds, thousands more were on the tragic list. The world that he had known had vanished; if ever he got back to France he should find himself alone and strange; there would be no one there any more whom he knew. He felt suddenly very old. . . .

Adrienne found him woefully changed, so thin, so haggard, so wasted by illness, torture and anxiety; she should hardly have known him, except by his voice—and his manner. But she found him calm, serene, "as gentle as ever,"

and as constant to those liberal principles from which he had never swerved. All his sufferings had not shaken his spirit or his faith; hardly, even, affected his illusions. There was no room in his soul for hatred of his enemies, royal or democratic, he had nothing but the indifference of the idealist, or perhaps the contempt of the grand seigneur, whom, after all, no philosophic theories of equality could change.

They entered upon the monotonous round of prison life. At eight o'clock in the morning the Provost Corporal unlocked the door, and fetched their breakfast. Then Madame de La Fayette was locked up with her daughters until noon. They met again for dinner, and then remained together until eight o'clock at evening when the guards came to put the girls "back in their cage." They paid for their own food, but it was prepared and served in a filthy way, and they had to eat with their fingers, for the gaolers promptly took away the silver forks that Madame de La Fayette had brought. There was always the stench of the sewers and the latrine, and in the courtyard under their windows, soldiers were frequently flogged, and as the cat was wielded, they could hear the "horrible music." Anastasie made shoes for her father out of her mother's old corsets, and under his dictation she would write on the margins of a book. She could draw a little, and from thumb-nail notes, she made a picture of the Provost Corporal. La Fayette would read to them, which the girls found "charming"; and Madame de La Fayette continued to instruct Virginia. They had no paper and used the margins of the few books they were allowed, and were forced to economize the precious India ink. They wrote, as La Fayette had done, with a quill toothpick, and it was in this way that Madame de La Fayette, on the margins of a vol-

ume of Buffon, composed that remarkable book, the *Life of the Duchess d'Ayen.*

Madame de La Fayette had never laid eyes on the Commandant, with whom the Emperor had assured her she would be so well satisfied, and after a few weeks she asked to see him. But the request was denied. She wrote a note, but received no answer. Then she addressed a letter to the Emperor, as he had authorized her to do, and asked three favours: to attend mass in the prison chapel; to engage the wife of a soldier to care for her daughters' cell and to be served by Felix and Chavaniac. But no response came. Then she was permitted to receive two open letters that had come for her, one from her father, who had succeeded to the title of the Duke de Noailles, and the other from the Countess de Tessé. In acknowledging them she addressed a note to the Minister of War, Ferraris, in which she repeated her three former requests and added a new one, that they be allowed to see La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy. The requests were refused.

Then she fell ill. The prison doctor knew no French, and the only means of communicating with him was for La Fayette to talk with him in Latin—in presence of an officer and the Provost Corporal—and act as interpreter. The prison doctor had no notion of her malady, and La Fayette, deeply concerned, urged her to write directly to the Emperor and ask permission to visit Vienna and consult a physician. She did so. Seven weeks passed. Then the Commandant, whom she saw that day for the first time, came and informed her that she could leave the prison only on condition that she re-enter it no more. She refused at once, and lest there be any misunderstanding of her position, put her refusal in writing.

She rapidly grew worse, with a violent eruption on her

arms and legs, and a constant fever, probably a kind of scurvy, but whatever it was, a mystery to the doctor. She had not so much as an arm-chair to sit in. She asked the Commandant to give her back her forks; he told her to make her request in writing. She did so—but no answer came; they continued to eat with their fingers. One day the officer of the guard, standing by while they ate, asked La Fayette if that method of eating did not seem a novelty to him.

"No," he replied, icily, "I have seen it employed in America by the Iroquois."

Though they were never allowed to see La Tour-Maubourg or Bureaux de Pusy, the ingenious Felix had improved his means of communication. He had fashioned a pipe of Pan, on which he piped popular old French tunes; the words of the songs were known to them all, and by cunningly adapting them to various situations he could convey intelligence, and keep up their spirits. And then the girls were full of expedients; a soldier of the guard had been bribed, and out of their window by means of a string they let down to Felix a part of their supper, and he would attach a packet to the cord and they would hoist it up. Then a more influential friend was discovered in the Rector of the University of Olmutz, a liberal himself, and through him a secret correspondence was established with the world outside.

Madame de La Fayette was permitted now and then to write open letters to Madame de Tessé, the Marquise de Montagu and to her father, who, to her distress and that of Pauline, had married the Countess de Golowskin, and settled down near Lausanne—and she found a means of writing a letter of gratitude to Bollman. But she was not allowed to write to George; she tried it once, and the letter

was sent back with the explanation that the authorities did not wish news of the prison to reach the United States.

## XI

However, she did hear from Pauline that George was with Washington. The news reassured her, even though it was not quite accurate. George was indeed in America, but not with Washington, though Washington's desire was "to act as a father to this young man and to become his best friend."

"But how can I be useful to him?" he wrote to George Cabot. "I must think of the position in which his father finds himself in relation to the French government, and of my own situation as President of the United States."

In consequence, he advised George not to come to Philadelphia, but to enter Harvard. But M. Frestel decided to remain in charge of George's education, and sent word that they were going to retire to the country house of La Colombe, who had gone to live in America. Washington then wrote to young George to assure him of his affection and advised him to go to New York with his tutor and to remain near Alexander Hamilton. "To begin to fulfil my rôle of father," wrote Washington, with indubitable wisdom, "I advise you to apply yourself seriously to your studies. Your youth should be usefully employed, in order that you may deserve in all respects to be considered as the worthy son of your illustrious father."

Bollman and Huger had gone to America too, and were striving with all their young enthusiasm to aid La Fayette. They had an audience of the President, told him of their infructuous and romantic adventure and described the horrors of the dungeons of Olmutz. Besides, the gazettes were

full of La Fayette's captivity, and of the heroic devotion of his wife in joining him in prison. Washington wrote to Monroe at Paris to do what he could, and sent a letter to Thomas Pinckney, his Minister at the Court of St. James, to say that he "should not find it out of place if you were to make known to the Austrian Ambassador" his longing to see his friend set free.

He did more; he wrote a confidential letter to the Emperor himself, to entreat that La Fayette be permitted "to come to this country on such conditions and under such restrictions, as Your Majesty may think it expedient to prescribe."

Robert Goodloe Harper introduced a resolution in Congress declaring the sympathy of the House with La Fayette, and an ardent wish for his deliverance, but the House voted it down.

La Fayette, however, found other friends, where he might have looked only for enemies, in England, and in the House of Commons. Already, in that body, his old friend General FitzPatrick had tried to bring about some sort of intervention in his favour, but the eloquence of Burke had swayed the House against it. But now Burke was no longer on the benches; stricken with grief by the death of his son, he had retired into the shadows and was dying at Beaconsfield. FitzPatrick moved an humble address to His Majesty, imploring His Majesty to intercede, and the Whigs supported his motion with all the warmth of an opposition anxious to embarrass the government. Mr. Fox denounced Mr. Pitt; he had been informed by the friends of the La Fayettes in London of the Emperor's words to Madame de La Fayette: "My hands are tied," and he insisted that it was Pitt who had tied them. Mr. Pitt, after pooh-poohing this minor debate as not important enough for a party leader,

To the Emperor ~~Majesty~~ of
Germany.

It will readily occur to your Majesty, that occasions may sometimes exist, on which official considerations would constrain the Chief of a Nation to be silent and passive, in relation even to objects which affect his sensibility, and claim his interposition, as a man. — Finding myself precisely in this situation at present, I take the liberty of writing this private letter to Your Majesty; being persuaded that my motives, will also be my apology for it.

In common with the People of this Country, I retain a strong and cordial sense of the services rendered to them by the Marquis De la Fayette; and my friendship for him has been constant and sincere. — It is natural therefore, that I should sympathize with him and his family in their misfortunes, and endeavor to mitigate the calamities which they experience; among which his present confinement is not the least distressing.

I forbear to enlarge on this delicate subject. — Permit me only to submit to your Majesty's consideration, whether his long Imprisonment, and the confiscation of his Estate; and the dispersion of his family — and the painful anxieties incident to all these circumstances, do not form an assemblage of sufferings, which recommend him to the mediation of Humanity? — Allow me Sir! on this occasion to be its organ; and to entreat that he may be permitted to come to this country, on such conditions and under such restrictions, as your Majesty may think it expedient to prescribe. —

As it is a maxim with me not to ask, what under similar circumstances I would not grant, Your Majesty will do me the justice to believe, that this request appears to me to correspond with those great principles of Magnanimity & wisdom, which form the basis of sound policy and durable glory.

May the Almighty and merciful Sovereign of the Universe keep Your Majesty under his protection and guidance. — Philadelphia 15th. May 1796

G. Washington

A LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON TO THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

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was smoked out and had to rise and solemnly declare his innocence. Sheridan scintillated in praising La Fayette; Tarleton, who had fought against La Fayette in Virginia, gallantly supported the motion. Wilberforce was earnest and humane, and then Wyndham, from the Tory benches, declared:

"Those who start revolutions will always be, in my eyes, the object of an irresistible reprobation. I take delight in seeing them drink to the dregs the cup of bitterness that they have prepared for the lips of others."

Whereupon Mr. Fox rose to even greater heights of indignation and almost blasted Wyndham where he sat.

The debate shook Europe. A series of articles signed "Eleuthère" appeared in the *Morning Chronicle,* exposing the odious treatment of La Fayette. "Eleuthère" was a brilliant French scholar named Masclet, then an *émigré* in London. He had never seen La Fayette, but, moved by his misfortunes, he contrived to establish communication with La Tour-Maubourg, and Maubourg wrote a letter describing the life of the prisoners, and "Eleuthère" published it as a "Letter of an Austrian Officer to his Brother." "Eleuthère's" articles touched the Emperor on the raw, and Thugut sent spies to London to discover who "Eleuthère" was, but in vain.

Lally-Tollendal wrote to the King of Prussia to remind him that it was in trying to save Louis XVI that La Fayette had lost himself. Another old friend was at work for him, Madame de Staël. She was at Coppet, and sought to enlist the interest of Gouverneur Morris, who, after his recall, had not gone home, but lingered on abroad, to watch the unrolling of the mighty epopee. He was then in Vienna, and the clever daughter of Necker, knowing his weak point, wrote him: "I esteem you highly, but who does not

esteem you! I admire your talent, for I have heard you talk; and I am not the only one. Open the prison of Monsieur de La Fayette. . . . Pay the debt of your country!"

The gossip of Vienna, indeed, already had it that Morris had come with a mission from the American government to secure the release of the famous prisoner, and one day, when asked about this in the presence of Thugut, Morris had said that there was no truth in it; but he laid down the law; while he did not contest the right of the Emperor to keep La Fayette and his companions in prison, so many had "participated in shedding the blood of Louis XVI, that . . . it would be impossible to execute the prisoners at Olmutz."

Some time afterwards Morris received a letter from the Marquise de Montagu, begging him to approach the Austrian government; he went to see Thugut, and had "a long conversation on public affairs and discussed sundry things which appeared to me advantageous to His Majesty."

Having thus arranged the larger affairs of empire, Morris handed the Baron the letter of Madame de Montagu to read. The *parvenu* Baron flared up angrily, denied that the La Fayettes were badly treated, and wished that "they had never had anything to do with him." Morris "seized the occasion to observe that unquestionably the changes which had happened since he was made prisoner rendered it difficult to say what course should now be pursued," but nevertheless thought that since La Fayette must sooner or later be released, the sooner it was done the better.

But there were arguments more potent than those of Morris—the battalions of the young General Bonaparte who was sweeping victoriously across Piedmont and Lombardy, issuing flamboyant proclamations, looting towns, leaving little republics behind him as he went, invading Austrian dominions, forcing the Archduke Charles to sue for an

armistice and dictating a preliminary peace at Leoben. Madame de La Fayette noticed a sudden politeness in their gaolers, and wrote the Princess d'Hénin that "with each French victory, with each vigorous article in our favour, we perceive a nuance the more."

Heartened by this victory the friends of La Fayette multiplied their efforts. Madame de Staël was indefatigable; she pleaded with General Pichegru, one of the Directory, who received her appeal coldly. She turned then to Barras. . . . "Barras, we must restore La Fayette to France, to the Republic. I guarantee that he will be her best citizen —after you, of course." Barras spoke to his colleagues, and the Directory instructed Bonaparte to demand, as a preliminary to any further discussions of peace, the liberation of the prisoners of Olmutz.

They sent General Clarke as a joint plenipotentiary to negotiate with the Court of Vienna, and incidentally to watch Bonaparte, who was already carrying things with a high hand and growing far too popular. Bonaparte, little concerned with the fate of people who were foolish enough to allow their principles to get them into prison, left the business to Clarke, who was not greatly interested, but as it happened, one of the officers on Clarke's staff was Louis Romeuf, and he begged Clarke to let him go to Vienna to treat with Thugut. Clarke consented, and Louis Romeuf never galloped so hard in his life.

## XII

In the fortress of Olmutz the prisoners had been watching all these developments, often so mysterious to them, with anxious hearts. La Fayette, certain that his imprisonment was drawing to its term at last, was as calm and serene as

ever, concerned only by a fear that had haunted him during those five long years of confinement—a fear that his friends might do something that would give the world the impression that he had weakened in his principles.

Then, on July 24, an Austrian general officer arrived at Olmutz. He had come on His Majesty's service, all the way from Vienna—fifty leagues—in twenty-four hours, so urgent and important was his mission. Captain MacElligot, the new officer of the guard, brought him to La Fayette's cell; the bolts were drawn and there, bowing in the doorway, was General Marquis de Chasteler, whom La Fayette had last seen at Namur five years before.

The Marquis de Chasteler, in his smart uniform, was exquisitely polite and deferential, but no more so than the Marquis de La Fayette, receiving him in his ragged clothes and the cloth shoes that Anastasie had made. Chasteler began his inquiry. La Fayette, in his impervious pride, scorned to complain of his physical sufferings or personal treatment, but he permitted himself to remind the Marquis that they had had "the barbarity to leave me for two whole years without news of my wife and daughters while they were under the knife of the Jacobins. La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy were within sixty yards of me, and here it is three years that I have been unable to see them."

Then Chasteler approached the more immediate problem.

"You are regarded in Europe," he said, "as the chief of the new doctrine, and since the principles it implies are incompatible with the tranquillity of the Austrian monarchy, His Majesty the Emperor and King owes it to reasons of state not to give you your liberty until you have promised not to appear on Austrian territory again without the Emperor's special permission."

La Fayette smiled.

"The Emperor does me great honour, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "to treat with me as one power to another, and to believe that a simple individual could be so dangerous to a vast monarchy whose large armies and subjects are so deeply devoted to their master."

But Chasteler was not to be put off by La Fayette's sarcasm; he insisted on treating the subject seriously. Then La Fayette declared:

"I have no wish whatever to set foot again, either at the Court of the Emperor or in his country, not only without his permission but even when I receive from him a special invitation; however, I owe it to my principles and to my sense of duty, not to recognize in the Austrian government any right over me. That which you, Monsieur, feel that you owe to the man whom, according to your principles, you regard as your sovereign, I owe to the sovereignty of the French people."

Chasteler said that he had no authority to admit these explanations, and that he would send a courier that evening to Vienna to report that the matter could not be arranged as they had hoped.

"Ah?" remarked La Fayette, with chilling indifference. "And at what hour does your courier leave?"

Chasteler, on second thought, decided to detain his courier until the next day, and he should have the honour to wait on General de La Fayette at seven o'clock. When he returned that evening La Fayette had not changed his attitude, but he asked to be allowed to consult with La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy.

"That will advance the matter much farther than a week of isolated conferences."

The Marquis de Chasteler consented; Captain MacElligot

came; there was a clanking of bolts and bars, and then, for the first time since they had been brought to Olmutz, La Fayette looked into the faces of his two faithful friends. They could not speak for an instant; even the composure of La Fayette failed for once; Maubourg looked so old, Pusy so wasted by illness and confinement. They embraced with tears, but when they were calm again, and began to discuss the Emperor's conditions, they did not hesitate an instant, or dream of any concessions, but approved and signed a statement drawn up by La Fayette, which repeated in formal terms what he had already said to Chasteler.

Chasteler was disappointed, but La Fayette, recalling their former meeting at Namur, told Chasteler that he should not be surprised to see him sacrifice to his opinions the hope of deliverance now, since he had refused to do so then.

The Marquis de Chasteler in making his adieux was as polite as ever, and paid La Fayette a graceful compliment.

"You must not be angry with us," he said, "for not having allowed you to sojourn in Germany, since your doctrine of the Rights of Man has enough apostles there as it is."

Days and weeks passed, and no news came. Then in August a letter from Louis Romeuf was delivered to La Fayette; his old aide-de-camp was at Vienna, discussing with Thugut the "sacred cause." On his arrival he had seen Gallo, Minister of War, who had informed him of the propositions of the Marquis de Chasteler and of "the manner in which they were rejected by you. I admired your unshakable character, but I confess to you that from the way in which he talked of the determination of the Emperor, I trembled for fear that that circumstance would still greatly retard the day that we await with so much impatience."

At Paris La Fayette's friends—Talleyrand—the viper had

shed his skin again, as Horace Walpole put it, and was back in France as Minister of Foreign Affairs—Masclet, Benjamin Constant, Monceau, Barthélemy, Emery and Du Pont de Nemours, were all hard at work, and ready to take an engagement that La Fayette, if necessary, should remain out of France for six months. Carnot, President of the Directory, at the suggestion of Talleyrand, wrote to Bonaparte to hasten the liberation.

In fact, La Fayette's sufferings, and those of his wife, had brought about a reaction in his favour; the fickle Parisians had changed again; he was popular once more. Pictures of him appeared in the streets, his name was applauded, a play, "The Prisoner of Olmutz, or Conjugal Devotion," written by Préfontaine was put on; La Fayette, his wife and daughters were represented in their prison cell, and the gallant young hero Bonaparte rescued them in a glow of red fire just in the nick of time. Everybody went to see it, and wept. In fact, La Fayette was growing a little too popular for Bonaparte, who wanted all the red fire for himself. And when the demand of the Directory came for La Fayette's release, Bonaparte, before delivering it, added, so Louis Romeuf said, a phrase at the end: "without, however, allowing him to return to France."

Romeuf had found the affair highly complicated and the situation bristling with difficulties. The intransigent attitude assumed by La Fayette had produced on the Emperor François II the effect that such a haughty refusal would have on a dull and narrow mind, and he had declared that the prisoners might remain at Olmutz. Thugut was furious, and when Romeuf went to see him, stormed and raged, and poured out all his violent hatred of La Fayette on poor Louis's head. One thing, however, was in Romeuf's favour; Thugut was sick of the whole business, and when

he had cooled somewhat, Romeuf proposed that La Fayette be delivered to the American Consul at Hamburg on condition that La Fayette agree to leave that city within twelve days. Finally, the affair was thus arranged, and Thugut, as he wrote to Colloredo, was very much relieved to have "all that caravan of La Fayette, wife, children and their companions of captivity, transported to Hamburg."

Romeuf informed La Fayette of this arrangement, somewhat fearful that he might not approve of it, and set out for Hamburg to see Parish. Then they all waited. Other weeks passed, and no word from Vienna. Louis Romeuf, fretting with impatience at Hamburg, was almost beside himself; he thought that Thugut was playing with them all again. Madame de Tessé and Madame de Montagu were in an agony of suspense at Wittmold, the country house that Madame de Tessé had taken. Madame de La Tour-Maubourg and Madame de Pusy were waiting anxiously at Dresden.

In the fortress at Olmutz there was the same anxiety; they waited, wondered and at times were almost ready to despair. Even the prison authorities began to share the suspense of the prisoners. Madame de La Fayette was almost desperately ill, her arms swollen and stiff, on her leg an open sore, but she took charge of a difficult and delicate situation, and wrote letters directing, from her cell, a whole campaign of diplomacy, matching her wits against those of Thugut. She wrote letters to Madame de La Tour-Maubourg and Madame de Pusy, enclosing, for them to copy, forms of letters to be addressed to Thugut. She wrote to Pillet advice for Louis Romeuf, warning him against acts that might compromise him or be contrary to the principles of La Fayette.

Then at last the order came; they were not long in

making preparations for the journey; they had nothing to pack, the carriages were ready, and the little company—La Fayette, his wife and daughters, La Tour-Maubourg and Bureaux de Pusy, Felix, Chavaniac, Jules and the other valets, entered the waiting carriages; the ponderous gates of the fortress opened and they drove out into the sharp air that fairly hurt their unaccustomed lungs. It was September 19, 1797, five years and a month since they had been taken prisoners at Rochefort, and twenty-three months since Madame de La Fayette, Anastasie and Virginia had arrived at Olmutz.

## XIII

Major von Annerhammer, an Austrian officer, rode at the head of the caravan, and they were obliged to travel slowly, for Madame de La Fayette was ill, and La Fayette so concerned for her that he could take no pleasure in their release. They had seen as yet no friends, but one day across the level fields, at a bend in the road, they espied a horseman hovering near, and recognized Louis Romeuf. He looked longingly at them, then disappeared; he dared not come nearer; they were not yet out of the clutches of François II. Unseen, except for that one instant, Romeuf rode on ahead of them, all the way, and was waiting at Dresden, with Pillet and Theodore de Lameth, two of La Fayette's old aides-de-camp, the Countess de La Tour-Maubourg, her two daughters and Madame de Pusy with her child of five years, whom the father saw that day for the first time.

At Dresden, in their eagerness for tidings from France, they seized upon the journals, and there, the very first thing, they read the startling news of the *coup d'état* of the 18 Fructidor, by which three of the Directors, Barras, Reu-

bell and Larévillière had seized the executive power. La Fayette was stunned, and vowed that he would not even write to thank the Directory for his deliverance.

Crowds gathered in all the towns through which they passed; at Leipsic and Halle there were demonstrations; their journey became a kind of triumphal progress. Madame de La Fayette made a pathetic effort to respond to all the expressions of sympathy; as for La Fayette, he was gaining strength rapidly, bowing right and left, tasting once more the sweets of popularity, living again. After all, "the delicious smile of the multitude" had not so wholly lost its charm as he had thought when in his dungeon at Magdeburg.

Then, as they were approaching Hamburg, they were met by a man sent from Paris by Carnot and Siéyès. The emissary described the situation; the reaction in full swing, royalist gains at the elections of Germinal, *émigrés* pouring back, royalist journals beginning to appear, and royalist chiefs preparing to overthrow the Republic. To frustrate this movement, Barras, Reubell and Larevellière had organized a *coup d'état;* Bonaparte sent a division under Augereau, and on the 18 Fructidor, just as the royalists were about to act, the triumvirate ordered Augereau to arrest royalist members of the *Anciens* and the *Cinq-Cents* and royalist journalists. Paris accepted the *coup d'état* quietly.

Carnot and Siéyès wished La Fayette to return and seize the moment which his recovered popularity and his aureole of martyrdom opened so auspiciously before him; the people were tired of revolution, and longed for tranquillity and a strong government; it was an occasion to repair the democratic errors; he could reappear with the confidence and affection of all the republicans in foreign lands, and to

conciliate those of his own country he only needed to adhere to the Fructidorian measures.

But he would neither resort to force to gain the royalist support, nor approve the violent and illegal methods of the Fructidorians.

"As if it were necessary," he wrote a few weeks later, "for me to be advised of the ease and facility with which I might have exploited to my own profit the popular enthusiasm, the devotion of the National Guard and all that!" His enemies and critics were always accusing him of sentimentalism, but he would "observe in passing, that men of sentiment are not always so stupid as the speculators in fortune think." In looking back over the past he saw that "the good and the bad in the Revolution seemed in general to be divided by the line that I had followed." But in saying this he was modest.

> I have been able sometimes, for the success of my plans, to seize great circumstances and even to create them. I have often produced much effect on tumultuous or prejudiced audiences. However, I am neither a statesman nor an orator, that is, ready for all combinations and all causes. I even believe that if in my youth I obtained some military reputation, I should have been entirely deprived of it by the use to which I put whatever slight dose of that talent I may have had. I should have become in consequence a very awkward royalist, because, without being blind to the faults of our first Constitution, I did not perceive any better the occult qualities in an hereditary nobility or the independent prerogatives of the nation, and because, loving the Republic and believing in it, I felt the need of seeing that of the Year III succeed, though it had been constituted without me.

And so, in concert with his two friends, he decided to remain separated from all the anticonstitutional parties, sent away the emissary, mounted the old tricolour cockade and rode on into Hamburg.

They arrived on October 4, to find all the American ships in the harbour dressed in their flags; they were to have crossed the Elbe at the ferry, but the captain of an American ship invited them to dine on board, which they did, and then were rowed across the river in the ship's boat. It was late in the afternoon; the city had turned out to meet them and the streets were crowded with people. John Parish, the American Consul, had worked untiringly for La Fayette's liberation, the final negotiations had been conducted through him, and the formal delivery was to take place at his house. It was with difficulty that a lane could be made through the crowds when they got there, but once indoors La Fayette embraced Parish; there was, for a moment, silence, a silence charged with emotion, and then La Fayette cried:

"My friend, my dearest friend, my deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!"

He had not spoken English for a long time, and in his excitement he translated literally from the French in which he thought.

Parish, "very much agitated," led the Marquise to a sofa, where she sat and sobbed. And then, after all those years of self-control and iron suppression of his feelings, La Fayette gave way utterly; it required a full quarter of an hour for him to compose himself.

During this scene, the Austrian Minister, Baron Buol von Schaüenstein arrived, accompanied by Major von Arrenhammer, a secretary and no less a personage than Gouverneur Morris. Morris had been in Hamburg all summer, and had dined that day at the Austrian Legation, and he and Baron Buol had been interrupted at dinner by a message from Parish to say that the prisoners had arrived.

Parish led the way to another room, the Minister, his secretary, Major von Arrenhammer, Gouverneur Morris and La Fayette going with him. Baron Buol made a little address, expressing to La Fayette "the particular satisfaction he had in turning him over to a friend who loved and respected him so much," reminded Parish of his engagement to have the Marquis removed out of Germany within twelve days and was careful to explain that the release was not due to the demand of France, but to regard for the United States. In his reply, La Fayette politely questioned this; whatever the Austrian cabinet might do to save its face, it could not deceive him. Then His Excellency informed La Fayette that he was completely restored to liberty.

Gouverneur Morris had stood by looking on at the little ceremony with a blue censorious eye. The delicious sensation of dining with a nobleman, even if he was only a German Baron, had been spoilt by Parish's summons.

The Minister is vexed [he wrote in his diary that evening], that Monsieur de La Fayette and his companions do not arrive. It is not until after five that Mr. Parish sends us word that they are come, and then I take the Baron down to perform the ceremony of delivering them over. The prisoners, instead of coming to town in the ferry-boat, in which case they could have arrived between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, embarked on board the boat of an American ship, dined on the ship, and so wasted their own time and everybody else's. Of course they can not go to the lodgings provided for them, etc. I find also that visits are to be paid to the French Minister, to Archenholtz, etc. In short, Horace is perfectly right: *Cœlum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

The ceremony at Parish's house over, La Fayette, Maubourg and Pusy went straightway to make the protocolary

call on Citizen Reinhardt, the French Minister, and during their conversation Reinhardt asked La Fayette his opinion of the Constitution of the Year III, saying that he had to report the reply to the government. By flattering the Directory, La Fayette might have obtained leave to re-enter France, but he was as inflexible as ever.

After all the fatigues and excitement of that first day of freedom, between the calls of admirers—Archenholtz and Klopstock, the poet, among them—and the American citizens at Hamburg come to present an address of congratulation, he sat down the next morning to discharge his debt of gratitude to all those friends who had aided him; he wrote first of all to Washington, then to Masclet, Talleyrand, General Clarke, General FitzPatrick and Francis Huger. He wrote to Barras, gliding gracefully over the difficulty he had raised for himself in vowing not to thank a government guilty of the illegal procedure of the 18 Fructidor, though he added a postscript to thank Barras personally. Then he drew up a letter to Citizen-General Bonaparte, which he and La Tour-Maubourg and Pusy signed.

> The prisoners of Olmutz, happy to owe their deliverance to the benevolence of their country and to your irresistible arms . . . rejoice to-day in the homage that they are glad to pay to their liberator . . . we join to our patriotic wishes for the Republic the most lively interest in the illustrious general to whom we are still more attached for the services that he has rendered to the cause of liberty and to our country than for the personal obligations that we glorify ourselves in owing him, and that the most intense gratitude has engraved on our hearts. *Salut et respect.*

The next afternoon they all dined with Parish at his country house at Neusteden. Morris was there, more and more disapproving. "He professes much gratitude for my

services," Morris recorded in his diary that night, "but this I do not expect, and shall indeed be disappointed if it ever goes beyond profession." And with more of the solicitude of a creditor than the interest of a friend, he was vexed because the La Fayettes went "foolishly to an inn at Hamburg instead of coming to lodgings prepared for them at Altona. . . . They are running out fifty guineas in two days." It appeared to him that La Fayette "chose to consider himself as freed by the influence of General Bonaparte, and I did not choose to contest the matter, because, believing my application at Vienna had procured his liberty, it would have looked like claiming acknowledgements."

Those few exciting, feverishly happy days that La Fayette was permitted to spend in Hamburg were soon over. He must go on. But where? Madame de Staël had written to him: "Come directly to France! There is no other country for you. . . . You are, as hero and martyr, so bound to liberty that I indifferently pronounce your name and its, to express what I desire for the honour and prosperity of France." But all that was changed now; his disapproval of the *coup d'état* had definitively closed the doors of France to him, and when Reinhardt reported his sentiments to the Directory, they were so offended that they sold at public auction his estates in Brittany, the last foot of earth remaining to him in the world.

"It seemed to me," he said, "that everybody had grown small."

Even Masclet wrote: "Our friend then has just thrown down the gauntlet to the 18 Fructidor. That is, he has pronounced his own decree of ostracism against himself. . . . Talleyrand . . . thinks as I do, that such indiscretions can not fail to lose all."

There was not much more to lose. The splendid fortune

that had been his at seventeen, was now, with the confiscation of his estates in Brittany, entirely gone, wiped out by two revolutions; he was heavily in debt, and thus, at forty-one, aged by his long imprisonment, he found himself a pauper and an exile, his wife gravely ill, his family scattered and all the countries of Europe closed to him.

There was America, but Madame de La Fayette was too ill to dream of undertaking a winter voyage across the north Atlantic. And besides, that nothing should be wanting in disappointment and disillusion, France and the United States had broken off diplomatic relations, and Monroe had been recalled.

Parish was trying to find an asylum for him, and hit on Holstein; there he would be received; Buol consented, and on October 20, the entire party went to the Countess de Tessé's country place at Wittmold.

## XIV

Wittmold was a large domain that the Countess had bought on Lake Ploën, and she was efficiently managing the farms whilst her husband and the Marquis de Montagu fished in the lake or went shooting in the wood. There was a large manor-house and a farm-yard with a dairy—no fewer than a hundred and twenty cows—and all about pastures bordered with pines and apple-trees, fields of hops, of flax, of corn; Madame de Montagu thought it all rather melancholy, and in winter, when the lake froze over and the snow lay deep about, with the bitter wind blowing down the Baltic, it was a veritable Siberia. But on that morning of October 10, as the party gathered at the landing at the little town of Ploën, the autumn was bright and a silvery haze glittered over the fields, and presently, after a

postilion had blown a signal on his horn, a small boat came sailing over the lake, the old Marquis de Mun acting as skipper and beside him Madame de Montagu, trying to control her joy. The party embarked in little sloops; Madame de La Fayette and Virginia went with Madame de Montagu and the Marquis de Mun, and as they sailed across the lake, Madame de La Fayette, sitting in the stern-sheets facing her sister, softly recited the Song of Tobit:

"Blessed be God that liveth for ever, and blessed be His kingdom. . . ."

Madame de Tessé was waiting for them on the shore; and "there was fête that day at Wittmold." She put up all the La Fayettes in her own house. The Maubourgs, the Pusys and the aides-de-camp were lodged at Ploën, but they came over to Wittmold every day, and the house was filled with the noise of conversation. For Madame de Tessé was once more in her element; she and Gilbert could talk politics all day and far into the night. The General had the arrears of five long years of silence to bring up; Madame de Tessé had by no means been silent during that period, though the *émigrés* who had gathered in her *salon* were all reactionary, with no advanced views on anything; but now she had Gilbert, with La Tour-Maubourg and Pusy and his old aides-de-camp to support him, and conversation raged gloriously; the whole vast field of the Revolution was explored, commented, criticized, explained.

Madame de Montagu, blown about in this whirlwind, was scandalized by the heresies that were preached, and disconcerted by all these "new and constitutional visages." Her brother-in-law was "what he had been all his life, no rancour, no hatred, either for persons or parties; but not the least change in his opinions. He had no regrets, and his political

conscience reproached him for none of his acts, none of his words, none of his thoughts; he was still in the dawn of the Revolution with the Declaration of the Rights of Man. All the rest was a great misfortune and a deplorable accident, no doubt, but, in his opinion, not more discouraging than was the history of shipwreck for good sailors. He had the naïve faith and calm intrepidity of those ancient navigators who, in the sixteenth century, adventured on bad vessels with an undisciplined crew to discover unknown worlds. Also he was ready to re-embark on the first day, if the chance presented itself, on the four planks, somewhat re-adjusted, of the raft of 1791."

But it required all of Madame de Montagu's Christian forbearance to endure the exposition of his views. She summed him up in a letter to her sister Rosalie, Madame de Grammont, who was in France:

> Gilbert is every bit as good, every bit as simple in his manners, every bit as affectionate in his caresses, every bit as gentle in dispute as you knew him. He loves his children tenderly, and, in spite of his cold exterior, is very kind to his wife. He has affable manners, a phlegm that does not deceive me, a secret desire to be in a situation to act. I avoid, as much as possible, discussing directly with him anything that touches the Revolution, the things that he defends as well as those that he condemns. I am afraid of exploding; I am afraid, too, of wounding him. I see with pleasure that those about me approve my reserve. To be patient, and to avoid—there is my rôle in my relations with him. Poor Gilbert! God preserve him from ever being again on the scene!

But one day she could endure it no longer. He was expounding to the Count von Stolberg the reasons that made the Revolution necessary and inevitable, when suddenly Madame de Montagu rose, and said:

"I admire any one who can find distraction or console himself for so many sufferings by this meticulous review of the abuses of the old régime."

Then she swept haughtily out of the room. After this regrettable incident Madame de Montagu retired to another *salon* across the hall, where she was joined by Madame de La Fayette and her daughters. After that, there were two *salons* at Wittmold, one devoted to philosophical and political, the other to theological and religious discussion. Madame de La Fayette, in view of the poverty that seemed to be their predestined lot, taught Anastasie and Virginia needlework and the management of a household, and while they mended their clothes and repaired their linen, Madame de Montagu read aloud to them from the sermons of Fénelon, the Book of Job, and the funeral orations of Bossuet. In such hilarious amusements the young girls passed these first few weeks of liberty.

It was not a very spacious liberty for their father; he still dragged the ball and chain of his tempestuous past. They could not stay on indefinitely at Wittmold; "too republican for the right bank of the Rhine, and too royalist for the left," there was hardly a place to which he could go. The dream of America had faded; and indeed Madame de Montagu was right when she divined under his impassive exterior the itching ambition that never leaves a man once he is inoculated with the incurable infection of politics. He could be gay and talkative in his aunt's *salon,* but a deep sadness filled him. He wrote to Madame de Simiane reviewing his political life, and concluded in this strain:

I have made many mistakes, without doubt, because I have been very active, and it is for that reason that I would not add to them that which seems faulty to me. But at the same time it is impossible that a hundred years of life in the midst of the

light and careless public could diminish the deep and painful wounds, public and private, that have torn my breast. . . . It results from all this, that, excepting some very great occasion to serve, in my own way, my country and the cause of liberty, my political life is finished. I shall be full of life for my friends, and for the public a sort of portrait in a museum or a book in a library. I realize that so far as politics are concerned, I have never felt younger and that liberty, with everything that is connected with it, inflames me to-day as it did at nineteen. All that disgusted semi-amateurs with it was even more opposed to liberty than despotism itself, and I find in that only a motive to love it the more. But, as nearly all hearts are too narrow, too timid, too apathetic, for the complete development of truth, of liberty, of justice, my reason tells me that there will be nothing for me to do, and that even my reputation is interested in terminating my political life; and yet my instinct tells me that I am not destined to expatriation.

He took for the winter the *château* of Lemkuhlen, not far from Wittmold, and in November they went into residence there. La Tour-Maubourg and his family, with his younger brother Charles de La Tour-Maubourg, joined them, and Pusy went to Altona to look after his affairs.

La Fayette spent those first days of retirement in acknowledging the letters that showered upon him the felicitations of friends all over the world—those letters which it was such a pleasure to receive and such drudgery to answer.

Then, having taken his pen in hand, he sat down and, adopting the last pathetic resource of the great when fallen on evil fortune, began to write his *Mémoires* in the hope that their sale would get him out of debt. He wrote "Royal Democracy," the "Letter to Monsieur d'Hennings," the "Souvenirs on Leaving Prison" and a "Notice on Washington," the MS. of which was lost, and on Christmas Day he sent these first fruits of his literary labours to Pusy, who acted as secretary to him.

Friends came to see him, Matthieu Dumas among them, and Louis Romeuf, now on Bonaparte's staff. A little later, Madame de Simiane, who had got out of France with a false passport, and the aid of a former Jacobin, came to pass a few weeks at Wittmold as the guest of Madame de Tessé.

But the joy of that winter was the unexpected arrival of George from America. He came in February with the faithful M. Frestel. George had been at Mt. Vernon, oddly enough with the young Duke d'Orléans, when the rumour of La Fayette's release came, and though Washington had advised him not to set out until he was sure that his father was free, his young impatience had outweighed the prudent counsel of his godfather, and he had taken ship at New York at once.

La Fayette had not seen his son for six years, and now George was nineteen—the age at which he himself had set out for America the first time. George brought an affectionate letter from Washington, and news of the great of the earth. At Paris he had gone to pay his respects to Bonaparte, and in the absence of the rising general had been received, with flattering graciousness, by Josephine, who had said to him: "Your father and my husband must make common cause."

Spring was coming to Lemkuhlen, and among other of its signs was the interest that young Charles de La Tour-Maubourg and Anastasie were showing in each other; the courtship was rapid. Charles asked for Anastasie's hand and La Fayette gave his consent. When they heard the news at Wittmold they held up their hands in horror. Charles had no money, and Anastasie no *dot*. The Marquis de Mun said that no one ever got married in that way unless it were among the red Indians of America, and Madame de Tessé

averred that nothing like it had been seen since Adam and Eve. But Madame de La Fayette did not share these views; indeed, with her contempt for mere riches, she actually encouraged the young people. Madame de Tessé provided the trousseau and shortly before the day set for the wedding the La Fayettes returned to Wittmold. Then Madame de La Fayette suffered a relapse and was once more seriously ill; but she would not listen to postponement, and on the day of the wedding, May 9, George and Charles de La Tour-Maubourg bore her to the chapel in the *château,* and placed her on a couch. The Abbé Luchet celebrated mass and pronounced the nuptial benediction, and there was a wedding dinner. La Fayette was delighted to have his daughter marry the brother of his old friend, and Madame de La Fayette was very happy. "When I think," she wrote, "of the horrible situation in which my children found themselves, not long ago, and when I see them all three about me, and I am to adopt a fourth after my own heart, I can not thank God enough."

By midsummer, though hardly restored to health, she determined to go to Paris, to save something out of the wreck of the family fortune, and to induce the Directory to allow La Fayette to enter France. She took Charles and Anastasie and Virginia with her, and La Fayette and George saw them off at Hamburg. He returned to Wittmold in heavy spirits, for now, after those years at Olmutz, where, as Charles Fox said, she "had flown on the wings of love and duty," Adrienne had become indispensable to him. Until that time, in his egoism, he had accepted her devotion with the self-centred complacency of a spoiled child of fortune, but after that revelation, he made amends by a loyalty that never wavered again—and enslaved her more than ever by a childlike dependence on her presence

and her care. The little colony at Lemkuhlen was scattered; La Tour-Maubourg was at Ploën; Pusy was at Ottensen, the port of Altona, waiting to see his father-in-law, DePont de Nemours, who was going to America, where Pusy intended to follow him. Indeed their thoughts were all turning to America now; La Fayette said that they should all go out in the spring, for Holstein was likely to become untenable at any moment; the peace that had been signed by Bonaparte with Austria at Campo Formia had not lasted long. The powers had formed the second coalition against France, and French armies were invading the German states and menacing Holstein. Madame de Tessé was trying to find a purchaser—but at her own price—for Wittmold; she, too, had decided to go to America. What else was there to do now that French armies were marching over the earth, and their tread could already be heard at Wittmold? Unless she went there, she said, she should have to take her cows to Astrakhan, where, perhaps, armies would not molest her. And so, by way of preparation, she took up the study of English, with George as tutor.

Gouverneur Morris had sailed for America to take the place in the United States Senate for which nature had so plainly designed him, and he had gone without bidding La Fayette good-bye, or asking if he had any commissions for him, but confined himself to sending back, by his correspondent, his compliments after he had gone.

Meanwhile La Fayette busied himself with his *Mémoires* and wrote to "La Citoyenne La Fayette chez le Citoyen Beauchet," letters as tender as those he had written to her twenty years before from America. They were filled with lively gossip of Wittmold and those little family details that would interest her most.

Here it is [he wrote], nearly a year since we left the royal prisons for a kind of banishment. In a few months we can, without much trouble, if not without regret, seek a definitive asylum in America. . . . You know how much confidence I have in you and how I count on your faithful observation of all that you promised your friends except a single point on which you are less honest; it is that of your health and it is just that which interests me the most. Adieu once more; it costs me to leave off the gossip in which I can indulge only once a week, but in every instant I think very tenderly and very anxiously of you. I embrace both of you with all my soul.

But a slight cloud of misunderstanding arose. Madame de La Fayette, with all her other affairs, was trying to obtain for the officers who had gone into exile with her husband, permission to return to France. It was a piece of justice on which he had set his heart. These faithful friends had followed him; he felt responsible for their flight, and wished to assume all the blame; he was ready to be prosecuted, anything, if only he could secure their reintegration as French citizens. He even proposed that he be summoned before the bar to answer for his conduct on August 10. "In a discourse of a quarter of an hour I could convince them all."

Among these officers were Charles and Victor de La Tour-Maubourg. They were both anxious to return and enter the army. Madame de La Fayette had left Charles and Anastasie at Utrecht until she could obtain permission; she had seen Barras, but without success. When the news came, the La Tour-Marbourgs were disappointed; Victor "very much affected"; and they all disapproved her action in leaving Charles and Anastasie at Utrecht.

"Admit, my dear heart," La Fayette wrote her, "that if Anastasie had not stayed in Holland, Charles would be at present in France; you would have left with your two daugh-

ters for Chavaniac, which would have facilitated an important affair. I tell them at Wittmold and at Ploën that on all that I share their unanimous opinion. . . . Obtain, then, at once, this permission."

He also drew up a plan for a book in which the laws under the new régime were to be compared with those under the old, first in France, and then in the other European nations. He wished her to find a "good writer and a good patriot" to undertake this work.

In the disorder and confusion of Paris, ill, overworked, poor, compelled to live in mean lodgings at the house of her old maid Beauchet, Madame de La Fayette was going about on foot all over the town, interviewing corrupt and disgusting politicians, and trying to untangle the snarled affairs of her mother's estate. She could do all this and not complain. But when the members of her family, sitting at their ease in the *salons* of Wittmold and Ploën criticized her, and made suggestions, while she was on the spot and knew better than they, and when, in addition, they asked her to undertake the publication of heavy works comparing the different theories of law in a world that was in anarchy —this was too much. Her long-suffering spirit flared up, a sharp letter arrived at Lemkuhlen and the dreamer descended from the clouds and was instantly all humble penitence and remorse.

"I see with deep regret, my dear heart, that I have involuntarily wounded you. . . . I admit, however, with pleasure and with all my heart, that it was I who was wrong, and you were right on these two points, as on all the others. Of all this there remains to me only the sorrow of having tormented you with our speculations on the Lake of Ploën, and to have provoked thereby your injustice towards me. . . ."

Their situation financially was growing desperate, and if Adrienne's property should suffice merely to pay their creditors, he should have to go to seek their fortune in America, for they should "not have enough money to keep the family six months in an American inn. But as soon as this roof is found, you must get rid forever of the need to look after possessions in France. . . . There is no place left me there except in the hearts of my friends, and I must not lose any part of that which I have in yours."

He gave up the idea of the famous book, and sorrowfully resigned himself to a new separation from his wife and children while he went to America to begin a new life. And then, even this hope was taken from him. The relations between France and America had been growing steadily worse ever since 1793 when Citizen Genet had been sent packing by President Washington. When Citizen Adet, the French Minister in America, on November 12, 1796, notified the American government that American vessels would be subjected by the French to the same treatment that they allowed to be imposed upon them by the English, the United States had recalled Monroe and sent Pinckney to replace him. Barras had grossly insulted Monroe on his retirement, and the Directory had refused to receive Pinckney's letters of credence. Diplomatic relations were broken off. President John Adams appointed Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, John Marshall and Elbridge Gerry as commissioners to re-establish amity, and they were then at Paris engaged in "the X.Y.Z. Correspondence." Talleyrand would not treat with the commissioners officially and the negotiations were carried on "after candlelight" by the back stairs. The commissioners reported that Monsieur Y. had hinted that means might be found to conciliate the Directory, to wit, fifty thousand pounds as a *douceur*. The commission-

ers refused to pay the bribe, and were informed by Talleyrand that if the "fee" were not forthcoming, they would not be allowed to remain in Paris. The commissioners left; John Adams made all the political capital he could out of the incident and the republics were on the verge of war.

"In the present state of our relations with France," Hamilton wrote to the Marquis, "I can not urge you to come here, and until a radical change occurs in France, I should be sorry to hear that you had gone back there. . . . The only thing on which our parties are in accord is the affection that all equally have for you."

Washington, in the midst of the holly and mistletoe at Mt. Vernon on Christmas Day, 1798, wrote "that no one will receive you with more open arms and with more ardent affection than I shall when harmony is re-established between this country and France." But in the state of things then existing, he would find himself "in a position in which no human prudence would be able to spare him embarrassment. In a word, you would lose the confidence of one or the other of the parties, perhaps of both, if you found yourself in such a conjuncture."

## XV

Then Holstein was drawn into the coalition. Anxious letters passed between him and Adrienne at Paris, and she was able to obtain from Siéyès and Larevallière something like assurances that while permission would not be expressly granted La Fayette to seek a refuge in Holland, they, or the Batavian Republic, as this vassal of France then called itself, would make no objections to his going there. And so he went to Vianen, not far from Utrecht, where he took a pretty little country house, and installed himself

with Anastasie and her husband and George, happy to be "on that side of the barrier."

He found in the Batavian Republic many old friends, the best of them the white-haired old General Van Ryssel, who had commanded the Dutch patriots in 1787. He often went to Utrecht to dine with him, and after dinner, in the early darkness of the long winter evenings, while George and Charles and Anastasie played *loto,* and Victor made love to Van Ryssel's daughter, the two generals sat in a corner over a quiet game of chess.

Then, at the end of February, Anastasie's confinement brought Madame de La Fayette back from Paris, vastly improved in health, with Virginia grown tall and rosy as an English girl.

She had not succeeded in her mission at Paris; the inheritance of her mother was still unsettled, and their whole future uncertain. La Fayette turned once more to the American project, and decided to go out as soon as the quarrel between his two countries should be settled. He wrote to William Murray, American Minister at The Hague, inquiring about opportunities to sail, though he was so poor that he had not enough money to pay his passage —he, who had bought a ship to go there in the first instance!—but Adrienne, who was to remain at Vianen but four "decades," would, he thought, on her return to Paris, be able to raise the money.

Then Madame de Montagu and Madame de Grammont came to Vianen for a family conference. They arrived with their husbands on Easter Eve. The three sisters had not been together for eight years, and during that time Pauline and Rosalie had not seen each other at all. They all lived together in the little house at Vianen and they had a common purse. But even so they had slender rations. Madame

de La Fayette did the best she could, but with a dozen persons, all hungry as wolves, sitting down at table every day, it was desperately hard to make both ends meet. Montagu said that he had only one good dinner all the while he was there, and that was at Utrecht, when they were invited to dine with General Van Ryssel.

But, as Madame de Montagu set down in her journal, "in the midst of this distress, what joy!" As soon as their duties for the day were over, the discussions about the inheritance ended, and the meagre supper cleared away, the three sisters retired to a room without a fire, each one wrapped in a greatcoat, her feet tucked up on a foot-warmer, with the wind whistling through the windows of leaded panes, and there they sat until midnight, until one o'clock, until two o'clock, talking in low tones, while all the rest of the house was asleep. They were up early in the morning and went to mass, and together they composed a litany in honour of their mother, and agreed that every day, at the hour when she and Louise had been immolated, they would say this prayer, and thus, in some sort, all be reunited.

Madame de La Fayette was then about forty, and already her hair was turning grey. Madame de Montagu was thirty-two, and Madame de Grammont thirty-one, and the three sisters were much alike in character because of the education they had received in their mother's red boudoir in the *hôtel* de Noailles. Pauline thought Adrienne admirable for her faith, her zeal and her uprightness, but she had a fault which her kindness encouraged Pauline to point out ("because she always listens in a ravishing manner"); she was not sufficiently *intérieure,* not spiritual enough; she counted too much "on the happiness, or at least on the consolations of this earth."

They agreed on the partition of their mother's property;

Madame de La Fayette was to have the *château* of La Grange and its dependencies, Madame de Montagu the *château* of Fontenay in Brie, Madame de Grammont the estate of Tangri in the Pas de Calais, Mademoiselle de Thésan a domain situated between La Grange and Fontenay, while the children of the Viscountess de Noailles were to receive farms in the Seine-et-Marne.

But this innocent reunion was soon broken up. They heard from friends that their meetings were suspected at Paris; certain persons in high places were hinting at conspiracy. And so the Montagus returned to Wittmold, the Grammonts went back to France and a few days later, Madame de La Fayette, Virginia and George set out for Paris, leaving La Fayette to sit under his favourite tree in the garden at Vianen, in the pleasant moist air of a Dutch spring and read works on agriculture—in preparation for his life as a gentleman farmer at La Grange.

His wife hardly reached Paris before he was "feeling impatient for her return. . . . Our garden has new charms every day, but a weasel has eaten up my poor ring-dove and her eggs." A few days later he wrote:

My letter will probably find you, my dear heart, at La Grange, in that retreat where we are destined, I hope, to rest together from the vicissitudes of our life. . . . You must write me all the details of La Grange; first, the house; . . . then the farm; I wish to know the number of beasts, big and little, that are cared for there, how much that costs, how many people to take care of them, and then, a word or two on the park and the wood. Liancourt has lent me several works of Arthur Young. I am deeper than ever in the study of agriculture, and all the details that you can send me will give me the pleasure of comparing that which is practised in France with that which is done in England and Holland. . . . The future is very cloudy.

*Photograph by Giraudon*

THE CHÂTEAU OF LA GRANGE

I conclude from that that we shall be together again as soon as possible. Oh, that you were already here, my dear Adrienne!

Early in June, his reading and meditations in his garden were interrupted by a mysterious request to receive a French officer who came from Paris in the name of Carnot. They met at Utrecht, and the officer unfolded a plan for a *coup d'état* in which La Fayette was to play the leading rôle. But he was suspicious, and received the proposal coldly. The officer came to Vianen, and renewed his insistence, but La Fayette, eager though he was to return to France, and even more eager to be in the thick of the political battle, once more refused to join in the intrigue, because it was not in the interest of "true liberty." It was not many days before he heard of the little *coup d'état* of the 30 Prairial, by which Siéyès and Lucien Bonaparte secured a majority in the Directory. He went back to his garden and his books, but it was not long before the prospect of an invasion of Holland by the English and Russians threatened a more serious interruption. War had been declared on March 15, and he had the joy of seeing the French uniform once more —a sight that brought tears to his eyes.

Madame de La Fayette, at Paris, hearing that the Senate of Hamburg had already delivered Napper Tandy, the Irish patriot and hero of the sad song of the shamrock, to the English, and that Holland was menaced at that very moment by invasion, feared the same fate for her husband. She went to see Siéyès; "I see Monsieur La Fayette," she said, "between the scaffold, Siberia, or his re-entry in France." Siéyès was vague; he would give her no positive assurance; he rather thought that Holland would not be invaded.

But La Fayette himself was not so sure, and since France was closed to him and Holland might at any moment become untenable, his thoughts turned towards America once

again. Then one day, in the midst of all this uncertainty, George bounced in upon him. He had the news of Paris and even of Chavaniac—he had been there and dug up the swords that his mother had buried to find the blade of the sword presented by the United States rusted away, but the gold hilt remained, and he thought it might be fixed to the blade of the sword presented by the National Guard of Paris. But there was not much hope of a re-entry into France, and the English and Russians had just invaded Holland. And so

since yesterday [La Fayette wrote to his wife], George and I have been arranging for you a farm, either in the lovely valley of the Shenando on the borders of the State of Virginia, not far from Federal City and even from Mt. Vernon, or in the pretty fields of New England, within reach of the city of Boston, for which you know my predilection. I do not hide from myself, dear Adrienne, that I, who complained that the serfs of Holstein made the surroundings very sad for a friend of liberty, should find the valley of the Shenando the same, because of the negro slaves, for if in the Northern States equality is for everybody it exists in the South only for the whites. It is true, that with our ideas of Cayenne we could find some consolation. I should prefer, however, New England, and at the same time I feel all the reasons that should draw us to Mt. Vernon and the seat of the federal union; we lack only the first dollar to buy our farm. This uncertainty must be added to many others, without your tormenting yourself about it; no one is bound to perform the impossible. You will hear no politics to-day. I am more interested in the arrival of George than in that of the Anglo-Russians. . . . Adieu, my dear Adrienne; bear with courage the troubles of this world.

La Fayette and General Van Ryssel followed the manœuvres of the armies with something more than the professional interest of old commanders. The invading hosts were

drawing nearer; he was likely at any moment to be surrounded, or compelled to fly, with no place to go. He longed to take the field himself, had wild notions of enlisting with the Dutch patriots, and even wilder dreams of commanding the French troops sent to repel the invading armies. George and Victor de La Tour-Maubourg were eager to enlist, but he felt it his duty to repress "an ardour that would have been mistaken for a desire to be remarked, and perhaps for a political speculation far from their thoughts." But when the Batavian troops fell back in retreat, George and Victor could be restrained no longer and went to Haarlem to enlist as Grenadiers.

It was now September 19, and he wrote: "It is two years to-day, dear Adrienne, since we came out of that prison where you came to bring me consolation and life. If, after two years of exile, added to five years of captivity, I could only bring you, in a peaceful retreat, the assurance that we should be reunited forever!"

But the anniversary was celebrated by an event that allayed their anxiety, for on that day Brune gained a victory over the English and the Russians at the battle of Bergen, and La Fayette wrote a joyous letter to Madame de Tessé amidst the ringing of the bells at Vianen. The invasion of Holland was over; Adrienne could breathe freely once more. He had only one regret; George had had no chance to distinguish himself in the battle. "It will be a subject of eternal regret for him," he wrote to Adrienne, "and for us."

He and Van Ryssel went back to their game of chess. He was in the midst of a letter to Cæsar de La Tour-Maubourg at Ploën—a long, confidential letter on political affairs; he was ready to go back to Paris on the white horse, but the friends to whom he had written had advised him

that it would only mean his assassination—when the news came that Bonaparte had suddenly returned to Paris.

It greatly excited him and roused all of his old ambitions; he regretted more than ever that he had not profited by Carnot's advances. "Here is Bonaparte returned," he wrote to Louis Romeuf. "It is evident that it is his interest to join with us, namely, with me, for my position denies me the possible objects of his ambition, I, who would give so cordially my voice to make him president of a free, just and well organized republic." Three American commissioners—William Murray, Patrick Henry and Ellsworth were about to arrive at Paris to settle the quarrel between France and the United States, and he hinted to Romeuf: "I am far from wishing to secure my return by their intercession, but it would be possible to give the government and influential legislators to understand that my presence would be really useful."

But, devoted as was the adoring Romeuf, he had another plenipotentiary at Paris who far outshone all the others, and that was Adrienne. No need to suggest to her what ought to be done; she required no intermediaries, American or other; she had gone straight to the new fountain-head of power and influence; she had taken Virginia and paid a visit to Bonaparte. La Fayette was at Utrecht deep in a game of chess with old Van Ryssel when he received from her a letter telling of the interview with the great man; he had welcomed her graciously and had said that "the life of La Fayette was attached to the conservation of the Republic." She advised him to write to Bonaparte at once. It cost him to write to Bonaparte, who had never answered his former letters and had lied to Romeuf about it; he did not like to play the courtier; but Adrienne knew best; Adrienne was always right; he never made a mistake

so long as he followed her advice. The game of chess was never finished; he went at once and wrote to Bonaparte:

It would have sufficed to love liberty and our country for your return to fill me with joy and hope. To this need of public happiness is joined a profound and lively feeling for my liberator. The welcome that you gave the prisoners of Olmutz has been reported to me by her whose life I owe to you; I rejoice in all my obligations to you, Citizen General, and in the happy conviction that to cherish your glory and to wish for your success, is a civic duty as well as an act of attachment and gratitude.

He thought it a little short and a little dry, and told Adrienne so in the letter enclosing it. They saw the end of the long exile, and Adrienne feared that on his return he would be tempted to re-enter political life.

As for me, my dear Adrienne, whom you see with terror ready to re-enter a public career, I protest to you that I am very little sensible to many enjoyments by which formerly I set too much store. . . . Nothing, nothing in the world, I swear to you on my honour, by my tenderness for you, and by the manes of those for whom we weep, shall ever persuade me to renounce the plan of retirement that I have formed for myself, and in which we shall spend tranquilly the rest of our life. . . . I must hasten and finish, my dear Adrienne, and I can not re-read what I have written you. However, I must repeat to you once more that I am completely happy and satisfied with what you do, with all that you say, and still more with what you are. I read your heart, my dear and well beloved Adrienne, and none of its good, tender and generous movements escape my own; I have an inexpressible impatience to see you here, or there, and to seize at last the happy moment when we shall be separated no more.

Ten days later Alexandre Romeuf arrived suddenly at Utrecht, breathless with news of the *coup d'état* of the 18

Brumaire; Bonaparte had turned out the miserable Directory and seized the powers of government! . . . Madame de La Fayette had sent him a passport under an assumed name, and said to tell him to come at once. Within two hours he was off by post-chaise.

# CHAPTER VI

## THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE

*1799-1807* *Aet.: 42-50*

## CHAPTER VI

### THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE

### I

AND now he was once more in Paris, which he had not seen since he had left it in despair that June day seven years before. He went to the house of Adrien de Mun, and wrote at once to Bonaparte to announce his presence and present his compliments. By way of acknowledgment of this courtesy he received an instant summons from Talleyrand; he went, and Talleyrand urged him to return to Holland at once; the Consul was in a terrible rage; it was dangerous to delay. The old proud spirit flared up; let Bonaparte arrest him if he dared!

The diplomatic task of arranging a *modus vivendi* fell, of course, to Madame de La Fayette. She went to see Bonaparte, and was not long in taming him.

"The arrival of Monsieur de La Fayette," he said, "embarrasses me in the re-establishment of my principles, and forces me to sail close to the wind. You do not understand me, Madame, but General La Fayette will understand me, and, finding himself no longer in the centre of things, he will feel that I can judge better than he. I conjure him, then, to avoid all demonstrations. I rely on his patriotism."

Madame de La Fayette thought it discreet to retire to the country, and a few days later they were driving into the park of the *château* of La Grange-Bléneau, sombre and mysterious against the grey November sky. It was old as the crusades and one of the noblest *châteaux* in Brie. Built

on a plateau between the Yères and the Ivron, thirteen leagues east of Paris, near Rozoy in Seine-et-Marne, it had been, under Mazarin, one of the strongest fortifications of the Fronde; the marks of Turenne's cannon balls still showed on its stone walls. It had been in the great families of Courtenay and of La Feuillade, and in the eighteenth century had passed into the hands of the Duchess d'Ayen's father. Its ancient crenellated walls, with the five enormous round towers, were blackened by time, and the weeping willows near, their yellow leaves floating on the shining waters of the moat, gave it a somewhat melancholy air. It was, of course, in a rather sad state of repair, but nevertheless, after all the years of war and revolution, prison and banishment, they had found a home at last.

They settled in for the winter, and early in the new year of 1800 he received the news of the death of Washington, and with the sad announcement, a pair of pistols taken from an English officer in the American war, which Washington had left him in his will. He was filled with a great sorrow and a great regret; why had he not gone to America "to embrace for the last time" his "illustrious and paternal friend?" It was one more change added to the many that the recent years had brought. He felt strange and lonely in his isolation; the France to which he had returned was not the France he had left; its life had swept on and flowed over him, and he felt almost forgotten—though not by the new hero who had risen to take the place that once had been his in the affections, or in the applause, of the people, for while Bonaparte affected indifference and systematically ignored him, La Fayette knew that the Consul was stung by his silent disapproval. He had a proof of this—and of the pettiness of which great minds are capable—when they came to hold a memorial for Wash-

ington at the Invalides. He was not invited, and Bonaparte, evidently fearing a comparison, forbade Fontanes, whom he charged to deliver the oration, to mention the name of La Fayette. George went to the ceremony, and reported that it had turned out to be a glorification of Bonaparte rather than a commemoration of Washington; in the course of it General Lannes presented ninety-six flags captured from the Turks, and their folds hid from sight the bust of the liberator of America, while Fontanes, in flattering Bonaparte, almost forgot Washington entirely.

All that winter Madame de La Fayette was back and forth between La Grange and Paris, trying to have the name of her husband, and those of his proscribed companions, stricken from the list of *émigrés*. She succeeded at last and La Fayette and his friends were free in their own land. Her perseverance and her tact secured for George a commission in the Hussars, and to his father's joy he went off to fight the Austrians under Bonaparte in Italy.

La Fayette had not yet seen Bonaparte, but when, in June, after the battle of Marengo, the conqueror returned from his second campaign in Italy, he asked and obtained an audience, and one summer morning, with La Tour-Maubourg who had returned to France, found himself once more entering the halls of the Tuileries.

As the small man in the tightly buttoned uniform of well-worn olive green and white small-clothes, came into the room, the aureole of his new fame bright about him, the tired, ageless, pallid face lit up with a charming smile, La Fayette felt the strange fascination of a great personality. The First Consul shook hands, drew a snuff-box from his pocket, took a pinch of snuff and nervously dusted his coat, a gesture that reminded La Fayette of his presentation, so long before, to Frederick the Great. But as he

looked down into the upturned, sallow face, the glowing eyes and the Corsican brow, he saw there something that did not need the lie that Bonaparte had told to Louis Romeuf to identify it. With all his illusions, La Fayette was not often very far wrong in his moral estimates of men, and as they stood there an instant, measuring each other—those two ambitious and stubborn men, one with the aristocratic manner of the old régime, the other, with the democratic vulgarity of the new—he recognized the ruthless adventurer, brilliant and ill-bred. But he could admire the soldier in him, at any rate, and he felicitated him on his victories, and thanked him once more for his deliverance. And Bonaparte, adopting his easy, swaggering manner, began to speak of the allied powers, and of his discussions at Leoben and Campo Formio.

"I don't know what the devil you had done to them," he said, "but they hated to let you go."

La Fayette and La Tour-Maubourg both thanked him then, in their own name and in that of Bureaux de Pusy, who had joined his father-in-law, DuPont de Nemours, in America.

"He will come back," said Bonaparte, "and DuPont also. Everybody returns to the waters of the Seine."

La Fayette came away rather pleased with his audience, and on going out observed a greater respect on the part of every one in the palace, from councillors of state down to lackeys; forms of government might change, but courtiers never.

In August, he went with his family to Chavaniac to see his old aunt, and back in Paris in September, as he was going in one morning to see Talleyrand, he met the Minister coming out of his cabinet, escorting with nimble assiduity a man who looked like the First Consul, and Talleyrand

presented Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph was older and stouter than his brother, and if he lacked his genius and was not half so intelligent, he was genuine and good-natured, and La Fayette liked him. Joseph felicitated himself on this happy rencounter, for it gave him an occasion to invite La Fayette to a fête he was giving in honour of the signing of the new convention to mark the reconciliation between the French and American governments. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the plenipotentiaries who had negotiated the treaty, and invited his colleagues to his *château* of Mortefontaine near Senlis in Oise for the ceremony. La Fayette was delighted to accept, and spent two happy days in scenes that recalled the glorious successes of his youth. The First Consul and all the Bonaparte family were there, with the entire official world of Paris; at the banquet, the First Consul proposed a toast in memory of the "souls of the Frenchmen and Americans dead on the field of battle for the independence of the New World." There was a display of fireworks on the river; Rode, the celebrated violinist, played and the actors of the Théâtre Français performed "Les Jeux de l'Amour et du Hasard."

Best of all, during those two days he had occasion to talk at length with Bonaparte. They walked by the hour in the magnificent English park along the Nonette, talking freely and frankly, and Bonaparte laid himself out to please and win him.

"You must have found the ardour of the French for liberty very much cooled," said Bonaparte, almost the first thing.

"Yes," he replied, "but they are in a state to receive it."

"They are very much disgusted with it," Bonaparte went on. "Your Parisians, for example. Oh! the shop-keepers don't want any more of it!"

"They are in a state to receive it," La Fayette insisted. He was determined, at the beginning, to make his position clear. "It is not lightly, General, that I employ that expression. I am not unaware of the crimes and the follies that have profaned the name of liberty; but the French are more than ever, perhaps, ready for it. They expect it from you, and it is for you to give it to them."

They talked of politics and war, and the hatred of the two extremes, royalist and Jacobin, for La Fayette. Bonaparte plied him with questions and asked about his campaigns in America.

"They were," La Fayette said modestly, "the greatest interests of the universe decided by engagements of patrols."

And since they were on the subject of America, La Fayette recalled the discussions in the Constituent of a presidency for life. At once Bonaparte's remarkable eyes lit up; he took a pinch of snuff, and waited.

"With a national representation," La Fayette went on, "and suitable checks, that idea would be good in France."

Bonaparte spread wide his legs, folded his arms across his narrow chest, and fixed La Fayette with his frowning regard. La Fayette told him something of the American presidency, its simplicity, its lack of luxury and ceremony—not even a guard of honour. But Bonaparte frowned more than ever.

"That sort of thing wouldn't go in France!" he exclaimed.

Bonaparte was all smiles and cajolery during those two days, and La Fayette used the opportunity to ask a favour that meant more to him than anything Bonaparte could have done for him personally, that is, to strike from the lists of *émigrés* the names of the Count and Countess de Tessé. Bonaparte granted it at once.

He could have obtained, just then, any favour, any place

that he desired, so eager was the First Consul to attach him to his fortunes. Every advance was made to him. Joseph Bonaparte thought that Virginia would be just the wife for Lucien Bonaparte; Cabanis was authorized to offer him a seat in the Senate; Talleyrand tendered him the post of Minister to the United States; it would be an ideal appointment, a striking symbol of the restoration of the friendship between the two republics. But he would not listen.

"I will not go to America in a diplomatic character. If I were to arrive there otherwise dressed than in an American uniform I should find myself as greatly embarrassed as a savage in knee-breeches."

When he found him inflexible, Talleyrand urged him to take the seat in the Senate, but he put him off:

"I should be obliged," he said, with a laugh, "the next day to denounce the government—and its chief."

He was not surprised when, not long after this, his old friend Matthieu Dumas came to La Grange, sent by the First Consul to demand an explanation of his "disapproving if not hostile attitude."

"No one likes to pass for a tyrant," Bonaparte had said. "General La Fayette seems to designate me as such."

He gave Matthieu Dumas this message to carry back:

"The silence of my retirement is the maximum of my deference; if Bonaparte had been willing to serve the cause of liberty, I should have been devoted to him. But I can neither approve an arbitrary government, nor associate myself with it."

They dangled other baits before him; and when he refused the larger ones, they tried those more insignificant, such as membership in the departmental councils of Paris, and of Seine-et-Marne. But he refused these things too.

"I am like the child," he explained, "who, when they

tried to teach him the alphabet, obstinately refused to say 'a,' for fear that they would afterwards oblige him to say 'b.'"

Nevertheless, his relations with the First Consul, for a while, were agreeable enough. He might regret that Bonaparte was not a lover of "pure liberty" in the Fayettiste sense of the term, but he admired his military genius, and like nearly every one who came in contact with him, was subject to his strange fascination. More than all else, Bonaparte had destroyed Jacobinism, that *bête noire* of the Constitutionalists, and when Bonaparte miraculously escaped assassination by an infernal machine on the 3 Nivôse, La Fayette went into Paris to offer his felicitations. Bonaparte was in good humour and kept him for hours. He had just received a letter from Louis XVIII disavowing the crime, and he recalled to La Fayette their conversation at Mortefontaine about the co-operation of the royalists and the Jacobins in the disorders of the Revolution.

"His letter is good," he said; "so is my reply. But he ends it by asking a thing that I can not do; and that is, to put him on the throne."

Some of the royalists had even made advances to Josephine, promising a statue to Bonaparte in which he would be represented offering the crown to the King.

"I sent word," said Bonaparte, "that I feared to be buried under the pedestal."

And when La Fayette said that they would do worse, Bonaparte took up the phrase:

"You know that for us this danger is nothing; but to give them back power would be, on my part, an infamous piece of cowardice! You may disapprove the government,"—how that thought rankled!—"consider me a despot; you will see, one day, whether I am working for myself or for posterity.

But at any rate, I am master of the movement, I, whom the Revolution, whom you and all the patriots have raised to the place where I am now, and if I recalled those people, it would mean that all of you would be turned over to their vengeance."

The apartments of the Tuileries had all been done over, and Madame Bonaparte was already holding a kind of court there, giving herself the airs of a queen, and making every effort to attract the old nobility to her husband's side. La Fayette punctiliously appeared in her *salon,* an attention which the Bonapartes appreciated at that stage of social aspiration. As he stood before the amiable lady of the dark Creole and languorous beauty, he saw Bonaparte conversing with a man in uniform and asked Madame Bonaparte who it was, and when she told him that it was General Moreau, La Fayette said, with his gallant bow:

"Your *salon,* Madame, is like a volume of Plutarch!"

He had never seen Moreau before that day, and as the General had taken an interest in his release from Olmutz, he went over at once to thank him.

Bonaparte asked him for news of George, who was with the army in Italy, and when he was told that George had been wounded in the passage of the Mincio, the First Consul was warm in congratulations.

"That is good! There is a charming *début* for the young man. I rejoice with you."

One day as they sat alone in the First Consul's cabinet, Bonaparte spoke of his project for the Concordat.

"You will not find reason to complain of it," he said. "I shall put the priests down lower than they were when you left them. A bishop will consider himself highly honoured to dine with a prefect."

La Fayette knew what Bonaparte would have a bishop

do; it all came to him in a flash—a coronation—anointing with oil.

"Confess now," La Fayette interrupted him with a laugh, "that all that has no other object than to break the little phial."

"You don't care a damn for the little phial," said Bonaparte, "and no more do I, but believe me, it is important to France, both at home and abroad, to make the Pope and all that crowd declare themselves against the legitimacy of the Bourbons."

And he went on boasting in his vulgar way.

"With my prefects, my *gendarmes* and my priests, I will do what I please."

He felt for the old nobility the bitter resentment of the outsider, and would burst out into violent invectives against them, while La Fayette could afford an amused contempt.

"You are too good," Bonaparte protested. "There is not a single one of them who wouldn't be delighted to see you hanged."

And he went on angrily, complaining of the *salons* of Paris.

"I am indifferent to all that," said La Fayette, who, as one of them himself, was not so much impressed. "They have no more importance than that which is ascribed to them. It astonishes me to see generals who have vanquished Europe deign to trouble themselves about the grimaces of the faubourg Saint-Germain. But never mind—that faction, defeated and ruined, will come to you in time."

"Perhaps you are right," said Bonaparte, with a certain inner glow of reassurance, "but they provoke me. It is not only the generals; your constitutionalists are the worst of all."

He could never speak of the aristocrats without expressing

his astonishment at the malevolence of their feeling towards La Fayette.

"I am deeply hated," he said, "both by the princes and those about them. But—bah! All that is nothing in comparison with their hatred for you. I have been in a position to see it; I should not have believed that human hatred could go so far!" And he added: "How the devil could the republicans have been stupid enough to believe for one instant that their cause could be separated from yours? But at present they do you justice—oh, yes! Complete justice."

There was a significant expression in the fine eyes. Bonaparte, who could be charming when he wished to be, wished to be especially charming to La Fayette just then, and La Fayette was growing to like him more, he felt, than a liberal should like a despot. They had enough in common to make them sympathetic and differed sufficiently to add piquancy to their conversation. Each wished to convince and win the other, and two such intelligences, with the French love and facility of conversation, could not fail of a mutual charm. Madame de Staël told him that Bonaparte had said to her: "La Fayette has the talent of making friends. If fortune were to abandon me, no one would cling to me except my wife—for one always has the person with whom one sleeps—and perhaps Joseph." And when some one reported to the Consul that La Fayette had ridiculed his government, Bonaparte replied: "He can never say worse against it than he has said to me."

And so they argued, disputed and bantered each other.

"Do you still feel too active to wish to be Senator?" Bonaparte abruptly broke forth one day, apropos of nothing at all.

"It is not that," La Fayette replied, "but I believe that retirement suits me better."

At this Bonaparte, with a sudden access of anger, sprang up and with ironical politeness, said:

"Adieu, General La Fayette. Very happy to have passed this time with you."

And whirling on his heel, he stalked to the door of his inner room. La Fayette had risen, and now he bowed, added a few words of thanks for the interest that Bonaparte had shown in the *émigrés* for whom he had appealed and was about to leave, when Bonaparte wheeled, came back and resumed the conversation as though nothing had happened. They talked a while longer, but La Fayette took pains to say before he left:

"Permit me to speak once more of a point on which I should not like to leave you under an erroneous impression. I must repeat to you that after my stormy life, my shipwreck and all that, you must agree that it is natural and proper that I should live as a simple citizen in the bosom of my family. Already I should have asked to be placed on the retired list if I had not wished all my companions to pass before me."

"Your retirement also?" Bonaparte replied, with his most obliging air. "But if you are determined on that, consideration for your companions need not stop you. On the contrary, that example to which no one will object, places me in a position, believe me, to advance this affair. Speak to Berthier, so that he may present your request."

La Fayette wrote to Berthier, and on April 13, after thirty years of service, he was retired with a pension of six thousand francs.

Shortly afterwards Lord Cornwallis came to Paris as one of the British plenipotentiaries, for the signing of the treaty of Amiens. La Fayette had not seen him since they sat together at the table of Frederick the Great, and he

went to call, and later dined with him at Joseph Bonaparte's. The first time that he went to the Tuileries after that, Bonaparte, with a harsh, mocking laugh, said:

"I warn you that Lord Cornwallis says that you are not yet reformed."

"In what?" asked La Fayette sharply. "In my love of liberty? What could have disgusted me with it? The crimes and extravagances of the tyranny of terror? I can only hate all the more every abritrary régime and cling more and more to my principles."

"Nevertheless," Bonaparte went on, "that is what Lord Cornwallis pretends; you talked to him of our affairs, and that is what he says."

"No one is less likely than I to go and hunt up an English ambassador in order to speak ill of what is going on in my own country," he said. "But if he had asked me if I called that liberty, I should have said no, though to any one else rather than to him."

"I must say to you, General La Fayette," observed the First Consul, growing very serious, "and I see it with pain, that by your manner of expressing yourself on the acts of the government, you give to its enemies the weight of your name."

He was not used to be spoken to in this tone. They might as well have it out now, and let the inevitable break come.

"What more can I do?" he said. "I live in the country, I live in retirement; I avoid all occasions of speaking; but every time that any one comes to ask me if your régime is in conformity with my ideas of liberty, I shall reply 'No.' Because, in a word, General, I should like very much to be prudent, but I will not be a renegade."

"What do you mean by your arbitrary régime?" Bonaparte demanded. "Yours was not, I admit, but against your

adversaries you had a resource in riots; when you were on the stage, I was hardly yet in the pit, but I was watching the play. Yes, to keep those *b——s* in order, you had need to raise riots."

"If you call the national insurrection of July, '89, a riot," La Fayette replied, "I claim credit for that. But after that epoch I put down many riots, most of which were raised against me. And since you appeal to my experience on that score, I will say to you that in the Revolution I never saw any injustice, any deviation from the principle of liberty that did not injure the Revolution itself, and finally injure the authors of those measures."

"But will not you yourself agree," asked Bonaparte, "that in the state in which I found France I was forced to adopt irregular measures?"

"That is not the question," La Fayette replied. "I am speaking neither of the moment, nor of this or that act; it is the tendency, General, yes, it is the tendency of which I complain; that is what afflicts me."

"Of course," said Bonaparte in a sudden soft, conciliatory tone, "I have spoken to you as head of the government, and in that capacity I have reason to complain of you; but, as an individual, I must be satisfied, because in all that has come to me concerning you, I have recognized that, in spite of your severity for the acts of the government, there has always been, on your part, a personal kindness towards me."

"A free government, and you at the head of it," said La Fayette, "that is all I ask."

But it could not last; the difference between them was fundamental, and it was the end of their relations. Bonaparte was undergoing a metamorphosis; Napoleon was emerging.

They were at the epoch of the Life-Consulate, and when

they came to vote in the plebiscite that was to confirm the dictatorship, La Fayette wrote on the register of his commune:

"I can not vote for such a magistracy until the public liberty is sufficiently guaranteed; then I shall give my vote to Napoleon Bonaparte."

And that there should be no misunderstanding, he wrote a personal letter to the Consul, in which acknowledging his own debt of gratitude and all the Consul's claims to glory, he explained that no one would be happier than he to see Bonaparte chief magistrate for life of a free republic.

No other man in France would have dared to write such a letter to Napoleon Bonaparte, for under the suave surface of its polite and somewhat involved phrases, there showed the granite disapproval and harsh reproach of the very spirit of '89. There was one woman, however, who might have done it, and that was Madame de Staël. She was at Rome, and when she heard what he had done, she wrote to him:

"I shall always have hope of the human race so long as you exist. I send you this sentiment from the heights of the Capitol, and the benedictions of the shades are borne to you by my voice."

## II

Once more, by that quixotic devotion to principle which Bonaparte called idiocy, and which even his own friends deplored, La Fayette had closed to himself the door to political advancement. He was in disgrace at the Court that was forming about the dictator, and he went back to La Grange, and the life of a country gentleman. The succession of the Duchess d'Ayen had been legally settled, and the estate had passed definitively into the hands of Madame de La Fayette. There was much to be done; the farms must

be improved and stocked, and he established Felix Pontonnier as steward, bought rams and ewes at Rambouillet and sent for Citoyen Vaudoyer, the architect, to do over the *château*. In one of the towers he constructed an octagonal room for a library that Madame de La Fayette pronounced "the prettiest thing in the world." There were apartments for Anastasie and Charles and their babies, and for George who was about to marry, and a room for Madame de Tessé (who wished no new-fangled English conveniences in it). La Fayette's friend, Hubert-Robert, the landscape painter, laid out the park, designed terraces and a fish-pond and painted pictures for the *château*.

He found something like contentment in a patriarchal life—so long as he could keep politics out of his mind. They still had anxieties; their means were slender, they lived in the most simple and economical style, dressed in the plainest clothes, never went to Paris except on some urgent affair and educated the children themselves. They were trying to pay the old debt to Gouverneur Morris, and at last did so, though the settlement of this obligation was a painful and distressing experience to Madame de La Fayette, who conducted the negotiations with Morris's notary at Paris.

La Fayette, with his delicate sense of honour and lordly indifference to material interests, would have paid anything his creditors might demand, and his wife, in her inflexible Jansenism, would have been flayed alive before doing any one an injustice. But as a corollary to this adamantine principle, she exacted justice for herself as well, and stood out for her own rights. Money under the Terror was not on a parity with money under the Consulate, and no sharp bargains were to be driven at her expense. She paid the whole of the principal, but there was a difference over the amount

of interest, and though it was settled and the debt discharged, Morris was dissatisfied, accused the La Fayettes of a want of delicacy and gratitude and their relations ended.

There was another dispute, this time with the French government, over the plantation La Gabrielle at Cayenne, which the Jacobins had confiscated. The government had decided to keep the plantation and to pay an indemnity, and La Fayette tried his hand at this negotiation himself, but when he found that the contract contained a clause ceding the negroes, as so many chattels, to him, he lost his temper over this insult to his principles, had an altercation with Decrès and left the ministry in a rage. It required two notaries and their clerks to bring Decrès and La Fayette together before the offending phrase was deleted and the contract signed.

Madame de La Fayette was occupied with a more pious duty. Ever since the return of Madame de Montagu the two sisters had been trying to find the graves of their mother, their sister and their grandmother. They searched everywhere, and at last, almost by chance, from a poor working girl who had stood by shivering and stammering prayers while her father and brother were beheaded there, had learnt that the bodies and heads of the victims guillotined at the Barrière du Trône—more than thirteen hundred in all—had been bundled into carts, hauled off along the country road towards Saint-Mandé and flung into a great pit in a field at Picpus, near the ruined monastery of the Augustins. Laboriously they obtained the names of all the victims, corresponded with their families scattered over France, opened a subscription and ultimately, as a result of their efforts, the cemetery of Picpus was created, a chapel built on the ruins of the monastery and a part of it restored as a convent for the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration.

George was married in June of that year of 1802 to Emilie de Tracy, the daughter of Destutt de Tracy, who, as Deputy of the Nobility of Bourbonnais, had been a colleague of La Fayette in the Constituent Assembly, had commanded the cavalry under him at the frontier in 1792 and shared all of his ideas. After the wedding, all the La Fayettes and all the Tracys went to Chavaniac, and whilst they were there Madame de Montagu arrived with the young Marquis de Lasteyrie du Saillant, and presented him to La Fayette as a desirable *parti* for Virginia. They arrived in carts, the best equipage they could afford in those days of aristocratic penury, but all the gayer for that; Louis de Lasteyrie charmed them from the first, especially Madame de La Fayette, who was glad "to find for her daughter a husband in whom religious principles and solid qualities were united with external advantages," and when they returned to La Grange, Louis went with them to prolong his visit.

La Fayette had hastened the return to La Grange because he had received letters from Charles Fox and his old friend General FitzPatrick, announcing their arrival at Paris, and saying that the principal object of their journey was to see him.

He had not seen FitzPatrick since the winter at Valley Forge, and a great deal of water had gone under the bridge since then. Fox he had never seen, but he had long admired him and was grateful for his efforts in his behalf whilst he was in prison. And so Mr. and Mrs. Fox and FitzPatrick, with two friends, came to La Grange and stayed several days. It was a different Fox from the one who had spent such a stormy youth, racing at Newmarket, gambling away a fortune at hazard, roistering with the Prince of Wales and the Duke d'Orléans and breaking his

father's heart. The dashing blade in the flowered silk waistcoats had settled down into a virtuous middle age, his stocky figure now attired with that negligence which only the great aristocrat can afford—as though a careless indifference to fashion were but one distinction the more. He still possessed that peculiar and indefinable charm which had made him the darling of all the great ladies in London, caused men to hang on his every word as he conversed at Brooks's and accounted, at least partly, for the mastery of his eloquence over even a reluctant House of Commons. Every one at La Grange soon fell under the spell of the great Whig leader, whose principles were so much like those of its master. Between him and La Fayette there was an instant and instinctive friendship. They agreed, first of all, about Bonaparte; Fox had seen him at Paris, and to La Fayette's satisfaction did not approve of him. La Fayette was greatly depressed by what he considered the ruin of liberty, but Fox rallied him, and urged him not to be too deeply affected by an inevitable delay in realizing their hopes.

"Liberty will come to life again," said Fox, "but not for us; for George at the earliest, but surely for his children."

And before he left La Grange, Fox planted ivy, the symbol of constancy, under the walls of the *château.*

Late in the winter of 1803, they heard that La Fayette's old aide-de-camp d'Arblay was in town with his wife and their son, and Madame de La Fayette went at once to Paris, climbed the stairs to their flat, lame though she was, and invited them to La Grange. Madame de La Fayette overcame Madame d'Arblay's usual shy reluctance, and for a week the large family at La Grange was subjected to the scrutiny of the sharp eyes of Fanny Burney. She thought that Madame de La Fayette had singularly expressive eyes,

but otherwise was far from handsome; her manners were "pleasing and amiable, and her mind religiously humble." As for the General, "with all the various faults charged against him in public life, his conduct in private could admit of but one description," in his own house he was all "that is respectable and amiable, fond, attentive, and instructive to his children, active and zealous for his friends; gentle and equal with his servants and displaying, upon every occasion, the tenderest gratitude to his wife who followed him to captivity, and to whom, from that period, he became, by universal account, far more warmly and exclusively attached than he had ever been formerly; though her virtues and conduct had always been objects to him of respect and esteem."

When the visit was over Madame de La Fayette and Virginia accompanied Madame d'Arblay to Paris, to make preparations for Virginia's wedding. They were all cheerful on the way, until they drew near town, and then Madame de La Fayette sank "into profound silence and the most melancholy rumination"; and as they passed the Barrière du Trône her eyes were raised in fervent prayer. She tried to rouse from her sorrow, but her spirits returned no more.

Virginia's wedding, however, had to be postponed, for on February 23, 1803, during a severe frost, as La Fayette was coming out of the Ministry of Marine at Paris, he slipped on the ice, fell and broke the left femur at the neck. He was taken to the house of Madame de Tessé, in the rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré, and two renowned surgeons, Drs. Boyer and Deschamps, were called in. They gave him his choice of a simple reduction of the fracture which would leave him lame for life, or of a treatment by a new machine just invented by Boyer, which would require forty

days of suffering, but was guaranteed to save him from lameness. He told them to make the experiment. His leg was strapped into the new machine, and gradually stretched, and for forty days and forty nights he suffered the martyrdom of the rack. But he stoically endured the excruciating agony and would not utter a groan, or once complain—lest he hurt the doctor's feelings.

When, at the end of this torture, the marvellous machine was removed, Dr. Deschamps turned pale, and Dr. Boyer, the inventor of the infallible treatment, was stupefied; the strap had cut into the thigh and foot, and gangrene had set in. When, a fortnight later he could leave his bed, his hip was permanently stiff. The only beneficial result of the treatment was that the machine was never used again, but he would listen to no criticism of his physicians.

His suffering and long confinement had excited public interest; daily bulletins were issued; Generals in uniform, Senators and Councillors of State came to inquire, and those who did not dare thus publicly to express their sympathy for a man in disfavour at the Tuileries made private inquiries. Joseph Bonaparte sent daily to ask news, and Bernadotte, Moreau and Daniel O'Connor, the Irish leader, were among his visitors. Kosciuszko came often, and sitting beside his bed would shake his head sadly and console him by saying: "But at least your country is still whole."

But Bonaparte, though the bulletins were shown to him daily, never expressed the slightest sympathy or made any mention of the invalid. Indeed, noticing a young officer one morning on parade and being told that it was George de La Fayette, he turned away impatiently and exclaimed: "Ah! It is his son."

As he grew better the interrupted preparations for Virginia's wedding were resumed, and the ceremony was fixed

for April 20, 1803. He was still confined to his chamber when the day came, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced in an adjoining room by Père Carrichon. Virginia, with her fair English face and distinguished air, was nearly twenty, but she looked no more than fifteen, and the family could find nothing to criticize in her, except that, for a Frenchwoman, she had a bad carriage.

"How should it be otherwise?" sighed Madame de La Fayette. "She was reared in prisons."

Madame de Tessé had bought a country place at Aulnay, not far from La Grange, and after the wedding she took the bride and groom and all the family there for the fête which she provided in every detail, even to a wheel-chair in which the General could be rolled about the rose garden.

Livingston, Monroe and Armstrong were just then in Paris negotiating the purchase of Louisiana, and when the happy result was announced the Americans at Paris celebrated the event by a banquet, to which La Fayette, of course, was invited, and though hardly able as yet to walk, he was present. In the next letter he had from Jefferson the President regretted that he was not in America, for he wished to appoint him Governor of the new territory. Congress, remembering that he had refused his part of the military lands allocated to veterans of the war, had assigned to him eleven thousand five hundred and forty acres on the banks of the Ohio, but now the President, under his authority, transferred this grant and set aside for him a much more valuable tract in Louisiana, and wrote again urging him to "leave a land that was trembling under his feet"; in Louisiana he would enjoy a happy tranquillity, found an immense fortune and form a tie between the French and American populations; his presence would offer more security than an army of ten thousand men.

Jefferson charged the American commissioners to make every effort to persuade him, and they urged him with all the zeal of friends very much alarmed for his safety under Napoleon; he might still have the governorship of Louisiana if he would. His French friends considered it a providential chance of security and congratulated him.

DuPont de Nemours wrote urging him to come out and develop the Louisiana land and make his fortune, and La Fayette, by his agent, had taken possession when Congress ceded the same tract to the City of New Orleans. Had he contested the validity of this grant, as he was advised to do, he doubtless would have won his cause; but he wrote at once to his agent that he would not think of entering into discussion with any public authority in the United States, and abandoned all claim to the land. He thought of paying a simple visit to America, and discussed the project with Monroe, but they agreed that if he went Napoleon would never allow him to re-enter France. His thoughts were recalled to America just then by sad events; Hamilton had been killed in a duel on the heights of Weehawken by Aaron Burr. The news affected him deeply, and then the entire family was suddenly plunged into mourning for Louis de Noailles. He had been commanding a brigade of Grenadiers at Saint Domingo. Hopelessly besieged by the English at the Mole Saint Nicholas, and summoned to surrender, he refused, and quietly, by night, embarked men, guns and munitions, slipped through the English blockade and at dawn sailed for Havana. But on the way he was hailed by the English corvette *Hazard*. He hoisted British colours, and replied in such good English that the captain of the *Hazard* told him that he was seeking a French ship which had the General de Noailles on board. "I have exactly the same mission," Noailles replied. That night he

lay alongside the *Hazard,* led a boarding party and after a terrible combat, the *Hazard* surrendered. Noailles, mortally wounded, took command of his prize, sailed into Havana, and died. His Grenadiers enclosed his heart in a silver casket, attached it to their colours, and took it with them back to France.

Events at home in that spring of 1804 were quite as tragic, if less heroic. Moreau, inculpated in a royalist plot with Pichegru, was condemned to exile and went to America. Pichegru died in prison, rather suspiciously; the young Duke d'Enghien was assassinated in the moat of Vincennes. The Empire was in sight.

The Court at Saint-Cloud, with Josephine's brilliant fêtes, had long been giving itself imperial airs; and now, on May 18, 1804, Bonaparte's creatures in the Tribunal and Senate voted him the imperial crown. He sent for Pope Pius VII to come to break the little phial in Notre Dame, installed Mademoiselle George of the Théâtre Français as his favourite mistress and, in short, was a real Emperor at last.

La Fayette was borne on a stretcher that summer to Mont Dore to take the cure, and then went on to Chavaniac, to see his aunt, now eighty-three. These annual visits were the consolation of her old age, though, as he wrote Jefferson, "her sensibility is such that it takes time to prepare her for the sorrow of parting."

They stayed longer than usual that year, for Madame de La Fayette, who had never recovered from the effects of Olmutz, was still in poor health. While there he received a letter from Ségur—now reconciled to the new order and Grand Master of Ceremonies at Court—saying that Joseph Bonaparte had charged him with a message, and he went back to Paris.

"The Prince Joseph," said Ségur, "would like to attribute your retreat to nothing more than a philosophical sentiment, but he observes with disquiet that his brother regards it as a state of hostility. Prince Joseph urges you to put an end to this situation; he regrets that you would not be Senator; they only asked to use your name; you need never have left La Grange. His idea to-day is still less objectionable; he wants you to accept the Legion of Honour, but before going further he wishes to be assured that you would not refuse."

La Fayette began to reply, but Ségur, who knew how stubborn he could be when his mind was made up, interrupted him and begged him to think it over. The next day, when he came for his answer, La Fayette said:

"I am deeply touched by the kindness of the Prince Joseph; I trust that he will permit me to observe that, in my singular position, this *grand cordon*—for I see very well that you are going to have such things—would seem ridiculous to me; it might pass if it were the accompaniment of an employment, but it suits me better to be nothing, and as I am only that, it suits me still less, for the order of the Legion of Honour is only the chivalry of a state of things contrary to my principles. I will not accept it, and I beg the Prince Joseph in his friendship, to turn aside from me all such propositions."

Napoleon could conquer the world, but not the solitary man at La Grange, the reproachful eidolon of 1789. When he returned in the blazing glory of the sun of Austerlitz, La Fayette rejoiced as a Frenchman in the victories, but he would not offer his felicitations, for he should have been obliged to go in Court dress and he would not put on "Napoleon's livery."

Napoleon made one more effort to attach the patriot to the imperial chariot that was rumbling triumphantly over Europe. The seat in the Senate was again offered and again refused.

"Why," asked the Bishop of Vannes one day of Virginia, "why is not General La Fayette a friend of the Emperor?"

Virginia, who had her mother's spunk, replied that it was useless to try to convert her father, but the Bishop went on, and used the well-worn argument of the dangers of a republic.

"It is not that," Virginia replied, "which they fear at La Grange."

If Napoleon's spies could have overheard what they were saying at La Grange in those days, he would have been more piqued than ever. Madame de Montagu and Madame de Grammont were often there, and from that coign of vantage they watched the evolution of the Empire with its mob of climbers and speculators, mounting to this new paradise of the *parvenu*. To designate a rich man now, one said "general" or "army contractor." They sat in the *salon* of an evening at La Grange and amused themselves by reading out *Le Moniteur*, the official bulletin of the government, with its announcements of new titles—washerwomen miraculously transformed into duchesses, and soldiers still smelling of the barracks turned into dukes. La Fayette and Madame de Montagu argued no more; a new and cordial sympathy was established between them; "they had not in politics the same paradise, but they had in the present the same purgatory." They laughed at the pomp of the pinchbeck Empire, at all its pretentiousness and vulgarity, but their laughter could easily turn into sad sighs of regret as the one recalled the régime that had vanished

and the other thought of that which he had never been able to establish.

And yet, those were happy years, in some ways the happiest of his life, and in consequence time at La Grange fled swiftly. He liked the peace, the charm, the dignity of country life, and Madame de La Fayette enjoyed the tranquillity, her only anxieties those for George and her sons-in-law, away with their regiments. His agricultural experiments were turning out satisfactorily; as time went on, and the land was brought to a high state of cultivation, he began to buy small pieces of adjoining land and to enlarge his estate.

The gates at La Grange were always open; many strangers came to catch a sight of the General; and the people of the region came and went as they pleased, strolled about the lawns, had picnics under the trees and he would never allow them to be disturbed. But privileges quickly develop into rights, and it was not long before some of the visitors came to consider the estate as public property, carried away crops and cut wood freely in the park. The keepers protested, but in vain; at last, in despair, they caught some marauders red-handed and had them up before a magistrate; but that did no good, for the General paid their fines.

He was a providence for the poor of his canton. Bread, the same as that served on the General's table, was distributed freely at the *château* every Monday morning, and in hard times a bowl of soup and a *sou* were given to each person. When they were ill, he sent his own physician, Dr. Sautereau, who lived at La Grange, to treat them. A peasant, who had already overreached him in a transaction over a small parcel of land, was stealing wood one day from the park, when he fell from a tree and broke his

thigh. The injured man sent for the General, and when he was told who the peasant was and how he had met his accident, he said:

"No matter; let us do good to him; that will cause him to recognize the wrong he did me."

And he sent him to Paris where he could receive better treatment.

One cold December day, Dr. Sautereau was called to Rozoy to attend a labourer who had broken his leg. The sick man had no fire, and when Dr. Sautereau told Madame de La Fayette of the case, she asked the General to authorize these "good people" to take a quarter of a cord of wood in the Garenne.

"Give them rather half a cord," he said. "The poor things will not then be obliged to come back so often."

He rarely went to Paris and depended on his wide correspondence to keep him in touch with the march of liberty in a backward world. He and Jefferson wrote to each other constantly. Jefferson just then was prosecuting Aaron Burr and his companions in sedition for the adventure at Blennerhassett's Island and in the south-west, and La Fayette was horrified to find in the list of the accused the name of Bollman. He made an appeal in Bollman's favour; he had no means of knowing with what views Bollman had entered upon that "fatal journey to New Orleans," but he offered "in compensation the souvenir of that other journey" to Olmutz. Jefferson in his reply said that if La Fayette had only been Governor of Louisiana he should not have had a moment's anxiety. He had some remorse for not having accepted the post of Governor, but he was vastly relieved when the acquittal of Burr set Bollman free.

Meanwhile, if Madame de La Fayette was anxious about

the dangers that George was encountering at the front, La Fayette was concerned for his career. The Empire was going full blast, N's and the imperial bees everywhere and on everything. But in all this there was no chance for George Washington La Fayette, handicapped by those all too significant names. He had been thrice wounded and mentioned in dispatches; he was recommended by his generals for promotion; Napoleon agreed to make him a captain, even told George's father-in-law, Destutt de Tracy, that it had been done; but it had not been done. George made with distinction the campaign of Ulm, and at Vienna his generals placed his commission as captain under the eye of the Emperor, but Napoleon refused to sign it.

Friends intervened, Ségur among them, but without result. Murat approached Napoleon, and at the first mention of the name of La Fayette, Napoleon rudely turned his back to him. The hatred of the Emperor for the young officer became the talk of the army. He was on Grouchy's staff, and when Grouchy was wounded at Eylau, George mounted him on his own horse, bore him from the field and saved his life. But these exploits only made Napoleon the angrier; it was intimated to George that there was no place for him in the army; even La Fayette himself was menaced. When Napoleon learnt that Lasteyrie, serving in the dragoons, was La Fayette's son-in-law, he made him the object of the same petty and spiteful persecution, and at last, in despair, after the peace of Tilsit, the two young officers resigned their commissions. But Madame de La Fayette was delighted and they were all looking forward to a happy winter at La Grange, with George and Louis home from the war, Virginia having a baby, and the whole family reunited.

## III

Late in that summer of 1807 Madame de La Fayette had a return of the old illness contracted at Olmutz, and in the autumn Madame de Tessé came to La Grange and took her to Aulnay, on the theory that change would benefit her. She did, indeed, improve, so much so that La Fayette and George felt no anxiety in going to Chavaniac for the customary autumn visit. But while they were there a letter came from Madame de Tessé; she had taken Adrienne to Paris. And suddenly, as he read the letter, a dark presentiment struck him cold with fear, and he hurried back to town. She was better when he arrived, and reassured and comforted him as she had always done. Madame de Simiane had come to see her, and Adrienne had said:

"I am going to have a malignant fever, but as I shall receive excellent treatment I shall get over it."

To be near the invalid, the whole family came from La Grange and established themselves in Madame de Tessé's house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré.

"Is it not indiscreet, for so many of us to be here?" Adrienne asked La Fayette.

"No, not at all," he replied with a laugh, and a trace of his old irony. "We are only sixteen to feed."

"It is true," she observed, with the simplicity that was part of her charm, "that my aunt has as much pleasure in doing for us as we have in receiving from her."

In his anxiety and fear he would not leave her side, and thinking that he was neglecting his affairs, she begged him to go and attend to them.

"But I have no affairs other than to care for you," he assured her.

"How good you are!" she said. "You are too kind! You spoil me! I do not deserve it all! I am too happy!"

They settled down to the siege of a long illness, trusting for a while in a favourable outcome. She was almost gay at times; when a question arose, she would say to him:

"Decide, you are our chief. It is our happy fate to obey you."

And once, when he implored her to be calm, she repeated the verse:

*A vos sages conseils, Seigneur, je m'abandonne.*

But gradually she grew worse. Once, not very long before this illness, she had confessed to him that, on his return from his first voyage to America, her love for him had affected her so violently that whenever he entered the room she feared that she would faint, and, lest such intense devotion prove troublesome to him, she had tried to moderate or at least to hide her feeling. And now, as they lived over those days again, she said:

"You must not be dissatisfied with that which remained to me. How many thanks I owe to God, that this love, so violent, has been for me a duty!"

Even in delirium, she was still in a supernal and ethereal way herself, talking of their children and grandchildren, and more than all of him. As Virginia set down afterwards in the touching little book she wrote about her mother, "God and my father occupied her thoughts during those last moments." She could not have expressed her love for him any more fully than she had demonstrated it in a whole life of devotion and loyalty, but now as in her delirium all the secrets of her heart were exposed, it came as a new and more abundant revelation. It affected him deeply, and Grammont, when they were alone, said to him:

"God owed it to her to enable her thus to show all her love for you."

She had never questioned him about his religious beliefs. She knew that, like most of the men of the eighteenth century—like her father, like her aunt, Madame de Tessé —he was filled with the philosophic doubt and scepticism of the times. She was broad and tolerant, and her religion was all love and confidence. She did not believe in a hell for those who were good, sincere and virtuous, no matter what their opinion. "I do not know what will happen to them at the moment of death," she would say, "but God will enlighten and save them." She believed in no other —and no worse—punishment than the deprivation of the view of the Supreme Being. La Fayette used even to banter her about these kindly heresies. But one day, after she had come to suspect, perhaps to realize her condition, she discreetly recommended several books, and asked him for love of her, to read them, and he promised.

"If I go away to dwell in another place," she said, "you know well that I shall look after you. Though it would cost me a great deal to leave you, the sacrifice of my life would be very little if it would assure your eternal happiness. This life is short and troubled, let us reunite ourselves in God. Let us go away together for Eternity."

And then she asked him point-blank:

"You are not a Christian?"

He could not reply.

"Ah," she said, "you are Fayettiste!"

"You will think me very conceited," he replied, "but are you not that yourself, just a little?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "with all my soul! I feel that I could give my life for that sect!"

Another time he spoke of her angelic gentleness.

"It is true," she replied, with a frank, almost objective, simplicity. "God made me gentle. My gentleness, however, is not like yours. I have no such high pretensions. You are so strong, and yet so gentle too. You have such a lofty view. But I agree that I am gentle—and you are very good to me."

"It is you who are good," he insisted, "and generous above all. Do you remember the first time I went to America? Everybody was furious with me. You hid your tears at Ségur's wedding; you would not allow yourself to appear afflicted for fear that they would blame me."

"It is true," she replied. "It was rather nice for a child. But how kind of you to remember it so long!"

In these tender confidences they would talk of their children and she had a mother's satisfaction in the fact that Anastasie and Virginia were so happily married.

"But," she added, "I could not assure them such happiness in their marriages as I have had. Only the power of God could do such a thing again. You are incomparable!"

She did not lose her interest in his liberal reforms. "When, then," she asked, "will the world run on two wheels as you wished it to do?"

She liked to talk of La Grange, where they had spent six such happy years, and though it was heart-breaking to pretend, since he knew all too well that it was nevermore to be, he tried to encourage her by speaking of the time when they should be back there once more.

"Ah!" she said, "that would be too delicious! My God, my God, just six more poor little years at La Grange!"

And at the thought she became so excited that she urged him to go to La Grange at once, and prepare for their

coming. He tried to calm her and begged her to let him stay.

"Very well," she said, "stay a little while longer. I am going quietly to sleep."

But before long an evening came, when as he spoke once more of returning to La Grange, she said:

"Ah, no, I shall die. Have you any resentment against me?"

"And for what, my dear?" he asked. "You have always been so good, so tender."

"I have been a good wife to you, then?"

"Yes, without any doubt."

"Very well, then; give me your blessing."

Every night after that, as he left her, or as she thought he was about to leave her, for he never went farther than the next room, she asked him to give her his blessing.

"How happy I have been!" she said. "What a rôle, to be your wife!"

He bent over to say good-night and whispered:

"I love you."

"It is true!" she said. "It is true, what? How good you are! Say it again; it is so pleasant to hear it. If you do not find yourself loved enough, blame it on God. He did not give me any more faculty for it than that. I love you, in a Christian way, in a worldly way, in a passionate way."

A night or two before the end, he heard her voice, growing feeble now; she was reciting something; he tiptoed near and listened.

"Blessed be God that liveth forever, and blessed be His kingdom.

"For he doth scourge and hath mercy; He leadeth down

to hell, and bringeth up again: neither is there any that can avoid His hand."

And so on, to the end of the canticle. She recited it a second time, in a stronger voice. To him there was something celestial in the scene, there in the night. . . . He went to her bedside.

"It is the Song of Tobit," she explained. "I sing badly. It is for that reason that I recited it."

The end was very near now. It was George's birthday, and the family gathered round her bed; she smiled and said, "What an agreeable circle!"

That evening she said to La Fayette:

"You have been satisfied with me? You have the goodness to love me? Give me your blessing."

"You love me, too?" he said. "Then you must give me your blessing."

She gave him her benediction, with solemn tenderness, for the first and the last time. She gave her blessing to her children. . . .

Then she put her arms about his neck.

"What happiness! How happy I am to be yours!"

She took his hand and drew it down over her eyes, to indicate the last duty she expected him to perform.

But Anastasie and Virginia were somewhat fearful that their mother's habit of not displaying her religious practices before him might embarrass her. A small crucifix lay within her reach, but instead of taking it she seized his hand and clasped it between her palms in an attitude of prayer. He was sure that it was for him that she was praying, and when his daughters timidly asked him to withdraw for a moment so that Madame de Montagu might ascertain whether she had any desires, his first impulse was to refuse;

his "old conjugal affection felt for the first time, a sentiment of jealousy"; he "felt a passionate need to occupy her heart exclusively"; he wanted every one of those last moments, every one of her looks, every one of her thoughts. He repressed the feeling, however, and ceded his place to her sister, who repeated her question twice. But Adrienne feebly shook her head, told Madame de Montagu to go and get her supper, and appeared impatient to have him resume his place at her side. He knelt beside her, and she took his hand in hers.

"I am all yours," she said.

They were her last words. It was Christmas Eve, 1807.

On Christmas morning Madame de Montagu went to Picpus, and marked out the spot where Madame de La Fayette had wished to be buried, near the pit where her mother and Louise and her grandmother lay, together with the thirteen hundred other victims of the guillotine of the Barrière du Trône. After the funeral La Fayette and his children went to Auteuil to be with the Tracys, and in his sorrow he turned to two old friends. To Jefferson he wrote:

The constant mourning of your heart will be deepened by the grief I am doomed to impart to it. Who better than you can sympathize for the loss of a beloved wife? The angel who for thirty-four years has blessed my life, was to you an affectionate, grateful friend. Pity me, my dear Jefferson, and believe me, forever, with all my heart,

Yours,

LAFAYETTE

And to La Tour-Maubourg, he poured out his aching heart in a long letter that had the haunting beauty of a threnody.

I have not yet written to you, my dear friend, from the depths of the abyss of misery into which I have been plunged. I was very near doing so, when I sent you the last proofs of her friendship for you, and of her confidence in your feelings for her. My sorrow longs to overflow into the breast of the dearest and most constant confidant of every one of my thoughts in the midst of all those vicissitudes in which once I fancied myself unhappy. Until now, you have always found me stronger than circumstances; to-day the circumstance is stronger than I. I shall never recover from it.

During the thirty-four years of a union in which her tenderness, her goodness, the elevation, the delicacy and the generosity of her soul, charmed and embellished and honoured my life, I felt so used to all that she was to me that I did not distinguish it from my own existence. She was fourteen years old and I sixteen when her heart became absorbed in everything that could interest me. I thought that I loved her well, and that I had need of her, but it is only now when I have lost her, that I am able to separate that which remains of me for the rest of a life that once was given over to so many distractions, but in which now there is no longer any possible happiness or comfort.

He described her last days in every poignant detail, told her virtues and the story of their love. He wrote on and on, page after page.

My letter would never end, dear Friend, if I allowed myself to yield to the feelings that dictate it. . . . Adieu, my dear Friend, you have hélped me to surmount some very grave and painful accidents to which the name of misfortune might have been given, until I was stricken by the greatest of the misfortunes of the heart. This one is insurmountable. But, while given over to a profound and constant grief for which nothing can solace me, and devoted to a thought and to a cult above this world, and while I need more than ever to believe that all does not die with me, I am always susceptible to the comforts of friendship,—and what a friendship yours has been, my dear Maubourg! I embrace you in her name, in my own, in the

name of all that you have been for me ever since we knew each other. Adieu, my dear Friend.

He returned to La Grange, and walled up the entrance to her apartment, leaving only a small hidden door, by which, on certain days set apart, he entered, to meditate in this sanctuary, consecrated thenceforth to a veritable cult of her memory.

# CHAPTER VII

## THE HUNDRED DAYS

*1807-1815* *Aet.: 50-58*

## CHAPTER VII

## THE HUNDRED DAYS

### I

HE was never the same man again; he was only fifty, and in good health, but something had gone out of him; he felt old; life was over; he was a lingerer on the scene. He seldom left La Grange; now and then he drove over to Fontenay to chat with Madame de Montagu, or to Aulnay to see Madame de Tessé; in the summer he went to Chavaniac to visit his old aunt. To the old storm and action he preferred the dignity of country life and the quiet of his retreat, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. It was with difficulty that he could mount a horse —his left hip was stiff and he limped—but he could hack about without too much fatigue over his farms by day, and in the evening he would converse or read in the *salon,* or write letters to Jefferson, living in a retirement very much like his own at Monticello. The noise of battle was far off; the shout of the Guards as they thundered by crying *"Vive l'Empereur!"* was very dim at La Grange. Now and then the smoke would rise for an instant from the battle field of Europe, and he would catch a glimpse of that gorgeous staff in the enormous hats of the Empire, the Emperor, in the simplicity of his grey surtout and well-worn olive-green uniform, conspicuous against the background of imperial splendour. Then the smoke would close in upon the eagles and shut out the sight.

The years passed. Politically, his existence was forgotten, by all but one man, and that was Napoleon. In 1812 the Emperor said to his ministers:

"Everybody is cured of his errors; only one is not, that is La Fayette! He never drew back a single inch. You see him there in tranquillity. Well, I tell you, I myself, I tell you that he is all ready to begin again."

His old aide-de-camp, Louis Romeuf, then a general, fell at the battle of the Moskowa, and in the crossing of the Beresine his nephew, Alfred de Noailles, was killed. The next year his old friend General Moreau, back from America and fighting with the Russians against his old rival, was killed at the battle of Dresden. His aunt at Chavaniac died at the age of ninety-two. Then, at the beginning of 1814, he was called to Paris by the fatal illness of his uncle, the Count de Lusignem, and while he was there the Count de Tessé died. He stayed on at the house in the rue d'Anjou, to be with Madame de Tessé in her grief. She was inconsolable. "A habit of fifty-eight years," she said to Madame de Montagu, "is not one of those that one can lose. Death is at my heels." A week later she had a stroke and died.

He was heavy with sorrow; indeed, with the passing of so many old friends his world seemed to be tumbling in ruins about him, and this sense of cataclysm was intensified by the fall of the Empire itself. It had been toppling ever since the ghastly disaster of the Russian campaign, and now it came crashing down. With such grave events impending, he would not return to La Grange, but remained at Paris, anxiously watching while Napoleon fell back before Schwarzenberg and Blücher. The Emperor's friends, men whom he had raised to the rank of field-marshals and dukes, princes and kings, one after another deserted him. Bernadotte was fighting with the allies; Murat betrayed him;

Marmont took his army over to the enemy; Augereau and Berthier turned against him; the Empress Louise went back to Vienna; even brother Joseph, now a king without a country, fled from Paris. And Talleyrand had shed his skin again, and was in secret correspondence with the enemy, making ready for the Bourbons. Napoleon fell back behind the Marne; Paris was threatened.

And at the spectacle of this *débâcle* La Fayette's French blood began to boil; George and Charles de La Tour-Maubourg enrolled themselves as grenadiers in the National Guard, and he himself longed to take his sword and rush to the defence of his invaded country. He offered his services, but his friends implored him to be discreet; these were ticklish times; men must look out for themselves, keep their places and their titles under the new régime. The allies entered Paris on March 31, 1814, and when he heard the news, La Fayette went back to the empty house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, shut himself up in his room and burst into tears. After all, Napoleon or no Napoleon, France had been conquered and humiliated. For a week Coulaincourt was dashing back and forth between Fontainebleau and Paris, trying to save the dynasty; but the allies were obdurate, Napoleon signed his abdication and drove away for Elba.

Then one morning Paris saw a small carriage drive into the Tuileries with an obese man in a plain frock coat that for some odd reason was adorned with a pair of enormous epaulettes. The profile, composed of a Bourbon nose and three chins, identified him as Monsieur. Beside him sat the Duchess d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI, and on the seat facing him, the old Prince de Condé and the Duke de Bourbon. And this fat man with the civilian clothes and the military epaulettes was Louis XVIII, their

restored King; rather a come-down in Parisian eyes, after the pageant of the Empire. The Parisians were inclined to laugh; a dangerous sign in that capital where one may be anything one will—except ridiculous.

And then La Fayette caught sight of the Count d'Artois, now become Monsieur himself, driving by in the street, and it all came back—youth, Versailles, the Society of the Wooden Sword, the balls at the Palais Royal, the crackling wax candles, the wigs and lace and red heels, the powder and the patches, the Queen, and then—Adrienne. A lump came into his throat, and tears to his eyes. The Count d'Artois drove by, and La Fayette went home and impulsively wrote a note to him: "Monseigneur, There is no period or sentiment of my life that does not contribute to make me happy to see your return become the signal and the pledge of public liberty and happiness. Profoundly joining in that national satisfaction, I feel the need of offering to Monsieur the homage of my personal attachment and of the respect with which I am, etc."

Monsieur was not quite equal to a reply to this compliment, written in La Fayette's somewhat elusive style, and he returned his thanks, not by letter, but by young Alexis de Noailles, then acting as aide-de-camp to the Count.

But the old friend of liberty was not to be discouraged. All his old hopes, all his old illusions were revived. In his new enthusiasm he tried to induce the restored house of Bourbon to adopt the tricolour cockade, and the first of his new disappointments was the refusal of the King to do so. But he resigned himself, put on his old uniform of a major-general, and, hardest sacrifice of all, mounted the white cockade and went to the Tuileries to the first royal audience. The King, so fat that he had to be trundled about in an arm-chair, received him graciously, though

by no means enthusiastically; the returned *émigrés,* the old aristocracy and all the lightning-change artists at Court who had shuffled out of the livery of Napoleon and into that of the Restoration, were less civil. As soon as they recognized the old revolutionist of '89, they all affected indignation, put up their lorgnettes, stared insolently and rudely turned their backs. He did not go to Court again.

However, he felt it a duty to pay his respects to the Duke d'Orléans, the son of his old enemy Philippe Egalité; Orléans had spoken kindly of him, had liberal views and had been agreeable to George at Mt. Vernon. And so he went to the Palais Royal. The Duke received him with flattering cordiality, thanked him for coming to pay him court and assured him of his consideration and admiration. They talked of America and of Washington, and of the days when they were both proscribed. In short, they agreed about everything; and La Fayette felt that at last, in this middle-aged prince of the Orléans branch he had found a man who would make the right kind of king, "the only Bourbon compatible with a free constitution."

The world at last was at peace; all the old scores had been settled, except that between England and the United States, for the war that had begun in 1812 was still dragging on towards its inconclusive end. Every one was sick of it. Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay and John Adams were at that moment in London trying to negotiate a peace; Gallatin had been at St. Petersburg to ask the Emperor Alexander I to mediate, but the effort had been futile, and Gallatin had written to La Fayette to help them.

He soon had an opportunity. He was invited one May evening to a soirée at the house of Madame de Staël, delighted to be back in her dear Paris, after ten years of exile at Coppet; she was launched in high society, a favourite

at Court and in the faubourg Saint-Germain; her *salon* was the rendezvous of all the distinguished foreigners whom the Restoration attracted to Paris. Chief among them was the Emperor Alexander I. He was a curious mixture of evangelical fervour and Muscovite sentimentalism, and as he professed liberal views, La Fayette was already prepossessed in his favour. But the tall, blond man, near-sighted and hard of hearing, to whom Madame de Staël presented him, surpassed all his expectations. The Czar impressed him at once as a good, sensible, noble-minded man, and he made La Fayette's mission easier by himself bringing up the American question, and saying that he had twice attempted to arrange a peace.

"Do, Sire," said La Fayette, "make a third attempt. A protraction of the war would betray the cause of humanity. Your personal influence must carry the point. I am sure Your Majesty will exert it."

"Well," said the Emperor, "I promise you I will. My journey to London affords opportunities, and I will do the best I can."

But Talleyrand, in the rococo costume of the old régime, powdered wig and all, a vulpine smile on his parchment face, and "very caressing" for La Fayette, was hovering near, and La Fayette, in consequence, spoke in low tones. The Emperor drew him into the embrasure of a window, and leant forward, holding his hand behind his ear, while La Fayette spoke of the tendencies of the new government. The Emperor regretted that his good intentions had had so little effect; he had found in France neither patriotism nor support; the Bourbons had only the prejudices of the old régime.

"But, Sire," observed La Fayette, "their misfortunes must have reformed them somewhat!"

"Reformed them!" exclaimed the Emperor. "They are unreformed and unreformable! There is only one of them who has liberal ideas, and that is the Duke d'Orléans; as for the others, you can hope for nothing from them."

He had more than a suspicion that the Czar was right, and when he saw that the charter signed by Louis XVIII had been *granted* by the King, with all the old pretension to divine right, handed down to the people and not accorded by them, he recognized the first step towards that dreaded thing, the counter-revolution. The reaction was soon in full swing. The *émigrés* came pouring back into France, disgusting even the officers of the allied armies then garrisoned in Paris with what La Fayette called "their vile joy." They swarmed in the Tuileries. Royal decrees appeared quite in the old style; laws were passed against the freedom of the press; the Bourbons at Paris were no more liberal or intelligent than they had been at Coblentz. "They never learned anything and never forgot anything." The returned *émigrés* were more like foreigners than Frenchmen; they referred to the French people scornfully as "the French," and to themselves as "we." It was not enough to have been loyal to Louis XVI, one must have been at Coblentz to find favour now, as the Duke de Noailles learnt when he came back from Switzerland to try to recover his *hôtel* in the rue Saint-Honoré.

The Parisians, who had begun by laughing, soon began to murmur. After so many years of Napoleon, galloping about over Europe, under fire in sixty battles and conquering the world, adored by his soldiers, and in every word and gesture satisfying the romantic imagination, it was a fatal anti-climax to have for king a gouty tun of a man, fat as Falstaff, who reviewed his troops in an arm-chair, and could find no gesture more captivating than to brandish his arms

from a balcony, and think of no speech more dramatic than to say: "I am pleased; very much pleased."

No wonder that La Fayette with a "Pouah!" of disgust went back to La Grange and sought consolation in writing to Jefferson about old times: "You conserve the memory of the happy hours and the animated conversations of Chaville. . . . How far away those times and those of the venerable *hôtel* of La Rochefoucauld are from us now! And we, who are still counted among the living, do we belong to those who are no more?"

He rarely went to Paris any more, but in the middle of January, 1815, having gone to town to meet his English friend Thomas Clarkson and learn what progress the movement for the abolition of slavery was making, he attended one of Madame de Staël's crowded soirées. As he was chatting with Lord Castlereagh and some friends, he saw through the shifting throng under the bright lustres the scarlet coat and gleaming decorations of an English general officer, a middle-aged man with a beak of a nose, and a lofty and disdainful air—*la morgue anglaise*—and a moment later Madame de Staël was presenting him to the Duke of Wellington.

"You have just arrived from Spain?" he asked the Duke. "Is it true that the Cortes has been imprisoned?"

"Yes," the Duke replied, with evident satisfaction. "The King performed an act of very great vigour that time."

"It is not, however," said La Fayette, in a freezing tone, "an act of gratitude. And I am astonished, *Milord,* that you did not use your influence to prevent it."

"But why should I have prevented it?" asked the Duke. "I had no reason personally to praise the Cortes."

They did not hit it off very well, and he had "small

liking for the British hero, a feeling that was doubtless reciprocal."

Back at La Grange, in the snows and rains of the winter's end, he looked on at the wretched world, finding little to approve, except the action of the Congress of Vienna in suppressing the slave traffic, and Andrew Jackson's victory over the British at New Orleans after the peace had been signed at Ghent. In France, things were going from bad to worse; the counter-revolution had already got back to 1788, and was resorting to *lettres de cachet;* Marshal Grouchy came to consult him; Bourbon spies had found a letter written by him, and Fouché had invited him to leave Paris; what would General La Fayette, as an authority on the rights of man, advise him in such delicate circumstances to do? Refuse, of course. General Excelman received a similar intimation, and La Fayette invited him to La Grange, where together they would resist these assaults on liberty.

The rancour of the royalists was as fierce as ever; once more, as in the days of the Revolution, cruel caricatures and vicious libels appeared; the streets of Paris were strewn with pamphlets filled with all the old calumnies and new ones recently added. Hue, the first *valet de chambre* of Louis XVI, published a brochure reviving and embellishing all the old lies about La Fayette's conduct on the 5th and 6th of October. Another libel, paid for by Louis XVIII and the Duchess d'Angoulême, called him a vile wretch, and asserted that he and Bailly had urged the King to undertake the journey to Varennes.

He had always been indifferent to these diatribes, but now, when such gratuitous indignities were heaped upon him, the long-pent wrath burst out at last, and he sat down in his library at La Grange to write a reply. He did not

write now in the suave convolutions of that style which was so graceful and polite that it often became obscure; he laid about him, lashing the royalists and the *émigrés* in his rage, charging that it was "the scandals and the depredations of your privileged classes" that had provoked all the troubles in France, "your underhanded tricks" that had brought on

> the excesses and the crimes of anarchy. By going about everywhere soliciting foreign invasion and the ruin of your country, by declaring a war of extermination against the partisans of the Revolution, you abandoned the King, you enfeebled the defenders of public order, strengthened the Jacobins, brought on the Terror, the destruction of the royal family and so many other victims. And now, you come to measure out honour and blame to those citizens who have defended their country and its cause, protected your families and your property—so long as your intrigues would permit them to do so—and to the warriors who have foiled your patricidal plots and covered Europe with the glory of France!

He was putting the finishing touches to this indictment when news was brought to him that Napoleon had landed at Golfe Juan. He called George, ordered his carriage and set out for Paris.

## II

Napoleon had mounted the tricolour cockade and begun that strange, adventurous march, out of the springtime of the Riviera, up through the snow-covered mountain passes of the Maritime Alps into Dauphiné, issuing as he went his flamboyant manifestos; the peasants, already grumbling under the despotic measures of the Restoration, turned out to cheer him; his old marshals heard his familiar call; Ney sent him word that he was coming to explain why he had

knelt before "that fat hog" to receive the Order of Saint-Louis; and the old cry was ringing:

*"Vive l'Empereur!"*

It was like a new, refreshing breeze blowing through the foggy atmosphere of the Restoration; whatever else might be said against him, a Man was arriving on the scene.

At Grenoble, when the Grenadiers advanced to fire upon him, he threw back the long grey coat, bared his breast, and told them to fire. They spun their shakos on the points of their bayonets, with the old cry:

*"Vive l'Empereur!"*

When he reached Lyons the Count d'Artois had fled; and to a young officer who refused to desert the Count, Napoleon gave the Legion of Honour.

"And if that isn't a beautiful page of history," said La Fayette, "I don't know anything about it!"

But the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers at the Congress of Vienna did not take quite so romantic a view. They declared that "Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself outside civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and a perturbator of the peace of the world, he has given himself over to public vengeance." Thus, outlawed by the civilized world, he was an adventurer once more, plain Bonaparte, and he made the most of this new democratic quality. His march became a triumph, and when he reached Fontainebleau, the King took to the high road once more and drove away to Ghent. That night Napoleon entered Paris, and slept in the bed which Louis XVIII had rolled out of a few short hours before.

The people of Paris, on that grey March day, were silent and morose, but the next morning the sun came out, and that made all the difference in the world. Gay crowds gathered in the Carrousel and before the Tuileries, charmed

once more by the sight of the Little Corporal and the blue, white and red flag. But inside the palace another crowd was gathered, a crowd whose fickleness, as La Fayette observed, "was less naïve. The greater part of these courtiers only had to change their coats a second time, and were greatly relieved to get out of it at the cost of a few jokes at their expense from their old master."

La Fayette had no confidence in Napoleon's new republican airs and the liberal principles he now professed, and after lingering on for three days "to show that he was not afraid," as he wrote to the Princess d'Hénin, and to look on at the comedy of the meanness of human nature, he went back to La Grange in disgust. But he had not been at home a fortnight before he received a letter from Benjamin Constant, urging him to rally to the cause of Napoleon, now a true friend of constitutional liberty.

Constant had been banished with Madame de Staël and had lived with her at Coppet—until they quarrelled—and had excoriated Napoleon for his usurpation and despotism. He had come back with the Bourbons and was now the chief ornament of Madame de Récamier's *salon,* where he read his works to hysterical ladies, and was so deeply moved by the pathos of his own masterpieces that he would burst into tears himself. On the eve of Napoleon's return he had published in the *Journal des Débats* an article against the Emperor in which he had quite outdone himself. But Napoleon, who took men where he could find them, especially if their consciences were as ductile as Constant's, sent for him to come to the Tuileries, and had little difficulty in persuading him that his meditations at Elba had fully converted him to the liberal cause, and none whatever in inducing him to accept the position of Councillor of State.

La Fayette, who all his life had been accused of being too ingenuous and confiding, replied that he should like to believe the Emperor could resign himself to free institutions, but "up to the present moment I see no sign of his doing so. . . . I offer you my incredulity, and I join to it a thousand expressions of friendship."

If he had had any doubts at all of Napoleon's "disastrous intentions, and of their immense means of execution," they were all swept away by Crawford, the American Minister, who came to visit him at La Grange. The news he brought was sinister; Napoleon was preparing for war, the allies were mobilizing their armies and Wellington was already at Brussels to take command.

Then, on April 19, an express came to La Grange with an urgent letter from Matthieu Dumas. Prince Joseph had charged Dumas to beg him to come to Paris for a few hours as soon as possible. "If you have any confidence in my judgment, if you believe in the constancy of my opinions and my wishes for the independence of our dear country, come. . . . The question is this: 'To be or not to be?' "

He could not resist this appeal, coming from the faithful old Matthieu. He went to Paris and embraced Prince Joseph, who, since their last meeting, had held and lost two thrones. Joseph assured him that Napoleon was evolving, his views were growing more liberal—which La Fayette did not believe at all, and with an "austere frankness," he told Joseph so.

"However, as I see before us Pilnitz and Coblentz, an invasion of France by all the armies of Europe, humiliating and ruinous tributes exacted and even the complete counter-revolution if the national opinion does not declare itself in resistance, I do not hesitate to regard the government of the

Emperor—permit me to say it—as the less of two evils. I would unite cordially in all your efforts to resist the foreign powers, and the Bourbons who have called them in. Up to that point you may count on me; but it will be, I must say it frankly, with the desire that, if the Emperor's government is what I fear it will be, it should last as short a time as possible."

Benjamin Constant had drawn up amendments to the Constitution which were to be approved at a plebiscite on the Champ de Mai, but, liberal though they were, they did not come up to La Fayette's exacting and immutable standard. He told Joseph that the ceremony on the Champ de Mai could only be regarded as a piece of jugglery, and that the only means of regaining public confidence was for Napoleon to convene an assembly of elected representatives of the people; it was never too late to mend, even for a usurper. Joseph said that the Emperor did not like to set out at the head of his armies for the frontier, leaving a constitutional assembly behind him.

"I am sorry," he said, "that the new Constitutional Act was finally drawn up last night before I had a chance to show it to you. There is a House of Peers, and, of course, you are the first one on the list. What do you think of a House of Peers? Many friends of liberty wish it."

"I know it," La Fayette replied. "Nevertheless, it does not suit me to re-enter political life by the peerage, or by any other favour of the Emperor. I am a man of the people; it is by the choice of the people alone that I must come out of my retreat. If I am elected, I shall join with you as a representative of the nation, to repulse foreign invasion and foreign influence, reserving nevertheless all my independence."

Prince Joseph had to be satisfied with this declaration and agreed to report their conversation to his brother. Joseph's carriage was at the door, and Joseph asked him to get in and go with him to see the Emperor, but La Fayette pretended not to understand. The Bonapartists laid themselves out to win him over. Joseph gave a dinner in his honour, at which a number of generals and Councillors of State were present. He told them that he would support the new Constitution if there was no delay in calling the Chambers together. Benjamin Constant courted him assiduously. "You are my conscience!" Constant cried enthusiastically, happy to have found one at last.

As La Fayette was about to leave, Joseph, on the part of the Emperor, asked him to get Crawford—who was sailing for home—to carry to London some secret letters the Emperor had written; he had no one to whom he dared trust them. He took them and went away thinking how strange it was that this powerful Emperor, whose orders once had flown from Antwerp to Naples and from Cadiz to Dantzig, should have need of him to send a letter outside the circle that his enemies had drawn around him.

He went back to La Grange, far from satisfied, and when he came to vote in the plebiscite, he wrote on the register of his commune a statement of his objections to the Additional Act and voted "Ay" under reserves. George dutifully signed the statement with him.

## III

He looked on with cynical amusement at the great spectacle that Napoleon had organized on the Champ de Mai to proclaim the result of the plebiscite—the altar, the tribune bright with blue, white and red, the peers and the deputies,

the troops and the eagles. It had been a long time since Paris had seen a pageant; there had been nothing to look at under the Bourbon restoration except Louis XVIII and his gloomy brother; but now they expected to see the Little Corporal, with flashing eye and that winning, impressive manner, in the familiar old uniform. He came, but not like that. He was not on horseback now, but in a gilded coach, wearing white silk, with a much be-plumed hat, burdened by the enormous mantle stiff with embroidered gold that he had worn when the Pope had crowned him. He looked older, and even a little fat; was everything in the world taking on the unromantic air of dull and corpulent middle age? It was a chilling deception for the Parisians and for the soldiers. The mass was said, speeches made, the result of the plebiscite proclaimed. Napoleon swore on the New Testament to support the Constitution, and, the farce over, drove away in his gilded coach, amidst a thin trickle of applause, the dying refrain of the old heroic chorus.

However, a long letter from Benjamin Constant came to La Grange; he was enthusiastic for the new Constitution, not unnaturally, since he had written it, and urged La Fayette to stand as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. "I regard your election as a great step towards our constitutional order. . . . Adieu, my dear General. Write me if you are satisfied."

"Yes," he replied, "I am satisfied, and I am glad to tell you so. The immediate convocation of an assembly appears to me, as to you, the only means of safety."

On May 10 he was elected Deputy for the department of Seine-et-Marne, receiving fifty-six out of seventy-six votes in the electoral college. George was elected Deputy for the Haute-Loire, their own district in Auvergne.

He wrote to the Princess d'Hénin:

Napoleon, republican in Provence, demi-republican at Lyons, absolute Emperor at Paris, found that there was no salvation for him except by making himself a constitutionalist. His mind and his character are like two currents that oppose each other; he is a strange mixture of imperial, terrorist, and liberal measures; but public opinion is stronger than he, and as he has a prodigious talent, he submits to everything he can not dominate, with a skill that the others are far from possessing. . . . It was not for my own pleasure that I accepted the choice made of me in the first elections that have been held in a long while. The present crisis is so important, so dangerous, and may have such results, that I could not refuse the call of my fellow-citizens.

He was no sooner elected than Joseph Bonaparte sent for him. "I have been waiting impatiently for you," said Joseph. "The Emperor knows that you came to my house and even dined here, and he asked why you did not come to see him. Will you not go to see him?"

It was an embarrassing request; he felt certain that he should have to oppose the Emperor, and he would take no steps that might be mistaken for an engagement. And so he replied:

"After twelve years of separation, it would perhaps be better to wait until my duties as Deputy place me in contact with him."

Then Joseph told him that he was the first on the list of new peers that was about to be issued, and again he was embarrassed and asked that his name be stricken off the list.

"I would not profit by a favour of the Emperor to give myself the merit of refusing it," he explained.

The day before the list was to be published, Joseph said to him:

"The list is about to appear. The patriots, when they see that your name is not on it, will cry out against my

brother. If we cannot make you accept a peerage, at least do us the justice to say that we offered it."

It was the least he could do.

The Chamber of Deputies met in the Palais Bourbon, from the windows of which he might have looked down into the garden of his old house in the rue de Bourbon, and thus, after twenty-three years, he found himself once more in the whirlwind of political life, and he took up his argument where it had been interrupted in 1792, his old doctrine intact, and as inflexible as ever. All of the turmoil and upheaval of those tremendous times had not deflected a single one of his principles.

On June 4 the Chamber proceeded to the election of a president. La Fayette had been put up by his friends, but as a matter of republican principle and aristocratic pride, he would never solicit votes, and had a classic ideal of republican institutions in which the people, under the inspiration of their own virtues, spontaneously chose the best man. The Liberals, as usual, were divided, and put forward several candidates: Lanjuinais, Flaugergues and Dupont de l'Eure. La Fayette greatly admired Lanjuinais, who had sat with him in the States General and the Constituent Assembly, and there was a *duel d'élégance* between them, each voting for the other, but when it was rumoured that if Lanjuinais were elected Napoleon would refuse to accept him, La Fayette urged his own followers to vote for Lanjuinais, and Lanjuinais won. Flaugergues was elected first vice-president, Dupont de l'Eure second vice-president, and La Fayette third vice-president.

When the members of the Chamber came to take the oath of office La Fayette protested against the form of the oath which did not satisfy his exacting Whiggish conscience,

and when the harassed Napoleon, almost at bay, heard of it, he said:

"There is La Fayette who has already declared war on me!"

Lanjuinais, not quite so doctrinaire as La Fayette, found a formula of accommodation, and had spread on the journal an explanation that saved the scruples of the small minority of sensitive consciences.

The Emperor, accompanied by the new Chamber of Peers and Ministers of State, came to open the Chamber with all the old pomp. La Fayette was in his seat, talking to his filial shadow, George, having wholly forgotten that as third vice-president of the Chamber, he should be in the throne room to welcome the sovereign. An usher came in haste to remind him. He went to the throne room, and there was Napoleon.

He was struck by the change. This little man in imperial robes was no longer the lithe and agile young soldier who used to pace up and down his closet in the Tuileries, arguing pleasantly and animatedly with him about liberal theories, halting now and then, fixing him with those marvellous eyes, and snapping the lid of his snuff-box emphatically when he made a point. He was older, and his limbs were flabby with fat—that bane of greatness! The old authoritative and wilful manner was gone; the eyes had lost their fire and lustre; the face was drawn, heavy with weariness and care, its muscles strangely contracted, the face, he said to himself, of an old, worn despot. What the gossips said of him, then, was true; he was ill—soaked himself long hours each day in a hot bath, and lay abed of mornings. There was something pitiable in the sight—this decline of a splendid force, this premature decay of a mighty man.

La Fayette bowed, formally, in the manner of the old régime, almost an anomaly in this new world of *parvenus,* and waited for the Emperor to begin the conversation.

"It has been twelve years since I had the pleasure of seeing you," said Napoleon.

"Yes, Sire, it has been that long."

That was all. The procession formed, wound into the Chamber. The Emperor read his speech from the throne, the tiresome ceremony was over and the officials escorted the Emperor and his suite out to the long line of waiting carriages. La Fayette found himself with Flaugergues, standing by the coach of the Emperor. Once more Napoleon addressed him.

"I find you younger," he said. "The air of the country has done you good."

"It has done me a great deal of good, Sire," he replied. It was for the Emperor to lead the conversation, but the Emperor said no more. They stood and looked each other in the eyes, for what seemed a long time. Neither would lower his gaze. Each knew what the other was thinking. Finally, the Emperor mounted wearily into his coach.

On June 10 the Chamber met in secret session to discuss the reply to the address from the throne. The draft that had been drawn up in committee did not suit La Fayette; he considered it mediocre, lacking in force; it did not sufficiently assert the constitutional principle. He wished to wean the Assembly from its dependence on Bonaparte, and the idea that France could be saved only by him; if that could be done it would acquire an existence that might save the country; if it remained Bonapartist, it would lose itself with him; instead of being representatives of the nation, they were running the risk of becoming merely the "Napoleon Club." And then, the reply referred to Bona-

parte as the "great man," and he moved to strike out this phrase, and substitute for it the word "monarch." And once again Lanjuinais found a way out; he proposed to substitute the word "hero."

"The expression 'great man,'" he said, "implies certain moral virtues which the word 'hero' can more easily dispense with."

It was not of much consequence; at three o'clock in the morning of June 12 Napoleon left for Belgium at the head of his army. On the 20th, half dead with fatigue and despair, he returned to the Elysée.

## IV

Early the next morning a friend came to bring La Fayette the terrible news—the battle of Waterloo had been lost near a village called Mont-Saint-Jean. The *débâcle* was complete; the council had sat at the Elysée all night; Napoleon was going to dissolve the Chambers and usurp the dictatorship. He left the house at once and went to see Fouché, who held the threads of all the intrigues; Fouché said that it was true. He hurried to the Palais Bourbon, and there he met Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely; he had been up all night at the Elysée. "I must be clothed with great powers; in fact, be made dictator." Those were Napoleon's very words. The Constitution and all those new amendments were to be swept contemptuously aside. At that very moment they were rolling out the state coaches and putting in the horses, for the Emperor to drive to the Palais Bourbon and dissolve the Chambers.

There was no time to lose. All about him in the lobbies were groups of dishevelled deputies, excited, feverish and distraught, rushing about with wild eyes, haggard faces and

tragic gestures; a sergeant with a platoon could have scattered them. He made a resolve; taking no one into his confidence, he went alone into a room, drew up a set of resolutions, hunted up Lanjuinais and urged him to make haste and begin the sitting.

The deputies trooped into the Chamber; Lanjuinais nervously tinkled the presidential bell, the minutes were read and then La Fayette climbed up into the tribune; the six hundred deputies leant forward on their benches in tense excitement.

"When for the first time in long years," he began, "I raise a voice that the old friends of liberty will still recognize, I feel called upon, Messieurs, to speak to you of the dangers confronting the nation, which you alone, just now, have the power to save."

A tremor of emotion thrilled through the Assembly. He drew his tall form to its full height and suddenly seemed young again; his calm face was flushed; the deputies saw, as though revived in him, the spirit of '89 come back again; the Chamber was very still.

"Sinister rumours have been in circulation; unfortunately they are confirmed. This is the moment for us to rally round the old tricolour standard, the standard of '89, the standard of liberty, of equality and public order; it is that alone which we have to defend against pretensions abroad and assaults at home. Permit a veteran of that sacred cause, Messieurs, who has always been a stranger to the spirit of faction, to submit to you a few preliminary resolutions, the necessity of which, I hope, you will appreciate."

The resolutions consisted of five articles, setting forth that the independence of the nation was menaced; that the Chamber declared itself in permanent session and that any attempt to dissolve it was a crime of high treason; that

the troops fighting in defence of liberty and the territory of France were entitled to the gratitude of the nation; that the Parisian National Guard be reassembled and that the ministers be invited to appear at once before the Assembly.

From all the benches rose the approving cry:

*"Très bien! Très bien!"*

The cloud of uncertainty that had weighed heavily upon their anxious and distracted minds had been lifted; the deputies began to shout:

"Vote! Vote!"

All the articles were unanimously adopted, except the fourth raising the National Guard, which was postponed until the ministers should appear before the Chamber. The sword of the old revolutionary had cleft the knot that bound the cause of France to the cause of Bonaparte, and had struck the Emperor down. It was a great victory for him; the principles for which he had fought and suffered and sacrificed ever since 1789 had triumphed; at last he had got the idea of constitutional government into the heads of the French people; and in that moment the Revolution, legally, was accomplished and at an end.

He was, of course, somewhat disappointed by the adjournment of Article IV, relating to his own National Guard. But Article V, demanding that the ministers appear before the Chambers and establishing the principle of responsible parliamentary government, went to the heart of the matter. The Emperor was angry when he heard of it, and thought of the 18 Brumaire and another *coup d'état;* but just as on that day, sixteen years before, he, for an instant, had flinched in fear, so now he hesitated to take his troops and clear the Palais Bourbon. Then Lucien, by his eloquence, had saved him; and now Lucien might serve him once more in a similar crisis. For Lucien had come back

from his beloved Rome, his poetry, his dilettantism, his wanderings by sea and land, and was there beside him; they had made up their long-standing quarrel and shaken hands; he had made Lucien a prince, and now he sent him to the Chamber.

Prince Lucien appeared, preceding the ministers who were to be interpellated. They asked that the Chamber sit in executive session, and when the galleries were cleared Lucien mounted the tribune and began to speak. He was rather effective at first, but these strokes of genius cannot be repeated; after all, the world had advanced since the 18 Brumaire of the Year VIII, and his gift of the gab carried him too far; he accused the French nation of fickleness, of lacking in perseverance.

And at this La Fayette sprang to his feet.

"By what right do you dare to accuse this nation of having been fickle, of having failed in perseverance with regard to the Emperor Napoleon?" he cried. "The nation has followed him in the sands of Egypt, and in the steppes of Russia, on fifty fields of battle, in his reverses as in his successes. And for having followed him thus we have to mourn the shedding of the blood of three million Frenchmen!"

A shiver ran through the Assembly; Lucien could not reply.

That evening the President and Vice-presidents of the Chamber, five Peers of France, the Ministers with portfolios and the Ministers of State, about thirty in all, met at the Tuileries to hold a council of state. All through the night they discussed measures of safety and defence, and every proposition made by the Ministers was accepted, everything they asked was granted unanimously. But there was one thought that weighed heavily on the minds of all, one word

that every one feared to utter, and in order to postpone the inevitable and painful moment they prolonged the discussion of minor problems.

La Fayette waited, but nobody brought it up, and at last, in the early hours of the morning, he said, turning to the Ministers: "Have you any further sacrifices to ask of us? Any other measures to suggest? If so, I, for my part, approve them in advance, for I consider it our first and principal duty to repel the foreign influence and invasion. But there is another question—that of abdication."

The fatidical word fell heavily in the painful silence. Presently one of the Ministers ventured to say: "If the friends of the Emperor had considered his abdication necessary to the safety of France, they would have been the first to ask it of him."

"Spoken like a true Frenchman!" said La Fayette. "I adopt that idea and convert it into a motion. I move that we all go to the Emperor and say to him that, after all that has happened, his abdication has become necessary to save the nation."

The motion was seconded by Lanjuinais and Flaugergues, but Cambacérès, the Archichancelier, refused to put it. It was three o'clock in the morning and almost dawn; they were worn out, and the meeting broke up.

Early that morning the deputies came straggling wearily back to their benches, nervous and irritable from loss of sleep, and in dangerous mood; and when they learnt that the question of abdication had not been resolved at the Council in the Tuileries, they were ready for any extreme. There had been no rest or sleep at the Élysée either. There Napoleon was stubbornly resisting the advice of his ministers and councillors to abdicate. Fouché, now the Duke d'Otrante, Benjamin Constant, Regnault, Flaugergues, Bę-

doch and Durbach were pressing him to yield, whilst at the Palais Bourbon the haggard deputies waited. La Fayette grew impatient and sent an ultimatum to the Élysée by one of the Ministers:

"If the Emperor does not send in his abdication within an hour, I will propose to the Chamber that he be dethroned."

When the Minister appeared with this message, and told him that the deputies were out of patience, and would undoubtedly vote La Fayette's motion, Napoleon could not reply; he stammered, and then was speechless. The long and amazing adventure was over; the game was up. He could not hold the pen; Lucien wrote out his abdication for him, and he signed it with his scrawl, the N with the long flourish quite flat on its side, symbolically prostrate now.

When the message came to the Chamber, the Deputies sent a deputation to thank him for the sacrifice. La Fayette felt a great pity for him, and stood somewhat in the background among that group of men who had overthrown him. Napoleon was "noble and calm" in bearing.

"Say to the Chamber," he said, "that I recommend my son to them."

The deputation bowed and retired, and as they left the Élysée and began excitedly to exchange impressions of the scene they had just witnessed, they all declared that the French nation must protect the fallen Emperor. La Fayette said that the United States, the home of liberty, would give him asylum; he should go there. His colleagues agreed, and he spent the day arranging passage for him on a ship bound for America. But Napoleon went to Rochefort, boarded His Britannic Majesty's man-of-war *Bellerophon,* and sailed away for England—and St. Helena.

## V

La Fayette expected to be chosen as one of the five Directors in whom the executive power provisionally was to be vested, but, in the crowd of politicians jockeying for place in the new régime, there was no chance for him. The Bonapartists opposed him because he would not favour the little King of Rome and a regency; the republicans, many of whom had acquired titles of nobility under the Empire, because he was against a hereditary peerage, and Fouché, "who lacked nothing in ability, little in good sense, and everything in virtue," and had betrayed the Emperor as soon as he got his dukedom, Fouché opposed him because he wished to have the most honest man of them all out of the way. As a result of these intrigues, Fouché, Count Carnot and General Grenier were selected by the Chamber as members of the Directory, though one hundred and forty-two members, unsolicited, voted for La Fayette. The Peers named the Duke de Vicence and Guinette, and by voting for himself, Fouché became president of the committee.

La Fayette had counted on the command of the National Guard, but Fouché named Masséna. It was another disappointment; the National Guard was his own child, and they had taken it from him. And as if that were not enough, they packed him off on an ungrateful and impossible mission, to find the kings and commanders of the Allied Powers and induce them to halt their march on Paris. He might have refused with dignity, but, magnanimous as ever, he swallowed his chagrin, willing to do anything "to spare my country those political disasters, both internal and external, with which I saw it menaced; my own personal existence, and even my reputation, are to me, in comparison, only secondary objects."

His colleagues were La Forest, Horace Sebastiani, Argenson, Doulcet de Pontécoulant and Benjamin Constant, whom they named secretary because, as a literary man, he would find writing so easy. La Fayette had no illusions in undertaking this rather ridiculous errand, at any rate; they set out along roads cumbered with guns and wagon-trains and routed French troops, and drove on, day and night, along the lower Rhine for Hagenau, in Alsace, where the Allied Sovereigns were said to be.

But at Hagenau Their Majesties refused to receive them. La Fayette wrote a letter to the Emperor Alexander I, who had expressed such encouraging liberal sentiments that evening at Madame de Staël's; but no answer came; then he presented himself at the Czar's headquarters and asked an audience as a private individual; the Emperor's chief of staff refused to announce him, and he turned away humiliated. The only result of their efforts was a meeting with four representatives named by the sovereigns to hear what they had to say. Lord Stewart represented England and spoke for his colleagues, or hitched up his chair and assumed to speak for them.

"General La Fayette," he burst out brutally, "I must warn you that no peace with the allied powers is possible unless you deliver up Bonaparte to us."

*"Milord!"* he blazed, and then checked himself. "I am amazed," he said when he had controlled his anger, "that you should propose such a cowardly thing to the French people, and that by preference you should propose it to a prisoner of Olmutz!"

The discussions, of course, were futile, but they served to detain the French commissioners long enough for Wellington and Blücher to reach Paris. The powers detailed

officers to escort the plenipotentiaries, and with disingenuous politeness they took them round by way of Bâle, prolonging their journey until the capitulation had been signed.

Three days later, when the deputies appeared at the Palais Bourbon to resume their Platonic discussions of the ideal constitution, they found the iron gates locked and guarded by sentinels. They stood about, baffled, humiliated and angry, wondering what to do. La Fayette limped up to the tall iron grill, bent over, peered through the bars, and called for the officer of the Guard. The officer came, and with impersonal detachment said that he had orders to allow no one to enter.

"Were these gates closed by order of the Prince Regent of England?" La Fayette shouted, with impotent sarcasm.

The sentinels continued indifferently to pace to and fro. Then he announced, in a loud voice, that he was going home and that he should be glad to receive his colleagues in his house. A number of Liberal deputies followed him to the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré. There, thronging the small *salons,* they talked a while and decided to go to President Lanjuinais and sign a protestation, all they had now to oppose to the bayonets of foreign troops.

The Hundred Days were over; all his efforts had ended in this miserable fiasco, and overwhelmed with a sense of failure and defeat, he shut himself up in the house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, silent now, since Madame de Tessé was no longer there to enliven it with her wit and humour. He would not go back to La Grange, because Prussian officers were billeted in his *château,* and the idea of doing the honours to them was more than his pride could bear.

The Prussians were looting Paris and mutilating public monuments; British troops were bivouacked in the garden

of the Tuileries, and over the grey mansards of the Louvre the white flag of the Bourbons was floating once more.

But Paris was not unhappy; the Parisians had not had such a fine show since the Empire. Here were soldiers of all nations. Long-legged English Life Guards in scarlet tunics stalked by; guardsmen were camped in the Bois; Prussian Uhlans held dress parades on the Champ de Mars. There were Austrian dragoons, Polish lancers, Highlanders in kilts, hussars with frogged tunics and dolmans, to say nothing of real, live Cossacks from the Don; one could be out all day long and never see it all.

Madame de Krüdener was insufflating the Emperor Alexander with the mystic idea of the Holy Alliance; Russia, Austria and Prussia were to bind themselves in the name of the Most Holy and Invisible Trinity, "to manifest to the face of the Universe their unshakable determination to adopt as their only rule of conduct the precepts of . . . holy religion," and "in conformity with Holy Scripture which orders all men to consider themselves as brothers, the three monarchs swear to unite themselves by the ties of a real and indissoluble fraternity . . . to aid one another in all things." The monarchs, in their indubitable quality of "delegates of Providence" signed this pact at Paris on September 26, 1815. They asked the Duke of Wellington to sign it for England, but the Duke, to whom such a state of grace was inaccessible, refused, remarking in his unregenerate way, that there was no need of such an alliance, after such a treaty.

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE RESTORATION

*1815-1824* *Aet.: 58-67*

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE RESTORATION

### I

THE Prussian officers had left the *château* at last and he was back at La Grange. It was autumn; the ivy that Charles Fox had planted was red upon the walls; a silvery haze rolled across the steaming fields in the early morning; the white smoke of burning potato vines floated on the air; the apples from the orchards were being pressed into cider and in the midst of his large family and his friends the General was leading once more the calm, peaceful country life that he thought he liked best. He was hale and hearty, though the stiff hip made it difficult for him to walk, and his habits were of the simplest; he slept seven hours and like most farmers believed in early rising, but though he was awakened at five, he did not get up; he lay in bed an hour or two longer, reading or writing, trying to keep up with his burdensome correspondence. When he had risen and made his scrupulous toilet, he sent away Bastien, his valet, and then alone, on his knees, holding in his hands the gold locket containing a miniature of Adrienne and a lock of her hair, he spent a quarter of an hour in meditative devotion to her memory. Around the portrait were engraved her last words, *"Je suis toute à vous,"* and on the other side, *"Je vous fus donc une douce compagne? Eh bien! Bénissez-moi!"* He practised this cult every morning, and no one dared interrupt him. It was his religion—that, and the cause of Liberalism, which, with him

as with most of the Liberals of his time, replaced the faith that the metaphysics of the pre-revolutionary philosophers had destroyed.

Then he went to his study where he wrote letters and penned a few pages of the never-finished *Mémoires*. At ten o'clock he breakfasted and read the newspapers, French and foreign. Then from the open window of his study, he would shout orders through a speaking-trumpet to his steward in the farm-yard, and towards midday, putting on a wide-awake hat, he would go out and hack about his farms. His theories had triumphed in the domain of agriculture at any rate. The flock of merino sheep that he had begun to breed in 1802 with the rams and ewes brought from Rambouillet now numbered a thousand head, and was one of the most famous in France. There was a herd of forty cows, part of them from the canton of Schwitz in Switzerland, others from Normandy; there was a Devonshire bull and two Devonshire cows, presented to him by the famous agriculturist, Coke of Holkam, and some cows of the same breed from the United States, as well as a famous boar from Baltimore.

He had planted orchards of pear-trees and apple-trees, and the peasants, with the inveterate pessimism of the bucolic mind, had laughed at him, and predicted that they would never grow. But now they were flourishing; the cider from La Grange had grown famous, brought a handsome return and had become the staple drink of the region. In short, La Grange was paying, and this estate in which his wife had left him a life interest—all he possessed now, aside from Chavaniac, since the splendid fortune that he had inherited as a lad had been scattered to the winds of revolution—would be something for his children. They all lived with him—George, as ardent a Liberal as a La Fayette

should be, never leaving his side; Anastasie and Virginia, with their husbands and children—they were all there. If Adrienne could only see them now!

He rode about the farms until three o'clock, and then returned to the *château* and to his study, drudging at his correspondence, until at six o'clock the bell in the courtyard rang for dinner. They sat down, twenty-five or thirty, the General in the middle of the long board, with Anastasie or Virginia opposite to do the honours. The *château* was always full of guests; the Tracys, the La Tour-Maubourgs, the Lasteyries, the Ségurs, the Broglies, were often there; General Carbonel, George's old commander in Italy, had come to live with them; M. Frestel, old now, also made part of the family. He extended a kind of patriarchal hospitality, like that of Washington and Jefferson in Virginia. All the Liberals in Europe came to see him, and every American, liberal or illiberal, who visited Paris, duly appeared at La Grange as a patriotic duty, and as exercising one of those inalienable rights asserted by the Declaration of Independence.

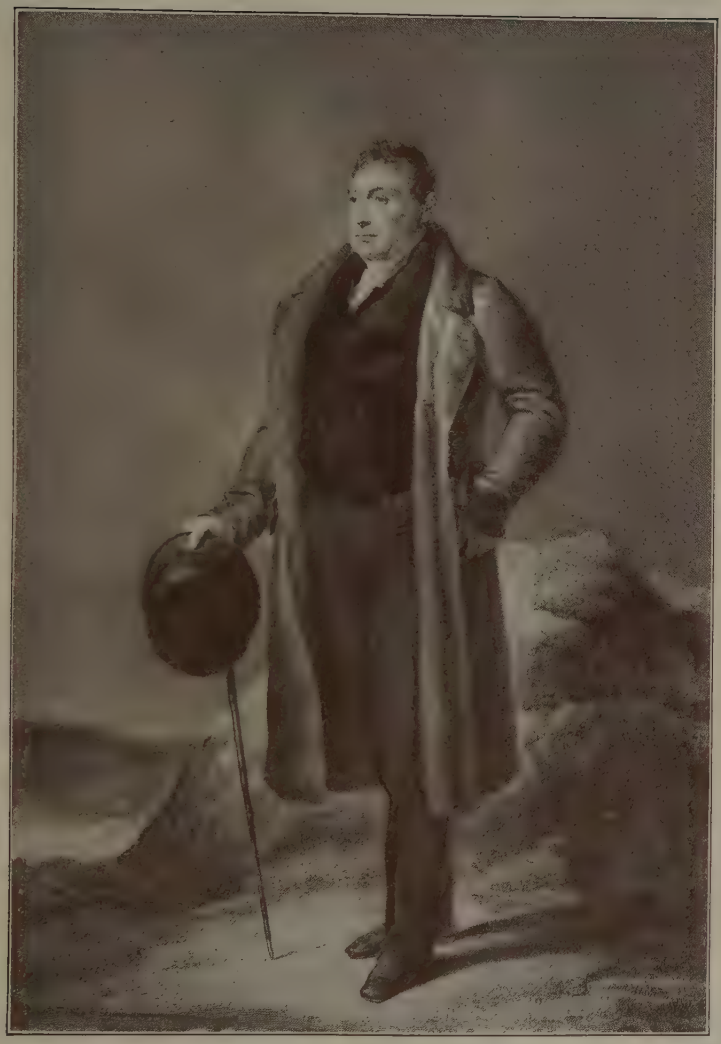
Lady Morgan, after dining there, wrote home to England:

> Not a wrinkle lines his face; his noble air, his straight, tall figure announces that his body has conserved as much vigour as the mind that animates it. His grace, force and dignity are still the heritage of this extraordinary man; and though engaged for more than forty years in scenes as varied as they are extraordinary, he does not appear to have attained as yet his climacteric year. As active on his farm as he is elegant in his *salon,* it is difficult to find in one of the ablest agriculturists, and in one of the most polished men that France has produced, the warrior and the statesman, but one always recognizes in him the patriot. Preserving in all their perfection all the talents and all the faculties of youth, Monsieur de La Fayette has lost none of the fidelity of his memory, and his views still attain all the highest concep-

tions that the human mind can offer. His conversation is brilliant in anecdotes of the most remarkable personages and events of the last fifty years.

Thus, with old age coming on, the peculiar charm that he had always exercised was unimpaired. The winning smile of his youth, the sense of humour, the enthusiasm of his generous illusions, even the old sarcasm and irony—all were there. There was something fascinating and at the same time perplexing in the curious contrast between his manner and his opinions. His manner was that of the Court under the old régime; he received peasants, working people and the poor who came to ask his favour or his assistance, with the same distinguished politeness that he showed to the great of the earth. General Thiébault might sneer at "the dignity of this citizen of two worlds, the manner of the demagogue in red heels, with the airs and the politeness of a Marquis, his excessive courtesy towards beggars covered with rags and mud, whom, in his house, he accompanies to the door-step," but the *parvenu,* if he presumed or pretended to familiarity, found himself held at a distance by a manner that could be chilling and discouraging upon occasion. The people of the countryside quite adored him. When the failure of the crops in 1817 almost produced a famine in Brie, he fed all the poor of his own and neighbouring communes. Each day at the kitchens of La Grange seven hundred persons received soup, bread and a *sou,* but the granaries—and the master's purse—would not suffice to continue this bounty until the harvest. The steward said that if the distribution continued, in six weeks there would be nothing left in the house.

"Very well," said the General. "There is a very simple way of settling this difficult problem. We can go live in



LA FAYETTE

After the Portrait by Ary Scheffer.

Auvergne. By retiring to Chavaniac we shall leave for the poor that which we should have consumed had we remained at La Grange. That will be a means of prolonging their existence until the harvest."

And so they went to Chavaniac. They returned in the autumn, and the calm life at La Grange flowed on, with only ripples from the world outside. The *château* was full of guests as before. Jeremy Bentham was there; he and the General talked of the greatest good of the greatest number, while young French Liberals listened, drinking in the true doctrine. There was, too, talk of arts and letters; it was the romantic age of Byron, whom the Duke Victor de Broglie, then a visitor at La Grange, had met at Coppet—and found insupportable, "a braggart of vice." Benjamin Constant was often there; he had just published *Adolphe,* and was as much the rage as he had been during the Hundred Days in Madame de Récamier's *salon.* They were still under the sentimental spell of *Werther*—a somewhat strange ingredient to mix with the austere Liberalism of the master of the house. He liked the theatre and knew Talma, and used to go to see him play when he was in Paris.

The Broglies were there because the Duchess could not endure the thought of Paris since the death of her mother, Madame de Staël, and La Fayette had invited them to distract her from her grief and her memories. Ary Scheffer, a young painter, was there at the same time, painting the full-length portrait that was afterwards reproduced in so many engravings. Madame de Montagu was vastly interested in this portrait, and when he went to see her at Fontenay she could not restrain her curiosity. She was burning to know whether he had been painted holding in his hand his dreadful Declaration of the Rights of Man.

"But what pose did you choose?" she insisted.

"Well, my dear Sister," he replied, smiling at such lively interest, "I am standing, as though out walking, my cane and my hat in my hand, like this—" And getting up he obligingly took the pose.

"But your other hand?" she inquired eagerly.

"It is in my pocket," he replied, "which is better. dear Sister, than to have it in the pocket of others."

And yet, under the calm exterior, the old fires were smouldering. If he seemed to be absorbed in cultivating his broad acres he had one eye on the ultra-royalists, in power now, carrying things with a high hand and entrenching the counter-revolution, trampling down the principles of '89, and resorting to all the old weapons of despotism—proscriptions, summary judgments, executions, assassinations. He had watched with rising indignation, during the winter of 1815 and 1816, the proceedings of the *chambre introuvable,* controlled by an ultra-royalist majority; the spirit of reaction was running wild; he had seen with horror the White Terror—Ney, tried and shot, Brune assassinated at Avignon, La Garde at Nîmes, Ramel at Toulouse; the South of France terrorized by the Verdets—those royalist bands with the green brassards—and given over to religious and political passions, so that the life of no Protestant or Bonapartist was safe; he could not long remain indifferent.

His friends were urging him to re-enter political life, and proposed him as the candidate of a division in Paris, but he was defeated. The next year, 1818, the departments of the Seine and of Seine-et-Marne were both ready to offer him a seat, but before they could do so, on the suggestion of the publicist Charles Goyet, the Sarthe chose him as its representative in the Chamber of Deputies.

## II

The election of La Fayette shook all Europe. The government had done its best to defeat him; its agents swarmed over the department of the Sarthe, and when the result was announced at Paris, there was consternation at the Tuileries; Louis XVIII could not hide his disappointment and chagrin, and through his *entourage* there ran a shiver of fear, as though La Fayette were about to plunge France back into revolution, and they would all be obliged to take once more to the dreary road of exile. In November he went to town for the winter, and long before the sitting of Parliament the Parisians were pulling every string to secure tickets of admission to the opening session; a new generation had grown up, curious to see the hero of '89, come back to the scene like a ghost of that mighty Revolution of which they had heard their fathers talk. At the royal *séance* on December 10 the galleries were crowded with the society of Paris, not half so much to see the King open Parliament as to see La Fayette take the oath of office, and be present when the world came to an end. The King came in state, old, fat and gouty; but no one had eyes for him, they were all for La Fayette, in the braided uniform of a Deputy, sitting on his bench far to the left, among the small group of Liberals in the Chamber—Laffitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Casimir Périer and Manuel. He was calm and serene—and ready, at any minute, with the suave and polished manner of the liberal aristocrat, to turn the world upside down again.

When the King entered he rose with the rest, but he did not shout *"Vive le Roi!"* neither did Manuel nor the other Liberals. But nothing happened; somehow the world went on as before.

The elections had brought into the Chamber an increased number of Liberals, and the royalists felt that it was high time to amend the election laws so that such dangerous tendencies could be checked. A bill was duly brought in and passed by the Peers, and when this measure came up in the Chamber on March 22, 1819, La Fayette spoke for the first time. When he mounted the tribune the ultra-royalists glared in rage. He stood there facing them, a striking figure from a past age, recalling the generous illusions of the eighteenth century, calm and apparently as cold as ever, hardly raising his voice, except when they tried to shout him down, reading from manuscript, as was the rule in the Chamber, rarely making a gesture, using a sober and studied delivery, the classic type, in fact, of the doctrinaire liberal of his time. It was an occasion made for the protagonist of liberalism, and a subject in which all his doctrines were implicit—the right of the tax-payer to vote—as in America, an example that he never failed to cite—freedom of the press, individual and personal liberty, all those political rights, in short, that had been won by the Revolution.

The prestige of his age and fame, the romantic legend of his exploits in two worlds, his intimacy with Washington, his association with all the great figures of a past already grown heroic, enveloped him in an aura of distinction, and gave him an authority that for the moment silenced and confused the royalists who saw in him only the destroyer of their privileges, and hated him all the more because he had acted against the interests of his own class. And what gave his words more weight was the fact that they expressed that new, mysterious and irresistible force which the royalists as vet could hardly understand, the force of public opinion.

But they soon recovered themselves and began to pelt him with those insults that he had been used to receive all his life, from "the red Jacobinism of the anarchists, and the white Jacobinism of the royalists," as he called those two extremes of political thought that so closely resembled each other in the blind intolerance of their views. One of the Bourbon journals, *l'Ami de la Royauté,* published an attack so scurrilous that the Procureur Général Bellart was forced to take legal action. But this only gave La Fayette one more welcome opportunity to apply his liberal principles. He wrote a letter requesting M. Bellart to permit him "to refuse his protection, and without knowing what the offence may be, to declare that, not considering myself offended, I disavow every prosecution on that score, and with all my power oppose it."

He stood up for all the victims of Bourbon persecution, and La Grange became the asylum for many a hunted man. His friend, Horace Say, the son of the great free-trader, just back from America, where he had turned aside from his route to visit Fayetteville in North Carolina and make a sketch of its ramshackle Main Street to present to the General, was pursued by the government and found refuge at La Grange. "I shall probably never see the town that bears my name," La Fayette said, "but at least you have given me an idea of it."

The elections of 1819 brought into the Chamber, as Deputy for Isère, another revolutionary figure, Henri Grégoire, who had sat for the clergy in the States General, been a member of the Convention, constitutional Bishop of Blois, a radical republican and opponent of La Fayette and had voted for the condemnation, though not for the death, of Louis XVI. The royalists regarded his election as a scandal, and promptly moved to expel the "regicide" from the Chamber. Nothing

else was talked of in the *salons;* when La Fayette and Benjamin Constant went to the Duchess de Broglie's soirée they found every one discussing it; La Fayette was indignant. "If he is excluded," he said, "that act alone will re-elect him in twenty departments."

He took up the defence of his old enemy at once. The project of exclusion came up in the Chamber on December 6, and until two o'clock in the morning he defended Grégoire. But the exclusion was voted. Then, suddenly, the conflict, already bitter, was marked by tragedy; on Quinquagesima Sunday, during the carnival, the Duke de Berry was stabbed to death at the Opéra by a maniac. The Décazes ministry fell in consequence, and a new and far more reactionary government was formed with the Duke de Richelieu as Prime Minister. Bills were brought in suppressing individual liberty and a free press, and a new electoral law was proposed providing plural votes for the owners of large properties. The two parties were at each other's throats again; society thronged the galleries to hear the debates and La Fayette was entirely caught up in the whirlwind of his old enthusiasm, and as impulsive as he had been in youth, ready for any reckless and daring adventure, even a *coup de force.* He did not hesitate when he was invited to join those secret societies that were forming to overthrow the government, though Albert Gallatin, the new American Minister at Paris, pleaded with him not to engage in these conspiracies. But stubborn as ever, and convinced that desperate measures were necessary if liberty was not to perish under this new tyranny of the Bourbons, he was soon involved in a maze of conspiracy.

He organized the society, Friends of the Liberty of the Press, opened his *salons* to its members and with a committee of action began to prepare a centre of resistance to the coun-

ter-revolution. It was decided to seize the dungeon of Vincennes, and to set up a provisional government with La Fayette at its head. Six hundred students armed themselves, and on the night of August 19 assembled in various houses, gaily drinking punch, whilst waiting for the signal to attack. But suddenly an order arrived; the police had discovered the plot. Nine of the conspirators were arrested and tried before the Chamber of Peers—but not La Fayette; the Procureur General was afraid to aim so high, and contented himself with insinuations against "a general famous in the history of our first revolution as a party leader."

The new electoral law, giving plural votes to owners of large properties, came up for discussion on May 15 and was debated for a fortnight. Paris was in turmoil; students, in the Continental manner, "manifested" in the streets; society talked of nothing else in the *salons;* crowds went to hear the great orators, Manuel, Royer-Collard, the brilliant General Foy, Camille Jordan, at death's door, dragging himself up to the tribune to speak, and Benjamin Constant, whose white hair gave him the appearance of a Protestant minister, in contrast with his reputation as a roué and gambler. Outside, vast crowds covered the Place before the Palais Bourbon and the Place de la Concorde, half filled the gardens of the Tuileries and stretched out along the quays and boulevards. They applauded, or insulted, according to their principles or their prejudices, the deputies whose carriages could hardly make way through the crowds. The partisans came to blows, there were affrays, riots, cavalry charges and duels in the Bois de Boulogne.

On May 27 La Fayette made his formal speech. He was not so great an orator as Royer-Collard or General Foy, but he was La Fayette. In fear of being too violent, he had carefully prepared his speech, and thought it mild,

restrained and sober in utterance. But that very fact, the air of deliberate meditation that it thereby wore, made it all the more offensive to the royalists. He declared that such laws violated the Charter, that to violate the Charter was to dissolve the mutual guarantees of the nation and the throne and "to restore to each citizen his independent right and duty." The horrified royalists saw in this the old spectre of '89, and taunted him with his former utterance, "Insurrection is the most sacred of duties."

But amidst the howls of the Right, and the applause of the Left, he went imperturbably on, raising his voice above all the interruptions, enumerating with the cold particularity of a catalogue the abuses of the old feudal régime, which, he said, had disappeared before "the national standard, the flag of liberty, of equality and of public order."

At this invocation of the old tricolour the Right was in a rage, and Castelbajac leapt to his feet shouting:

"We do not recognize the flag of insurrection!"

La Fayette closed, appealing to them "to return to the national, constitutional and peaceable path—the path of good will. We have so many public and personal interests to conserve, so many common sorrows to deplore, so many private qualities to recognize in one another, when they are not denatured by the partisan spirit!"

But the royalists were in a rage, the Chamber in tumult, and rising from the government benches the Count de Serre, Keeper of the Seals, climbed up the steps of the tribune, slowly and painfully, for he was ill, and even then, as every one knew, a dying man. And pointing to La Fayette, almost with his last breath, he cried:

"When civil war breaks out, its blood is on the head of those who have provoked it. The previous speaker knows that better than any one. He has learnt, more than once,

with death in his soul, and the blush of shame on his cheek, that he who excites furious mobs is obliged to follow them, and almost to lead them."

This terrible accusation, with its allusion to the 5th and 6th of October, sent a shudder through the Chamber. But in the presence of this dying man La Fayette chose to be silent, and when his colleagues on the Liberal benches sprang to their feet to defend him, he motioned them to sit down again. The scene was talked of in the *salons* for days; Victor de Broglie thought that Serre's speech "without doubt, went beyond the limit, and even beyond the strict truth, but the wild boar was at bay, and it must be admitted that the sentiments that he rejected were strongly revolutionary." And Madame de Rémusat wrote: "The discourse of Monsieur de La Fayette appeared to me wholly revolutionary . . . but the severe reprobation of the Keeper of the Seals froze my heart. I understand the rigorous sense of duty that he felt, and that, because he is ill and feeble, he had to be more concise and so more violent. But M. de La Fayette is drawing near to old age; he has virtues united to many mistakes, and there have been a great many sufferings in his life."

The bill was carried by a majority of five, but, optimistic as ever, he was writing a few days later to President Monroe: "The ideas of liberty are everywhere in fermentation; the Revolution and the counter-revolution are face to face. This new generation is generous and enlightened and will support, I am sure, the rights of pure liberty."

Wherever in the world men were struggling for liberty, in Italy, in Greece, in Spain, in Portugal, in Brazil, his sympathies, his hopes and generally his money, went to them. General Guillaume had raised the flag of revolt at Naples, and the Holy Alliance had flown to the relief of King

Ferdinand, and when the government of Louis XVIII showed its sympathy with this intervention, the Ministers were sharply interpellated by La Fayette in a speech approving the revolution; the Right tried to howl him down again, but he was not to be silenced, and shouted above the uproar:

"Let us not destroy Neapolitan independence!"

## III

The revolution against the Bourbon rulers of the Two Sicilies was the work of the Carbonari, a secret society founded on the classic Italian model, which was eventually to transform itself into the Young Italy of Mazzini. The virulent contagion spread into France, and societies of Carbonari were formed there. The soul of the movement was a hot-headed young liberal named Bazard, who, without much difficulty, enlisted La Fayette "always ready to engage in any enterprise at the first call of the first person who asked him, like a gentleman of the good old times, who fought for the mere beauty of the cause, for the pleasure of the thing and to oblige a friend."

The intervention of the Holy Alliance, with its divine mission of keeping the inept Bourbons on their shaky thrones, was, in La Fayette's eyes, all the more excuse for resorting to means that were scarcely in harmony with the enlightened principles of liberalism; but the world was in a whirlwind of revolution, he was engaged in mortal combat with absolutism, which could commit any crime and justify it on religious grounds; he was confiding, easily imposed upon, and—Adrienne was no longer there.

There were secret meetings, mysterious conspiratorial figures slipping in and out of the house by night, and before

long two of his friends, Martial Sauquaire-Souligné, a writer, and Charles Goyet, the publicist, who had worked so hard for his election as Deputy in the Sarthe, were arrested on a charge of plotting against the security of the State and placed on trial before the Assizes. Letters were found on them—letters from La Fayette. He was called as a witness. The presiding judge, in his *béret* and ermine and spreading red robes, leant forward over the bench.

"Have you not some explanation to give of the fragments of correspondence inserted in the charge against the accused?" he inquired solemnly.

The General, a tall, dignified figure in the frock-coat of a liberal, hastened to avow all the letters that had been cited and all the opinions expressed in them, but he refused to give any explanation. The presiding judge could draw nothing more from him, and while he disliked to prolong this afflicting debate, his conscience forced him to say that he saw with real sorrow the General openly announce that he persisted in the principles announced in his letters. And it was his "duty to add, in the interest of the accused themselves, that perhaps the General should reproach himself with having led them, by the erroneous principles of his correspondence, into the dock where they are to-day."

"My respect for the Court," the General replied, bowing, "forbids me to say, in this place, what I think of the reprimand of Monsieur le Président. He will permit me at least, in my quality of Deputy, not to accept it. It is only before the Chamber that I am called upon to answer."

"The Court has been scandalized," continued the President, "by a letter addressed by you to the young men of Le Mans, which seems to have the character of a provocation to revolt. Is it thus that a good citizen, a loyal Deputy,

should employ his influence? I will say to you that revolutions produce misery for contemporaries and must call down the maledictions of posterity."

"I am deeply touched," the General said, "by your kind solicitude, and by your learned lecture."

"It is not necessary to turn into ridicule what I have just said."

The General bowed, ironically.

The worst storm of that stormy session of 1821 rose on June 4 when the Chamber was discussing the budget. La Fayette seized that occasion to pass in review the entire career of the government since the Restoration, and he had not spoken ten minutes before the President was tinkling his little bell and calling him to order, but he went calmly on. He ridiculed that rapid succession of governments in France, each providing its supporters with official places and Europe with "two complete sets of dynasties, of nobles, and of privileged classes."

The Chamber laughed; General Foy shouted *"Bravo!"* but the Right was already in a rage. When he concluded a long enumeration of violated rights by saying that the audacity and the intrigues of the royalists could only be put down by the intrepid resistance of good citizens, the Right began to shout:

"That's it! Insurrection!"

In expressing his "personal incredulity of the doctrine of divine right," he recalled that "many years before '89, when we American soldiers felt ourselves honoured by the title of 'insurgents' and 'rebels' which was heaped upon us—in the name of *social order* also—by the English government, Louis XVI and his ministry expressly recognized the sovereignty of the United States, founded on the principles of their immortal Declaration of Independence."

"Yes, and the mistake has been dearly paid for!" shouted some one on the Right.

He declared that Napoleon's most honourable title was that of "Soldier of the Revolution," and amidst "bravos on the Left" went on, "In fact, Messieurs, the crimes and the miseries that we all execrate and deplore, are no more the Revolution than the massacre of St. Bartholemew was a religion; or than you could call monarchical the eighteen thousand judicial assassinations ordered by the Duke of Alba. The Revolution, you know well, is the victory of right over privilege; the Revolution is the emancipation and the development of human faculties; it is the restoration of the people to power, and the more the friends of liberty have tried to prevent its being sullied by crimes and disfigured by excesses, the more they have always been and still are hated by the adversaries of the Revolution."

When he referred to the recognition of the civil state of Protestants in 1788, and said that this "demi-tolerance" was regarded as "a revolutionary innovation," General Foy could not restrain his delight.

"Repeat that!" he cried. "Repeat that!"

"Do not give the orator such dangerous counsel at the moment when he diverges visibly from the question," said the President in rebuke.

"Call him to order!" the Right demanded, and suddenly the Chamber was in tumult.

"Your doctrines are abominable!" they shouted.

"Will you shut up!"

"Go on; proclaim the most sacred of duties!"

"He thinks that he is still on his white horse!"

"Have you been asleep all the time since the 6 October?"

When Castelbajac, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, re-

ferred to him with parliamentary formality as the "honourable member" the whole Right rose in a body and screamed:

"Do not say honourable! He is not honourable for us! He may be for these gentlemen"—they pointed to the deputies of the Left—"but he is not for us!"

The speech placed La Fayette incontestably at the head of the Liberal party, and the leader of the Liberal cause in Europe. The Liberals gave him an ovation, and in their name Benjamin Constant moved that the speech be placarded throughout France, but the motion was promptly voted down. It was printed as a brochure, and the demand was so great that they were obliged to issue another edition. For days it was debated in the *salons* of Paris.

"The aristocracy," wrote La Fayette, "is furious, like those women who get angry with the artist who paints their portrait."

Even the Princess d'Hénin blamed him, and as for Madame de Montagu, "Have you read," she wrote to Mademoiselle de Roverea, "the speech of my brother-in-law La Fayette in the Chamber of Deputies and his eulogy of the Revolution? I am indignant with it; I see him, however, and no one suspects my feeling, for in our family relations he is always perfect and full of the best advice, but his blindness and his moral frenzy for liberty are a cross that I have to bear."

## IV

With the death of Napoleon at St. Helena many of the Bonapartists felt free to join the Liberals and a new impetus was given to the conflict that was growing more bitter and violent all the while. The Liberals, so often defeated, were becoming desperate and reckless.

"Another speech like that," said Saint-Aulaire, after one

of Manuel's outbursts in the Chamber, "and civil war will be at our door."

But these speeches of the Liberals in the Chamber, inflammatory as they seemed to the royalists, were but the reflection of the complaints that were being made everywhere throughout France by the middle classes, which, more and more incensed with the reactionary Bourbons, feared that they were to be deprived of that share of political privileges which the Revolution had wrested from the nobles and the clergy.

La Fayette, almost in despair of peaceful parliamentary methods, and impulsive and impatient as ever, was in a state of such exaltation that he would not have shrunk from it. The society of the Carbonari had been growing rapidly; it counted now forty thousand members, represented by delegates in what the lingo of conspiratorial mystery termed *ventes centrales,* which in turn elected delegates to the *hautes ventes,* and at the apex of this hierarchy was the directing committee or *vente suprême* of which the president was La Fayette. He had all the qualifications for such a rôle; a sang-froid that hid the concentrated enthusiasm in his soul; a contemptuous indifference to danger, the reckless bravery of a cavalry leader, the courage of a sectarian ready to be immolated for his creed, and a complete absence of personal ambition that disarmed the jealousy and envy of his companions. Perhaps, too, he was not averse to a heroic martyrdom. He had lived much and he was growing old; and sometimes, when his friends begged him to be prudent, he wondered what better thing he could do than to die for the cause of liberty.

"You are a statue that seeks its pedestal," Laffitte said to him one day. "Little difference to you if it were a scaffold!"

"I shouldn't wonder," he replied.

And so the autumn of 1821 found him deep in a plot organized by the Carbonari to overthrow the Bourbon dynasty and in its place to establish, if not a republic, then a liberal constitutional monarchy with the Duke d'Orléans on the throne. The session of Parliament opened on November 5, but he had no time to take part in the proceedings; he was laying the powder train of insurrection in conspiracy with Voyer d'Argenson, Jacques Koechlin, Manuel, Dupont de l'Eure and Corcelles. Uprisings were arranged in the garrisons of Belfort, of Neuf-Brisach, of Colmar, of Marseilles, of Toulon, of Saumur and La Rochelle. The blow was to be struck at Belfort in Alsace, where a certain number of young officers of the twenty-ninth regiment were ready. A provisional government composed of La Fayette, Voyer d'Argenson and Jacques Koechlin, was to be proclaimed there and set up at Colmar. The night of December 29 was set for the uprising, and the chief conspirators were to wait at Belfort until La Fayette arrived and gave the signal to the garrison. He went to La Grange for Christmas; Chevalier, one of the members of the directing committee of the Carbonari, urged him to set out at once; it was a long way from La Grange to Alsace, and the winter roads were bad; if they would be there on time, they must start immediately.

But there was a sacred duty that came before all others, and that was the devotion he always paid to the memory of Adrienne on Christmas Eve, the anniversary of her death. On that evening he entered her closed chamber; perhaps, considering the dangers of the adventure upon which he was setting out, it would be for the last time. He spent the night there, alone. . . .

Thus, it was not until Christmas Day that he and George could set out. They got into their travelling carriage with-

out a word. Old Bastien, who had been ordered to remain at the *château,* came calmly out and climbed up to the box beside the coachman.

"What are you doing there, Bastien?" the General called out. "My son and I are going to risk our lives; I must warn you that death may wait those who are arrested with us."

"Monsieur le Général gives me no new information," replied Bastien. "I know what we are going to do, but Monsieur le Général need have no anxiety; I go on my own account. Besides, it is my opinion too."

The carriage rolled away, and on New Year's Day they had almost reached Lure, in the Haute-Saône, not far from Belfort, when they saw two men riding towards them in the road; the men waved to them to halt, and as the carriage stopped they recognized Bazard and a son of Corcelles, in great excitement, come to tell them that, by the inevitable *contretemps,* the plot had been discovered. They turned round and drove to the house of La Fayette's colleague, Martin, Liberal Deputy for the Haute-Saône, who lived near Gray. They remained there quietly for several days, as though on a friendly visit, and then returned to La Grange.

The uprisings arranged in the garrisons at Marseilles, at Toulon, at Saumur and at La Rochelle had all miserably failed as well. General Berton and Lieutenant-Colonel Caron were arrested for complicity in the affair at Saumur; Sergeant-Major Bories, a friend of La Fayette, who was in the plot at La Rochelle, was betrayed, and, with Sergeant-Major Pommier, Sergeant Goubin and Sergeant Raoulx, seized, taken to Paris and confined in the Conciergerie. La Fayette was in consternation; the thought of the unfortunate victims of all this rashness, and especially the plight of his friend Bories, filled him with remorse. "We must

save them somehow!" he cried. And he entered upon a new and more dangerous conspiracy to rescue the victims of the old. He spent his money without stint, mysterious go-betweens came and went in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré; the entire spring and summer were occupied in these desperate and unavailing efforts of atonement and reparation. He was dogged by spies and hardly safe in his own house, so that, in July, he was forced to seek asylum in the American Legation in the rue de l'Université, where his good friend Albert Gallatin gave him hospitality and advice, deploring all this madness, this love of conspiracy against which he had so often warned him. Young James Gallatin, seeing him arrive, "full of mystery, his baggage consisting of a big roll of green canvas tied with a thick cord," thought him "very funny." But it was not funny for La Fayette, tortured as he was by the constant thought of those friends in prison. The gaoler at the Conciergerie was willing to connive at the escape of the four sergeants for a bribe of seventy thousand francs, and La Fayette himself furnished the money; but just as it was being counted out the gaoler was arrested. A priest had betrayed them.

He was seriously compromised. The trial of General Berton and Lieutenant-Colonel Caron came on in the Assizes at Poitiers, and Mangin, the Procureur du Roi, accused him, with General Foy, Benjamin Constant, Voyer d'Argenson, Kératry, Laffitte and Manuel, of having aided and abetted the prisoners. The Procureur based his charge on a confession of Baudrillet, a Carbonari of Saumur, who had come to Paris and had an interview with La Fayette. Baudrillet had been surprised into this avowal by the suddenness of his arrest, but speedily regretting his imprudence, began to act a part. When asked to describe La Fayette,

he pictured, not a tall, elderly gentleman, with a smooth face and a blond wig, but a small rotund man of about forty-five, with black whiskers. He stuck to this story with such persistence and played his part so well, that the Court concluded that some one had been impersonating the General. But Procureur Mangin was not convinced and in his speech before the Court at Poitiers he claimed to have proofs. There was another stormy session of the Chamber; the deputies thus accused protested indignantly, and when it came his turn La Fayette rose and calmly said: "I have the right to consider as somewhat reckless the word 'proved' which Monsieur le Procureur du Roi has used in reference to me, and I demand the greatest publicity in this Chamber and before the nation; it is there that we, my accusers and myself, in whatever rank we may be placed, may say to one another, without compliment, all that we have said against one another for the last thirty-five years."

The Left broke out into cries of "Bravo!" and the Ministry durst not take up the challenge.

The four sergeants of La Rochelle were on trial before the Seine Assizes and the Chamber was holding its sessions in an atmosphere highly charged with the excitement of a political *cause célèbre*. The scapegoat of the fiasco at Saumur was a man named Grandménil, then under sentence for contumacy. La Fayette arranged with a colleague to conduct him to one of the Channel ports whence he might slip over to England, and meanwhile, thinking that that would be the last place the police would look for him, hid him in one of the galleries in the Chamber, from which coign of vantage Grandménil heard the whole conspiracy discussed in a violent debate. But the royalist deputies were saying worse things about La Fayette than they were about Grandménil; he was assailed by a shower of vicious

epithets; and when some one called him a "traitor" he lost control of himself at last, and in a terrible rage sprang from his bench, the words "liar" and "coward" on his lips, and was about to leap over the balustrade and attack his assailant, when George, watching over him as over an unruly child, caught him by the arm and succeeded in calming him.

The four sergeants of La Rochelle were convicted, and mounted the guillotine shouting:

*"Vive la Liberté!"*

General Berton and Lieutenant-Colonel Caron were condemned at Poitiers and they, too, went to the guillotine. It was pretty nearly the last of the Carbonari, and in October La Fayette went back to La Grange, still shadowed by Bourbon spies.

In November, 1822, he stood for the division of Meaux and was elected and returned to Paris to stay for a while with Albert Gallatin, never going out of the house—and the distressed Gallatin imploring him to give up plotting—but he was soon back in his own home, ready for the session of 1823, impenitent and undismayed. The year opened to a rumble of the old conflict, and before February was out, the storm broke. It arose, as parliamentary storms so often do, out of the merest trifle. On February 26 Chateaubriand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his poetic way, was speaking about peace, when Manuel raised the inopportune question of the expedition to Spain, which the government had sent to help Ferdinand VII put down an insurrection. In the course of his rather prosaic remarks —he was hardly at his best that day—Manuel said:

"The government of Ferdinand VII is atrocious, and have you forgotten that in France the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI had been preceded by the intervention of the Prussians and Austrians? It was then that revolutionary

France, feeling the need of defending herself by new forces and energies—"

But he could go no further; the whole Right suddenly rose in wrath; something in his evocation of the great tragedy, or something in his oratorical manner, or in his rolling Gascon accent, infuriated the royalists, and in another minute, in wanton perversion of his simple meaning, they were accusing him of having justified regicide. He tried to go on, but could not; they howled him down.

The President, in his tutelary manner, called him to order, and Manuel, unable to be heard in the wild tumult of Latin parliamentary procedure, sat down and wrote a letter to the President, in which he explained that his unfinished phrase was:

"It was then that revolutionary France, feeling the need of defending herself by new forces and energies, put in movement the masses, exalted all passions and thus brought about terrible excesses and a deplorable catastrophe in the midst of a generous resistance."

But they would not listen; the royalists lashed themselves into a fury and moved that Manuel be expelled from the Chamber on the spot and without a hearing. A kind of maniacal frenzy was loosed; and for three long hours the Chamber was a perfect bedlam; the harassed President, Ravez, tinkled his ineffectual bell, and at last was driven to the desperate extremity of putting on his hat. Finally, the matter was referred to a committee, which reported in favour of expulsion and the discussion was set for March 3.

During the interval efforts were made to compose the difficulty, but they failed, for Manuel was intransigent and would consent to no compromises. Royer-Collard and Saint-Aulaire had defended him, but this did not prevent

Manuel from quarrelling with Royer-Collard, and they were on the point of fighting a duel when Saint-Aulaire interposed and succeeded in preventing it.

The sitting of March 3 was one long riot. The orators of the Left declared that there was nothing for it now but open rebellion—civil war. Girardin howled louder than any of them; Alexandre Lameth rose time and again "like a man well experienced in parliamentary storms, one who knew the etiquette of them," and apostrophized the President, but no one could hear what he said. The wives of ultra-royalist deputies leant out of the crowded galleries, pointing their fingers at the deputies of the Left, and screamed insults, like fishwives from the Halles; La Fayette sprang to his feet and shouted in a voice that once had dominated another Paris mob:

"We all adhere to what Monsieur Manuel has declared to you! We make common cause with him!"

But the remorseless Right had the votes, and Manuel was expelled.

The next day the galleries were packed; everybody waited, in an atmosphere charged at high tension, with anxiety and fear, wondering what Manuel would do. Would he defy the Chamber and attempt to take his seat? Would the serjeant-at-arms eject him if he did? They waited for half an hour, and then suddenly the Liberal deputies marched into the Chamber in a body, Manuel, in his deputy's uniform, at their head, his face placid and kind as ever, as though nothing had happened.

Poor President Ravez, already worried out of his wits, and "growing visibly thinner with every minute," wore a look of consternation as he hurriedly consulted with the serjeant-at-arms. The Ministers entered, and when they saw Manuel sitting calmly on his bench, they halted, thun-

der-struck, and glanced about anxiously, as though caught in ambush. Somebody laughed, nervously.

Finally, the President politely intimated to M. Manuel that he retire.

"I announced yesterday," replied Manuel, calmly rising in his place, "that I would yield only to force. To-day I am come to keep my word."

In such an impasse there was nothing left for President Ravez to do but to put on his hat, which he did with a tragic gesture of despair, and, unable longer to endure the painful scene, left the Chamber.

A serjeant-at-arms entered trembling with fright, and, approaching the bench where Manuel sat between Casimir Périer and General Demarçay, read out an order. The serjeant-at-arms was so frightened that he could not make himself heard; the deputies asked him to speak louder.

But Manuel refused to obey, and the serjeant-at-arms went timidly out. In a moment a detachment of the National Guard came tramping into the Chamber. At this spectacle La Fayette leapt to his feet, blazing with wrath at the sacrilege.

"What!" he shouted. "Would the National Guard lend itself to such a service, to an attack on the nation's representatives!"

He made an imperious gesture and the detachment halted. All the years seemed suddenly to have rolled away; he was once more in 1789, young again and in command. The troubled officer stammered something, went out, came back and ordered his men to seize Manuel. But Sergeant Mercier refused to obey, and the hemicycle rang with the cry:

*"Vive la Garde Nationale!"*

And everybody wept.

The detachment withdrew, but presently *gendarmes* en-

tered under the command of Colonel Viscount de Foucault. The Viscount was not troubled by liberal scruples. He did not hesitate, but pointed to Manuel.

"Seize that man!" he ordered. The *gendarmes* climbed up the three or four steps to where Manuel sat, seized him by the arms and the embroidered collar of his coat and led him out, followed by La Fayette and sixty-three of his Liberal colleagues.

Sergeant Mercier was a hero, and had his little hour of glory. The next day crowds gathered before his door—he kept a small *passementerie* shop in the rue aux Fers—and shouted:

*"Vive Mercier! Vive la Garde Nationale!"*

His popularity was profitable; ladies went to his shop to buy embroideries, shook his hand and felicitated him. It was proposed to present a sword to him and to strike a medal in his honour.

La Fayette considered the "beautiful scene" of March 4 "worthy of the first days of the Revolution," and when Sergeant Mercier was reprimanded in orders by his Colonel, he wrote and published in the *Constitutionnel* a letter in his defence.

There was one last echo of the Carbonari that spring, when he and George were subpœnaed as witnesses before the court at Paris trying Sauquaire-Souligné and Madame Chauvet charged with plotting against the State. The first name on the list of witnesses was that of "Monsieur le Marquis de La Fayette."

When he was called, he rose and said:

"I call the attention of the Court to the fact that on the list of witnesses there is given to me a title that since the Constituent Assembly of 1790 I have ceased to bear."

The President of the court said:

"Call Monsieur de La Fayette."

He was interrogated by the President, but refused to give any explanation "for fear of compromising other persons." Obviously, before such a conclusive reason, the court had no alternative but to excuse the witness.

The Liberal deputies who had followed Manuel out of the Chamber that day had never returned and refused to take any further part in its deliberations during the rest of the session. In December the Parliament came to its term, and writs were issued for new elections on February 25, 1824. La Fayette stood for his old seat, but Bourbon agents were busy in the division, the new law of plural votes worked like a charm in the government interest and he was not returned.

Thus, with Parliament closed to him, as to most of his Liberal colleagues, he went back to La Grange, and to the loneliness that is the lot of the Liberal. He was entering upon his old age, defeated. Most of his hopes for France had failed; after all those years of hot toil and strain, the land was still under the triumphant despotism of the Bourbons. But however much his illusions may have been tarnished, his ideals remained; had he not in his electoral address just reminded his constituency that in America the ideal republic was to be found, with perfect liberty and equality? His thoughts often turned back to those early days of the Revolution, and farther back, to the epoch of the flaming glory of his youth. Youth—and America, the two memories were one now. He longed to see America once more, to refresh himself and renew his strength for the fray by drinking at the original and authentic fount. One thing had occurred that greatly heartened him, and that was the action of President Monroe in sending to Congress on December 2, 1823, a message challenging the Holy

Alliance; his old Virginian friend, who had been so kind to Adrienne, had told the sacred coalition that it need not try to help Spain recover her lost colonies in South America; they had set themselves up as republics and must be let alone. American friends had been writing to him, urging him to come out once more. He had had a letter from President Monroe the autumn before, suggesting it, but his parliamentary duties had demanded his presence in France. But now he was free to go. Why not? He talked it over with Gallatin, who, to the regret of his son James, was going home, and he agreed to accept an invitation if one should come. And so, in the spring, one duly came from President Monroe, with a flattering Resolution of Congress, placing a frigate at the disposition of "the Marquis."

# CHAPTER IX

## APOTHEOSIS

*1824-1825 Aet.: 67-68*

## CHAPTER IX

### APOTHEOSIS

### I

HE declined the offer of a frigate and took passage instead in an American merchantman, the *Cadmus,* Captain Allyn, sailing from Havre. The King's government was convinced that the old revolutionist was launching forth on some new political adventure, and on the evening of his arrival at Harfleur, when the American Consul with mounted delegations and great crowds on foot gathered to follow his calash into Havre, *gendarmes* ruthlessly broke up the *cortège* and would allow no demonstrations in his honour.

The *Cadmus,* dressed in her signal flags, the Blue Peter flying at the fore, was lying in the roadstead, and the next day with George, his secretary Auguste Levasseur and the indispensable Bastien, he went on board. Troops kept the public from the quay, but as the yawl put off the crew of the *Cadmus* began to cheer; the cheers were caught up by the crews of all the other ships lying in the roads, and by vast crowds along the shore. The windlass creaked, the anchor was weighed and gravely waving his hat in farewell, he sailed west to find his youth again.

A month later, on August 14, the low, dun shores of lower New York Bay rose out of the haze; the next morning, at dawn, the pilot came aboard, and that afternoon they saw the green trees and the white houses of Staten Island,

and people running down to the shore. A fleet of small boats came out and hailed them. A man asked:

"Is the Marquis aboard?"

The other questions were as happily answered; the Marquis's health was good; they had had a pleasant voyage. The men in the boats shook one another by the hand in felicitation. Huzzas came across the water from that black fringe of people along the shore; guns began to boom; Fort La Fayette was firing a salute. And the Marquis—for here in this republic he was the Marquis once more, no matter what the Assembly of 1790 might have said—the Marquis stood at the rail and looked on those shores, the tears streaming down his face.

A steamboat, the first he had ever seen, glided alongside, and a delegation of citizens came aboard, headed by a young man named Tompkins, son of the Vice-President of the United States. He informed the Marquis, who had not thought of it before, that it was Sunday, and that the city of New York, not wishing to desecrate the Lord's Day, would postpone until the morrow the reception planned in his honour, and asked him meanwhile, to land on Staten Island and be the guest of the Vice-President. The old free-thinker, in whose country Sunday would have been the very day of all others for such a manifestation, consented, of course, and they went ashore in the heat of an August afternoon. Vice-President Tompkins, delightfully informal in his short jacket and peak cap, was waiting to welcome him; Bastien did not know what to make of it.

At noon on Monday, a number of steamboats—"floating palaces" as Levasseur, the literary man of the party, called them—were nosing about the landing of the ferry, and the Marquis was conducted on board the *Chancellor Livingston* by a delegation of the Board of Aldermen of New York.

The guns of Fort La Fayette were thundering again; the West Point band was playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and what was of a significance, "La Marseillaise," which the Marquis had not heard in France since the restoration of the Bourbons.

The *Chancellor Livingston* was loaded to the guards—committees, deputations, generals of the army and militia, officers of the navy, a detachment of marines, and some old veterans of the Revolution, whom the Marquis embraced in the French fashion.

"Do you remember," quavered Colonel Willet, then in his eighty-fifth year, "at the battle of Monmouth I was volunteer aide to General Scott?"

The Marquis remembered perfectly, and the old soldier went on:

"I saw you in the heat of battle. You were but a boy, but you were a serious and sedate lad. Ay, ay; I remember well. And on the Mohawk, I sent you fifty Indians and you wrote me that they set up such a yell that they frightened the British horse and they fled one way and the Indians another."

The reminiscence which, with its confused allusion to Barren Hill, was no more inaccurate perhaps than most old memories, touched the Marquis. They sat down together, he and the old soldiers, and recalled scenes of those days, so swiftly, so mysteriously, so tragically fled. He made an effort to control himself, but suddenly his composure deserted him and he burst into tears.

He went and stood by the quarter-rail; a cool breeze faintly rippled the sea, and the gay flotilla moved up the bay, whilst the West Point band played a French air just then popular in America: "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" At the Battery, black with swarming

crowds, cheering wildly and waving hats and handkerchiefs, the militia were drawn up to receive him. There were the "Guards of La Fayette," every man jack of them wearing on his breast a portrait of the Marquis, while each militiaman wore a bandolier of broad ribbon lettered "Welcome La Fayette."

The guns of all the forts and of all the warships in the harbour were booming as he limped down the line that stood at present-arms (the people thought that the limp was the result of the wound he had received at Brandywine); and entered an open barouche, drawn by four white horses. The procession moved across Bowling Green and up Broadway in a flutter of flags and bunting; and from upper windows cheering crowds threw flowers down on him as he passed. The Mayor and Aldermen were waiting at the City Hall, and after His Honour had delivered an address of welcome and had passed the militia in review, they went into the Governor's room and for two hours the people surged by, squeezing the Marquis's hand. Women brought their babies for him to kiss, old soldiers hobbled up, halted and wept. Those who could not get near the Marquis fell upon George and wept over him. It was five o'clock before they could get out of that suffocating chamber, and away from the perspiring multitudes that still fought to get in, and drive to the City Hotel.

It went on thus for four days. For two hours every morning he received the public in the City Hall. There was a fête every day and a banquet every night; the Historical Society received him and George and made them honorary members; the Order of the Cincinnati, the Masonic lodges, the French colony, gave dinners and receptions; the Gentlemen of the Bar of New York waited on

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LA FAYETTE

From a Portrait by Morse in the City Hall, New York.

him to pay their respects; Francis Huger, no longer the slender youth of whom he had had that brief glimpse at Olmutz, but now a middle-aged man whom one addressed as Colonel, had journeyed all the way from Charleston to greet him. The Common Council commissioned Samuel Morse to paint his portrait and gave George the freedom of the city—an honour that had been conferred on the Marquis long years before.

On Wednesday he was taken in the *Chancellor Kent* to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where Captain Rodgers, U.S.N., the commandant, received him, and the tars gave three hearty cheers, as tars will.

One of his most assiduous admirers was Miss Fanny Wright, an English lady who had come over to enlighten the States by a course of lectures. Philip Hone described her, somewhat ungallantly, as a "female Tom Paine." She did adhere to Tom Paine's doctrines, though the Marquis thought none the less of her for that, and her views on morals seemed to be rather loose, however decorously draped in the gauze of modernity; she was a disciple of Godwin, and was going out with Robert Owen to found Utopia at New Harmony, Indiana. She set her cap at the Marquis, and as the Marquis did not like to hurt a lady's feelings, George and Bastien were terribly worried and anxious. Perhaps it was just as well that he was going on to Boston under a heavy escort of militia. The City Corporation provided "an elegant carriage to accommodate him," and with excessive consideration "deputed four of their number to attend him on his route." Early on Friday morning, escorted by the Horse Artillery, the La Fayette Guards, the Mayor and Aldermen in carriages and many mounted citizens, he started on his journey, halting at New Rochelle to shake hands with the Revolutionary veterans.

"Do you remember, General," said one of them, "who began the attack at Brandywine?"

"Ah!" he said—these tests of memory were rather trying —"Let us see; hum, yes, it was Maxwell with the Jersey troops."

"So it was! So it was!" cried the old fellow in delight. "Well, I was with his brigade!"

At Bryan Bridge, the gateway to New England, he was received by a troop of Connecticut Horse Artillery, which escorted him along the Boston Post Road to Putnam's Hill, where a triumphal arch had been erected in honour of him and old Israel Putnam. An address of welcome was delivered by the venerable Doctor Lewis. On taking leave of him Doctor Lewis said:

"Sir, America loves you."

"And Sir," the Marquis replied, "I truly love America."

The words were treasured up and repeated over and over by those fortunate enough to hear them. The cavalcade moved on to Stamford, hoping to reach New Haven that night, but crowds stopped them so often that at eight o'clock they had got no further than Norwalk.

It was night and, yielding to George and Bastien, he left his open barouche and entered a closed carriage. At Saugatuck the militia had been waiting all day to fire a salute, but it was so late when the Marquis entered the village —ten o'clock—that the crowd could do no more than huzza in the darkness as he passed. At half-past ten they arrived at Fairfield. More than a thousand people had waited all afternoon to receive him, and when it grew late and dark had reluctantly gone home. But "a few of the most distinguished inhabitants stayed at Mr. Knapp's Washington Hotel where an elegant table was spread." The young ladies of the village had arranged the decorations "on a

style of the greatest elegance. The guests might have supposed themselves invited to a feast of wreaths and flowers studded with the 'crimson hail of wintergreen, cranberries and amaredulcis.' The table was like the bed of some fairy enchanted garden, so entirely did the decorations overshadow and conceal the rich collation beneath."

There was no hope of reaching New Haven that night, and the Marquis, touched by so much attention, decided to stop long enough to gratify his hosts. They sat down at table, and "when the verdant veil was removed, the scene was changed suddenly as by the dissolving of a spell, and the company could not repress their surprise." The Marquis "expressed his gratification at this specimen of female taste, and regretted that it should be so quickly destroyed to gratify that of the gentlemen."

They drove on to Bridgeport and spent the night there, then early on Saturday morning the guns and bands began again, and he went down and stood in the porch of the hotel, shaking hands with Revolutionary veterans, all of whom he remembered perfectly, and at seven o'clock drove away amidst salvos of artillery and the ringing of church bells. By nine they were at Stratford, where there were more salutes, more bells, more cheers, more Revolutionary veterans to recognize, more children to kiss. Then on, and at Orange they were met by the Governor's Horse Guard and a great number of citizens in carriages and on horseback, who escorted him to New Haven. With the Mayor and Aldermen and a hundred guests he took breakfast at Morse's Hotel, and then, after an address of welcome by Governor Wolcott, he reviewed the troops on the green, under the shade of noble elms, with the "elegant mansions of citizens, overtopped by three new and beautiful churches,

and at a distance, the 'venerable walls of Yale' forming a kind of classic horizon." Old Colonel Talmadge had ridden all night to see him, and "without introduction was recognized and embraced by him. . . . His recognition of his old companions in arms was wonderful." One of them said to him:

"I saw you, General, dismount from your horse and at the head of your division ford the Schuylkill then four feet deep on two cold nights in succession!"

Then, in tears, turning to the spectators, the old fellow cried:

"Yes, he never shunned any fatigue or danger and always led the way!"

The artillery boomed and they drove on again. The August sun beat down; the escort of cavalry, cantering on ahead, was lost to sight in clouds of dust; a great file of carriages rolled on behind and vast crowds trudged along on foot. Beside his open barouche boys and men shuffled along looking up at him in open-mouthed wonder. At each village a halt was made; there was the triumphal arch, "Welcome La Fayette," the militia paraded on the green, the peal of church bells, the salute of guns, smoke and the smell of powder; the descent at the inn, food, addresses of welcome, replies, a hundred hands to wring and weeping old Revolutionary soldiers pathetically waiting to see if he would remember them. Business was abandoned everywhere; the houses flung out flags; people cheered, laughed, wept, went wild. The soldiers detailed to escort him were full of pride; they would talk of it all their lives; babies kissed by him would be taught to remember that noble accolade. At one town where they changed teams the driver of the coach said to one of his horses:

"Behave pretty now, Charley, behave pretty! You are going to carry the greatest man in the world."

## II

Day and night he went on, in this noise, this turbulent, boisterous, overflowing enthusiasm, this boom of guns, peal of bells and roar of huzzas. He wrung thousands of hands, meeting every situation with the grace and tact of one who had learned his manners under Louis XV, remembering every one, sending away old soldiers of the Revolution on their last legs sobbing with joy at this magic touch of their glorious youth, bringing into starved and provincial lives the only colour and romance they had ever known, so that the whole nation gave itself over to an almost hysterical emotion. It would have killed any other man; he was never alone a second; the mere presence of so many people —those swarming multitudes, those indefatigable committees, those inescapable four Aldermen from New York— was enough to slay a giant in his prime. But not La Fayette. He thrived upon it; for this was popularity, the "delicious smile of the multitude" which for him could never lose its potency and its charm.

The progress at night had a mystery and a spell of its own; the long line of carriages, escorted by horsemen bearing torches, moved on through the darkness of the summer night; bonfires blazed on the heights, and around them families from the countryside were gathered, weird shadows in the flickering light; bugles echoed from the hills; a glimpse of the Sound now and then on the right, the distant peal of the bells that announced his passage; Levasseur said it was worthy of the pen of James Fenimore Cooper.

They supped and lay that Saturday night at Saybrook;

then up at five, he held a reception at half-past six, and set out for New London. It was Sunday, and Sunday in Connecticut, and two clergymen were disputing the honour of his presence at service that morning, the Rev. Mr. Judd, the Episcopal parson, and the Rev. Mr. McEwer, the Congregational minister. The Marquis accepted both invitations, heard two sermons and pleased everybody.

Then out on the road again, with supper at Norwich, and a bed at Plainfield, and on Monday he reached Hartford, and, with young girls strewing flowers in his way, drove up the avenue of poplars, to the State House where Governor Wolcott was waiting with his staff to welcome him to the state's other capital. Then he entered Rhode Island, with its memories of Newport, of Estaing and Sullivan—but no time now to visit those scenes again—and took the road to Boston, through villages sitting up late to welcome him. It was midnight when they reached Dedham, and two o'clock when they reached Roxbury, where Governor Eustis of Massachusetts, attended by a great cavalcade bearing torches, met him amidst a shower of rockets, and took him to his country house to spend the night, or what was left of it. Then, after two hours' sleep, he was awakened at dawn by the booming of guns and the music of a band. He looked out of the window, and there on the lawn was his old Light Infantry, the Marquis's Own, red and black plumes and all. It was the Fusiliers who had contrived this delicate attention and it moved him more than anything he had seen in America; he called to George and Levasseur and Bastien to come and see.

"My brave Light Infantry!" he cried. "It is exactly like that that they were uniformed! What courage! What resignation! And how I loved them!"

By way of breakfast he polished off six perch, a canvas-back duck, a plate of hominy and a glass of Bordeaux, and was ready to enter Boston. He had been five days and five nights on the way, but he was fresh as a daisy. They asked him if he was not tired.

"No," he said frankly, "I take too much pleasure in it all to find time for fatigue!"

The crowds were so immense that they were two hours in covering the two miles to the city. At the city limits they were met by Mayor Quincy, in an open calash, with the Common Council in carriages. The procession halted, while free punch was served to the people, then the Mayor's calash was drawn up alongside the Marquis's barouche, and Mayor Quincy, in his address of welcome, assured the Marquis that this vast and impressive demonstration was "not the movement of a turbulent populace excited by the fresh laurels of some recent conqueror. It is a grave, moral, intellectual impulse."

There could be no doubt now that he had reached Boston. The bells in all the steeples were pealing; on Boston Common a battery was firing a salute of a hundred and one guns, and the long procession—the grand marshal, the bands, the military companies, the open barouche drawn by four white horses—passed under triumphal arches all the way to Boylston Street, the people cheering, the Marquis bowing graciously right and left. On one of the arches in Washington Street he read:

WELCOME LA FAYETTE!

THE FATHERS IN GLORY SHALL SLEEP
WHO GATHERED WITH THEE TO THE FIGHT;
BUT THE SONS WILL ETERNALLY KEEP
THE TABLET OF GRATITUDE BRIGHT.

WE BOW NOT THE NECK
AND WE BEND NOT THE KNEE,
BUT OUR HEARTS, LA FAYETTE,
WE SURRENDER TO THEE.

On the Common three thousand school children were assembled, the misses in white frocks, the masters in white pantaloons and blue spencers. They wore ribbons on their breasts stamped with his likeness, and as the barouche passed a little girl darted out from that fidgeting mass of white flounces and was handed into the carriage, and as the Marquis took her up in his arms and kissed her blushing cheeks, she clapped a wreath of immortelles on his head, and scampered back to her companions. He snatched off the wreath and the procession moved up Park Street to the State House. There in the Senate Chamber Governor Eustis began to read his address of welcome, but he was so overcome by emotion that he broke down and gave his manuscript to one of his aides to read for him. The Marquis replied in English—with the French accent that every one found so charming—but not more charming than his manner, the way he had with everything and everybody. When some one complimented him on his ability to speak English,

"And why should I not," he replied, "being an American just returned from a long visit to Europe?"

When he visited the camp of the New England Guards on Savin Hill, and was invited to aim a gun, he delighted the crowd by knocking the target to pieces; when Sunday came, he expressed a wish to attend divine services in the Brattle Street meeting-house, where his old friend Dr. Cooper used to preach; he wished to sit in John Hancock's pew as he had done so long before.

That same afternoon, though it was against the law to

drive out on the Sabbath, he went to Quincy to see John Adams. He found the old President in his small, simple house, eighty-nine and palsied, hardly able to rise from his arm-chair—another John Adams than the one he had known at Paris. But the indignities that old age had heaped on the body had not been able to touch the mind, and if at the family Sunday dinner to which they all sat down, his children had to feed him, he could talk with the Marquis as brilliantly as ever about the public questions in which he had never lost interest.

After five crowded days he left for New Hampshire by way of Marblehead, Salem, Lynn, Newburyport, with triumphal arches, salutes, addresses of welcome and cheering all the way. They pressed about him, eager to shake his hand, to hear his voice, to bask for an instant in his glory, and acquire a distinction of which they could boast round the stove in New England country stores all the rest of their lives. He had a way with the crowd; they liked his quiet humour. He would bend over solicitously and inquire:

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Ah, lucky man!" he would say.

And to the next in line he would put the same question:

"Are you married?"

"No, Sir."

"Ah, lucky man!" he would say.

He lay that night at Newburyport in one of the numerous beds in which Washington had slept, and was at Portsmouth the next morning, holding receptions in Georgian mansions filled with Chippendale furniture, bowing gallantly to the ladies, charming them by his courtly manner and his repeated phrase, "I am very happy," or "I am very

much obliged to you"; and after embracing and recognizing all the Revolutionary veterans, he left Portsmouth at midnight and was back in Boston at seven o'clock in the morning; it was hard to believe; no one who had not the strength of a unicorn could have done it. He breakfasted, made his visits of adieu and at two o'clock left Boston, in fine weather, passed through Lexington and Concord (a serious young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson was looking on from the steps of the First Parish Church), spent the night at Bolton, and the next morning the relay of horses galloped with his barouche to Worcester, and at half-past ten he was sitting at breakfast with Judge Lincoln's lady.

He had hoped to reach Hartford that night, but the weather, which had been fine ever since his landing, turned foul and that night he lay at Stafford, and entered Hartford in the morning, to be welcomed for the third time by Governor Wolcott, who took him for a delightful visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

Thence down the Connecticut on the steamboat *Oliver Ellsworth,* tired out at last, so tired that he slept as they were passing Saybrook, though guns were thundering salutes, and the band, thoughtfully provided by Mr. Ellsworth, one of the owners of the boat, was braying on deck over his very head.

He tried to enter New York unnoticed, but an immense crowd gathered at Fulton Ferry and cheered him all the way to his hotel. The next day, September 6, was his birthday, and the Society of the Cincinnati celebrated it by a banquet in Washington Hall. He sat under an arch of laurel, with an American eagle poised over his head, and just before the toasts a curtain was lifted at the other end of the hall, revealing a transparency that represented Wash-

ington and La Fayette clasping hands before the altar of liberty, whilst America offered them crowns of laurels.

It went on thus for a fortnight. If he attended the theatre his appearance broke up the play, for the audience would cheer and sing songs about "the Companion of Washington," "the Prisoner of Olmutz" and "the Nation's Guest." In fact, the nation was nearly slaying its guest, but New York felt that little had been done in his honour, and arranged a fête in Castle Garden. It was a moonlight night in September, and the great circular hall, gay with the flags of all nations and blazing with coloured lights, held a crowd of six thousand persons when, late in the evening, the Marquis entered to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." A thousand torches blazed on the trophies of arms about the hall, and outside, in the moonlight, boats filled with people moved on the waters. As the Marquis took his place in the tribune and looked across to the farther wall a curtain fell and revealed a monster transparency, showing La Grange, with its moat and five towers, and an inscription: "Here Is His Home." The dancing began, and he went democratically on the ball-room floor; the quadrilles were broken, the dancers crowded about him, and it was two o'clock in the morning before he could get away and board the steamboat *James Kent* which had come up to the mole to take him to Albany. A committee accompanied him, and a great throng of women came out from the ball, rushed on board the steamer and refused to go ashore. The moon had gone down, and in the blackness the *James Kent* moved out into the river and steamed rapidly up the Hudson at six miles an hour. The eighty berths in the staterooms of the palatial steamer could not accommodate all the women, and the men gallantly remained on deck all night, so that, with guns thundering salutes along the shore, the

nation's guest got no sleep at all. The overloaded steamer went aground at Tarrytown and while they were getting her off, he stood at the rail and here, on the very scene, recounted once more to George the events of that morning long before, when Washington and he had gone to breakfast with Mrs. Benedict Arnold and burst upon treason and the tragedy of poor André.

At West Point the ladies were prevailed upon to withdraw and reluctantly returned to New York, well pleased with the ball at Castle Garden, and as the New York *Evening Post,* in its reticent American way, said: "We hazard nothing in saying it was the most magnificent fête ever given under cover in the world."

## III

At Newburgh the curious crowd almost mobbed the Orange Hotel where he was trying to get a bite and a sup that evening. The Mayor went out to pacify them. "Gentlemen," he said, "do you wish to afflict the Nation's Guest?"

"No, no!" they cried. Nevertheless, they must see the Marquis and he went out and said a few words, and then, half dead with fatigue, he went aboard and had a few short hours of rest as the *James Kent* went puffing up the river.

At Albany, as Governor Yates received him on the balcony of the State House, a stuffed eagle was lowered upon him, bearing in its beak a crown of laurel and immortelles to be dropped upon his head, but he dodged the embarrassing symbol of liberty, and went on the usual round, levees, banquet, ball, and then to Troy, miraculously sprung up since those days when, on the expedition to Canada, he had passed that way, and in the three or four poor huts

that stood there, could find nothing to eat except a cup of milk and a crust of corn bread.

He returned to New York and on his way to Philadelphia stopped at Bordentown to see Joseph Bonaparte, who, as the Count de Survilliers, was passing his exile on the estate he had bought near that town. Joseph received him with his old cordiality, and once inside the house, filled with the *objets d'art,* bronzes, marbles, paintings of the French and Italian schools and Empire furniture with the *N* and the eagles of his great brother, the Marquis found himself back in France under the Empire. After dinner Joseph threw open his house to the crowds that had gathered outside, and they trooped through those splendid Empire rooms of red and gold; but they had no eyes for any of these relics of imperial grandeur, perhaps little imaginative conception of the fate that had so curiously brought these two men, friends through many differences and adversities, together here in the autumn fields of New Jersey; they had eyes only for the Marquis. He made his excuses for this invasion, but the good-natured Joseph replied:

"I am very happy to have my neighbours join their homage to mine. Besides, I have been accustomed to this for a long time, for every year on the Fourth of July we celebrate together the anniversary of American independence."

When he was obliged to leave at last, Joseph, still with something of the King about him, drove with him to the limits of his estate, and there they halted.

"Permit me," said Joseph, "to take leave of you at my frontier, and to give you once again to the tenderness of the Americans, who claim the happy right to pay you the honours of their country."

They embraced and said farewell, not without emotion,

and Joseph, with an expression of sadness on the fine face that was that of a Napoleon grown old, drove rapidly away from the frontiers of a kingdom that had shrunk to the limits of a New Jersey farm.

Philadelphia, determined to outdo New York, had made vast preparations. The Marquis entered the city seated in a barouche that was upholstered in buff and blue, and drawn by six cream-coloured horses with buff housings harnessed *à la Daumont,* and postilions in the old Continental livery of blue and buff; young Quaker girls cast flowers into the barouche as it moved slowly along in a procession formed of bands and troops, of consequential citizens in open carriages, Revolutionary veterans in vans, great floats representing all the trades—cordwainers, rope-makers, wavers, ship-carpenters, coopers, butchers in their white smocks and printers, who, as they jolted along, set up and printed on a hand press and scattered to the crowd an ode written for the occasion. The procession finally halted on the spot where, forty-seven years before, he and old Kalb and the other Argonauts, in rags after their long journey through the wilderness, had been turned away from the door of Congress by the boorish Lovell. This time he was received by Governor Schultz in the hall where the Declaration of Independence had been signed; and then stood for hours, while thousands filed by grasping the hand that was swollen and sore. He remained a week, holding levees in Independence Hall every day, and attending a dinner every night.

On the last evening of his visit, after dining with the Masons, he went to a grand ball in the New Theatre. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, was there, and General Bernard, a French exile, and among the fifteen hundred guests he found the Misses Bollman, daughters of

Dr. Bollman, and whilst he was chatting with them, an old lady came fluttering through the crowd, crying:

"Let me see that dear young Marquis again!"

If there was a pang in the realization that he was now but an aged gentleman in a blond wig *à la Titus,* with a tendency to *embonpoint,* wearing the tails and trousers of the new republican times, there was the consolation that, as he bent gallantly to kiss her hand, he was still to her the slender and romantic youth who in his smart uniform had been the darling of Philadelphia's drawing-rooms half a century before.

But not every one had such imaginative vision. When he went down the Delaware and after a reception at Wilmington turned aside to Newcastle, to be present at the wedding of Victoria Dupont, and at Frenchtown was received on board the steamboat *United States* waiting to convey them to Baltimore, the President of the City Council, Mr. Morris, in his address of welcome, opened on a solemn note.

"General," he said, "the immortal Franklin, dwelling with rapture on the high destination which his matchless and prophetic mind foresaw awaited his country, imagined the happiness it would afford a patriot of the revolution who had been summoned from this world, could he, at a distant period, be allowed to return and see fulfilled all his fond hopes in relation to this our beloved country. Illustrious Sir! That which appeared but the offspring of the musings and reveries of our Patriot Father, has substantially been realized in you."

The General, naturally, could only press his hand to his heart, and say:

"I am grateful."

And then who should come up to greet him but Dubois-martin, *le petit Dubois* who had come over in the *Victoire*

with him, and finally settled down in America. He was an old man now, and had had many ups and downs in his long life, but he bore himself as gaily as ever, and they drew aside and talked a long time, in French, of their youth and the Count de Broglie and old Kalb and that little company scattered by the tempests of those stormy years.

The next morning, in the bright October sunshine, they landed at Fort McHenry, where Washington's old headquarters tent had been set up, and under it Governor Stevens received him. There were a few surviving members of the old Dragoons from Baltimore who had made the Virginia campaign with him, and as he went about the tent, examining Washington's camp equipment, and saying again and again "I remember," there was not a dry eye in the tent.

They breakfasted under a marquee, and then, whilst the battery on Federal Hill fired a salute, the procession wound under the arches into Market Street, lined with troops, and crowded with cheering people as, descending from his barouche, he entered the Exchange to be received by the Mayor and Common Council.

After the ceremony he reviewed the troops; for two hours they marched past; in the swinging ranks were borne the sword and standard of Count Pulaski, who had fallen at Savannah. For five days the festivities continued, and the visit ended with a dinner given by the Masonic Lodge, and after the dinner he went to a ball. His entry was announced by the music of a hidden orchestra playing the "La Fayette March," and at the same moment another marvel, illuminating gas, "escaping in abundance from its numerous conduits spread suddenly in the hall floods of brilliant light." The ladies left their boxes, and waving their handkerchiefs, throwing flowers, and "expressing, by gentle tears, the happiness they felt in beholding the dear guest of the nation,"

surrounded the Marquis, who for "several minutes was unable to express his gratitude, so moved was he."

The next day they drove to Washington City, the raw capital of the republic, and down Pennsylvania Avenue, the meanness of its straggling houses somewhat redeemed by the lines of militia presenting arms and the school children piping a welcome in their shrill voices. Levasseur thought that the white Georgian mansion was rather simple for a presidential palace, but the Marquis felt a glow of republican satisfaction when he found no sentinels, no guards, not even an "insolent valet," as they would have found at home. They entered under an "elegant peristyle," and Levasseur was surprised anew when the door into the oval drawing-room was opened by a single servant. The President, flanked by his cabinet, was seated in an armchair that was distinguished in no way from the other chairs, either by its form or by its elevation. They wore, President and all, simple swallow-tail coats of blue, without galloons, without embroidery, without decorations, without any of "those puerile ornaments for which so many ninnies dance attendance in the ante-chambers of the palaces of Europe."

After the presentations the President took the Marquis aside and told him that he had hoped to have him in his house during his sojourn, but the people of Washington claimed him: "They say that you are the guest of the nation, and no one else has the right to put you up." He had yielded to their wishes, and the municipality had prepared a suite at Gadsby's Hotel for him and placed a carriage at his disposal. Still, the President said, "Your plate will always be laid at my table and I hope that whenever you have no other engagement you will dine with me."

Another General and hero was living at Gadsby's Hotel

that winter, Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New Orleans and Senator from Tennessee. There was much in common between the two soldiers and friends of liberty, but what won the fiery heart of Old Hickory was the gracious and elaborate attention the hero of two worlds showed to Mrs. Jackson. She was "delighted with him," and found him an "extraordinary man. He has a happy faculty of knowing those he has once seen." Rachel Jackson had had a less flattering experience with the snobbish and partisan society of Washington City, and courtesy to his wife was the shortest way to the affections of Old Hickory. He and the Marquis made fast friends.

He had arrived in the midst of the presidential elections; Monroe's term was drawing to its close; Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William Crawford and Henry Clay were in the field as candidates for the succession, and the right of calumny and vilification, inalienable in a republic, was being exercised to the full. It was a delicate situation for the Marquis, called upon to make speeches and respond to toasts every day, but he met it with that tact which had never failed him in a lifetime of delicate situations; his presence even had a softening effect on the frantic partisans and the horrid noise of party strife was drowned in the delirium of joy that his presence excited everywhere. Factional hatred was suddenly swallowed up in the love they all felt for the hero who had returned from the historic shades. A new generation had grown up since the War of Independence; the Revolution had receded into a past now remote enough to invest it with the glamour of romance. Instead of the legendary hero of the great epopee, the gallant and romantic young Marquis who had crossed the seas to bare his sword for them, they saw now a hale old man, grown a little fat and wearing a wig, limping on

a lame leg from one triumphal arch to another, and they saw him through a blur of sentimental tears. That limp—to the masses—meant Brandywine, his infirmities, the dungeon of Olmutz and his poverty, the long conflict with the despised Bourbons. And his visit assumed a political significance in which the struggle for office was almost lost to sight. It gave the people, four millions now, a notable occasion to boast of their progress, and to flaunt their republican principles in the face of nobles and kings. If Europe could not appreciate a man like La Fayette, America would show her that she could. The French Minister at Washington would take no part in the demonstrations in his honour; when the Marquis went to pay his protocolary call at the Legation, he was received coldly and with embarrassment; the Minister had instructions not to exchange civilities with him, though he tried to excuse himself on the ground that he was in mourning, for news of the death of Louis XVIII and the accession of Charles X had just come. But there was no mourning among the Americans; they made no bones of their contempt for the Bourbons, freely expressed their sympathy for the young republics of South America that had just cast off the Spanish yoke, and encouraged the struggling people of Greece, in whose cause another young nobleman, almost as romantic in American eyes as La Fayette himself, had given his life that year when Byron died in the swamps of Missolonghi.

Thus, the newspapers made more of the Marquis just then than they did of the candidates for the presidency. When the packets brought news that the censor in France would not allow the press to mention La Fayette's triumph, the newspapers forgot Old Hickory and attacked the Bourbons. *Niles's Register,* for instance, felt that "the king-and-

priest-ridden population of the European continent, the white slaves of Russia, Prussia and Austria, and the degraded people of France, with the miserable wretches . . . that inhabit Spain . . . cannot have anything more like a just conception of our feelings, as associated with the arrival of General La Fayette, than a Hottentot possesses of algebra!"

The Marquis was surprised, not very agreeably, to find among the publications inspired by his visit, a book entitled *Memoirs of Gilbert Motier La Fayette,* by Gen. H. L. Villaume Ducoudray Holstein, a wild, sensational tale written by one of those writers who think that they can invent something more interesting than the truth. He read a dozen pages, and threw it aside in disgust, and might have denounced it for the imposture it was, but when he learnt that it had been written by one Villaume whom he had known at Altona, he good-naturedly forbore and wrote to Masclet that "as it was a speculation of Villaume to whom as you know we owed some obligations, I did not like to deny his assertions; he promised me the other day to deny them himself."

## IV

On a Sunday afternoon in October he went down the Potomac on the *Petersburg* to visit the tomb of Washington; the guns of Fort Washington were booming solemnly, the band on board was playing a dirge and there, once more, was Mt. Vernon with its cupola and galleries—and what memories for him! In silence the little company walked through the rustling leaves of the park up the slope to the tomb, the iron gate was opened by a negro and the Marquis went in alone and knelt a long time over the sarcophagus. . . . He came out in tears, and then took

George and Levasseur by the hand and led them in; they knelt with him and kissed the sarcophagus. . . .

As they came out of the tomb, George Washington Custis was approaching him, wearing the solemn and resolute expression of a man who had determined to rise to the occasion. Holding up a ring in his fingers, he began:

"Last of the Generals of the Army of Independence! At this awful and impressive moment, when, forgetting the splendour of a triumph greater than Roman consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the child of Mt. Vernon presents you with this token containing the hair of him whom while living you loved, and to whose honoured grave you now pay the manly and affecting tribute of a patriot's and a soldier's tear. The ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts from the earliest ages of the world; and this will unite the affections of all the Americans to the person and posterity of La Fayette, now and hereafter. And when your descendants of a distant day shall behold this valued relic, it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire, who received it, not in the palaces of princes, or amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laureled grave of Washington.

"Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your labours, and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honour you, and will teach her children's children to bless your name and memory? Surely, where liberty dwells, there must be the country of La Fayette. Our fathers witnessed the dawn of your glory, partook of its meridian splendour, and oh! let their children enjoy the benign radiance of your setting sun. And when it shall sink in the horizon of nature, here, here, with

pious duty we will form your sepulchre, and, united in death as in life, by the side of the great chief, you will rest in peace, till the last trump awakes the slumbering world, and calls your virtues to their great reward."

The Marquis, with bowed head and lowered eyes, listened to this comforting assurance, and when Custis finished at last—for there was a great deal more—took the ring and, as was only natural, said:

"The feelings that oppress my heart deprive me of the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for the precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend."

They returned to the house, and George showed them about, finding everything as he had left it, even the key of the Bastille, where Washington himself had hung it, with the letter that the Marquis had written when he sent it to him. They plucked sprigs of cypress from the trees about the tomb and went back on board the *Petersburg,* and all that evening, as she paddled down the Potomac on her way to Yorktown, the Marquis told stories of Washington to the group that gathered round his chair on the after deck.

Yorktown still lay in ruins, very much as he had left it in that October forty-three years before. The Governor of Virginia and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, received him, and he was installed in the very house that Cornwallis had occupied during the siege. Troops were encamped about the blackened ruins as though they had just taken the town; he might have imagined himself young again, in the flush of victory with his Light Infantry cheering him, and Hamilton and Laurens, Matthieu Dumas, La Colombe, Gimat, all about him; Louis Noailles, Vio-

ménil and Lauzun a little jealous, and Washington and old Rochambeau congratulating him.

Early in the morning of October 19, the anniversary of the day when the long red column had marched out to the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down," he was awakened by the boom of cannon.

Washington's tent had been brought down, and under it he received the officers of the regiments that had come to celebrate the anniversary, and a few old veterans of the Revolution, two of whom were so overcome by emotion that they fainted. Then, outside the tent there was a sudden commotion; an old fellow in the costume of a Rifleman, Colonel Lewis, from far away in the Blue Ridge Mountains, was demanding to see the "Markis."

The old mountaineer feared that if he returned to Europe the despots of that hemisphere might once more imprison him in their dungeons. "Stay then with us, La Fayette, stay with us!" he implored.

The formal ceremony was held under a triumphal arch erected on the site of the English redoubt that he had stormed and taken, and there General Taylor rose to the occasion.

"General! In the brightest days of antiquity no artificial stimulus of rank, or power, or wealth, was required to excite noble minds to acts of generous daring. A wreath of laurel or of oak was at once the proof and the reward of illustrious merit. For this, statesmen meditated, warriors bled, and eloquence soared to its sublimest heights."

Eloquence soared to its sublimest heights for some time, and then:

"Deign, General," it implored, "to accept the simple but expressive token of our gratitude and admiration. Suffer me to place upon your veteran brow the only crown it would

not disdain to wear, the blended emblems of civic worth and martial prowess." And then, after an impressive pause, "In behalf of all the chivalry of Virginia, on this redoubt, which his valour wrested from the enemy at the point of the bayonet, I place on the head of Major-General La Fayette this wreath of double triumph, won by numerous and illustrious acts of martial prowess, and by a life devoted to the happiness of the human race. In their names, I proclaim him alike victorious in arms and acts of civil probity. In bannered fields a hero, in civil life the benefactor of mankind."

General Taylor was about to fix the wreath of double triumph on the Marquis's head, but, with his right hand the Marquis "caught the hovering wreath as it approached his brow," and bowing, dropped it to his side, and paid tribute to Hamilton, Gimat, Laurens and Fish, who had been in the attack with him, and in their name and in that of the Light Infantry thanked the eloquent General. Colonel Fish, the only living one of those four, was standing by, and the Marquis turned to him, gave him the wreath and said:

"Here, half of this belongs to you."

"No, Sir," replied the Colonel, "it is all your own."

"Then," the Marquis insisted, "take it and preserve it as our common property."

As one commentator justly wrote: "The whole scene was strongly marked with the moral sublime."

He passed the troops in review and at Yorktown that night there was a dinner and a ball, by the light of candles left by Cornwallis forty-three years before, and only found that day in the cellar of the house.

At Richmond a package of letters from France was awaiting him, with news of the death of his father-in-law

the Duke de Noailles, who, at the age of eighty-five, had died at Fontenay and been buried at Picpus, and of his old friend the Princess d'Hénin. He was oppressed with sadness, but it was "impossible to upset arrangements that are the result of many discussions, so much expense and so many preparations; I simply allow myself to be carried along, bearing, in the midst of all these journeys, caresses and public appearances, the feeling of my sorrow, and sighing for the moment when we shall reach Monticello."

Jefferson was impatiently awaiting his coming; the Marquis had had a letter from his old friend urging him to make haste, for Jefferson was old and infirm: "What a history have we to run over," Jefferson wrote, "from the evening that yourself, Mounier, Bernan and other patriots settled, in my house at Paris, the outlines of the Constitution you wished. And to trace it through all the disastrous chapters of Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte, and the Bourbons! These things, however, are for our meeting . . . *au revoir*. In the meantime we are impatient that your ceremonies at York should be over and give you to the embrace of friendship."

It was a grey November day when his barouche climbed the hill to Monticello. His mounted escort formed in a semicircle along one side of the fine carriage sweep up to the house; and the curious crowd that forever invaded the privacy of the Sage of Monticello, formed in line on the other side. The Marquis got out of his barouche and limped as fast as he could towards the house. Between the white columns of the portico appeared a tall, spare figure of a man stooped with age, wearing the swallow-tail coat, the long waistcoat and the high stock of another epoch; he had cut off his queue, and his thin white locks hung about his

hollow temples and lean cheeks; he tottered down the steps, and came towards him.

"Ah, Jefferson!" cried La Fayette.

The two old men broke into a shuffling run.

"Ah, La Fayette!" cried Jefferson.

No need of eloquence now! They burst into tears and fell into each other's arms. There was silence under the bare trees of the park, and the four hundred men in line looked on with dim eyes, as the two old friends went slowly up the steps and disappeared within the wide hall. And then for once, the crowd turned and went silently away.

The two old liberals had much to talk about as they sat in the library, or in the drawing-room with its pictures by Raphael, Rubens and Poussin, or at meat in the dining-room under the busts of Washington, of Franklin, of John Paul Jones and La Fayette, with Mrs. Randolph, Jefferson's daughter, to do the honours, and all his grandchildren at the board. Jefferson had a French cook, for which he was roundly abused by the citizens of the land of freedom, but the change to French cooking was one for which the Marquis was grateful.

Jefferson's latest, and last, enthusiasm was for the University of Virginia, and they drove over to Charlottesville to see the buildings that Jefferson had designed and to attend a dinner given by the townspeople. But the remainder of his week at Monticello was a time of rest, so far as there could be any rest for these two slaves of tyrannous democracy, with its resentment of privacy. Jefferson had to drudge long hours each day writing, with his own hand, and a broken wrist, to his correspondents, and La Fayette had brought with him four hundred letters which he had not had time to answer. He was depressed by the

death of the Princess d'Hénin, and saddened, too, by the change wrought in Jefferson's appearance by those thirty-five years. Jefferson was eighty-one now, and scarcely able to leave his own park; and as they strolled on the terraces under the melancholy autumn sky, the Blue Ridge Mountains hazy in the distance, or in the withered garden, or through the rustling brown leaves of the park above the ha-ha hedges, they talked of their vanished and tumultuous youth, with an unutterable sense of Nevermore.

## V

Madison had invited the Marquis to visit him at his country seat, and when his visit to Monticello ended, he went over to Montpelier. He remained four days, and in the evening the planters of the neighbourhood would drive over and they would talk politics, discuss the presidential election and the rival candidates and agriculture and even negro slavery, the Marquis expressing his aversion to it with his infinite tact, and finding philosophical agreement at Montpelier as at Monticello. Then Dolly Madison would make the tea, and they would talk of other things. The visit over, Madison, who was seventy-four, leapt on his horse and rode with the Marquis as far as Fredericksburg on his way to Washington City.

He found awaiting him invitations to visit all the cities and states in the South. But it was winter now, and travel over the wretched roads would be difficult and even dangerous; he was worn out by so much movement and emotion, and longed to go home. But friends hinted that it would be wise to stay a little longer; the session of Congress had just opened and it was going to be exciting, for, while Andrew Jackson had received a majority of the popular

votes, every one knew that in the electora. college no candidate could command a majority, and the presidential election was to be decided by the House of Representatives. And so, on George's urging, he settled into winter quarters at Gadsby's Hotel.

The President in his Message had made a flattering allusion to the visit of the Marquis, and the Senate and House invited him to appear before them. On Thursday, December 9, he was conducted to the Capitol by a committee of the Senate, and was received in its small hemicycle. The next day, at midday, a committee of seventy-four members came to conduct him to the House. The Senators were present in a body; a great crowd filled the galleries; the diplomatic corps had turned out in full force; he glanced about the circle, recognized the British Minister, everybody was there—except one—the Minister of France. He heard his own name, pronounced in a loud voice, dramatically:

"We have the honour to present to the House of Representatives the General La Fayette."

The whole assembly of two thousand persons rose. There before him was the Speaker, his long lock of hair falling over his sharp features, and Henry Clay was addressing him.

The orator had referred to his services, not only to America, but to the cause of liberty everywhere, and then, there it was again, that inevitable and melancholy allusion:

"The vain wish has been sometimes indulged that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place. . . . General, your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity!"

He knew that he was no orator, as Henry Clay was; he

knew that they all expected him to draw out his paper, put on his spectacles and read his reply. It would be difficult to respond in English and on such a stage to so much praise, but three months' practice had given him greater facility; he made his resolution and launched forth.

Then, as always throughout his visit, he would not accept these honours for himself. "While the people of the United States, their honourable representatives in Congress, have deigned to make choice of me, one of the American veterans, to signify in his person their esteem to our joint services, I am proud and happy to share those extraordinary favours with my dear Revolutionary companions—yet it would be, on my part, uncandid and ungrateful not to acknowledge my personal share in these testimonies of kindness."

And then, towards the end: "You have been pleased, Mr. Speaker, to allude to the peculiar felicity of my situation when, after so long an absence, I am called to witness the immense improvements, the admirable communications, the prodigious creations of which we find an example in this city, whose name itself is a venerated palladium; in a word, all the grandeur and prosperity of these happy United States, which, at the same time they nobly seem the complete assertion of American independence, reflect on every part of the world the light of a far superior political civilization. . . . No, Mr. Speaker, posterity has not begun for me—since in the sons of my companions and friends, I find the same public feelings, and permit me to add, the same feelings in my behalf, which I have had the happiness to experience in their fathers."

President Monroe, in that paragraph of his Message in which he referred to the Nation's Guest, had invited Congress, in consideration of his services, his sacrifices and his

losses, to vote in his favour a donation worthy of the American people. The propriety of such a gift had been discussed ever since his arrival. The whole world knew that he had lost his fortune in the two revolutions, and some knew that, with his lordly recklessness, he had flung away in the mad adventure of the Carbonari much of what had been recouped through his wife's foresight and his own management of the farms at La Grange.

Jefferson was in favour of the donation, and had urged it upon his friends in Congress. And so the Senate had appointed a committee, which reported a bill appropriating two hundred thousand dollars and a whole township of public land as a grant to him.

The Marquis, hearing what was in the wind, felt somewhat embarrassed, and took that moment to pay a visit to Annapolis.

During this discreet absence the bill was passed by the Senate unanimously. But in the House it encountered a certain opposition; the Southern members, who naturally would take a chivalrous view of such a graceful gesture, were all enthusiastically in favour of it, but a few Northern members were opposed. However, when the bill came up on third reading, there were only twenty-six votes against it.

The newspapers were so strong in their approval of this measure, and so severe in their denunciation of the members who had voted against it, that the legislatures of several states began to discuss the question of making further gifts on their own behalf. Virginia, Maryland and New York were ready to vote donations, and there might have been an elegant rivalry in generosity if the Marquis had not resolutely discouraged them. The members who had voted against the measure waited on him to expose those high moral reasons that alone could have dictated their course.

Dec 13. 1824

Dear Sir

I am inclined to think that we ought to grant to Genl La Fayette two hundred thousand dolrs & a township to his family. A less sum will not put him at ease, nor as I presume, acquit us, to the expectation, of a beholding world. I will be glad to see & communicate with you on the subject —

very sincerely yours

James Monroe

A LETTER FROM JAMES MONROE

*In the possession of Judge Walter P. Gardner.*

"I understand," said the Marquis, with the old winning smile, "I, too, am of the opposition, and if I had had the honour to be one of your colleagues, there would have been twenty-seven of us, not only because I share the feeling that determined your vote, but because I think that the American nation has already done too much for me."

He shook them all cordially by the hand, and when his reply was published in the newspapers he was more popular than ever. And yet he was sad at heart. If only Adrienne could be here now! Christmas was at hand, and he wrote home:

"We are approaching that cruel and holy anniversary in which we shall be united in the same thought and the same devotions. We shall be, George and I, isolated from all who can know the immensity of our loss. I think often of that admirable feeling that led her to push us, as though by instinct, towards the United States; ah! if we could have kept her to rejoice in what she seemed to foresee!"

On New Year's Day Congress gave a banquet in his honour, and in order to do honour to the Nation's Guest, Monroe broke a tradition by dining outside the White House. Captain Allyn of the *Cadmus,* who had sailed to France and back again, was one of the guests, and had brought with him Ary Scheffer's portrait of La Fayette to present to the United States; of all the portraits that had been made of him, the Marquis liked it best. They sat late at table, and many a toast was drunk, first to the President, who after eight years in the White House, was retiring to join Adams, Jefferson and Madison in private life, and then "To the great apostle of liberty whom the persecutions of tyranny could not defeat, whom the love of riches could not influence, whom popular applause could never seduce. He was always the same, in the shackles of Olmutz, in his vari-

ous labours, on the summits of power and glory." The Marquis rose and said:

"Words are wanting to express all my respect and all my gratitude for the kindness with which you overwhelm me; but I hope that you will do justice to the warmth of my American feelings. Permit me to respond to the toast that has just been drunk, by giving you:

"To the perpetual union of the United States. It has already saved us in the times of storm, one day it will save the world."

He remained in Washington City where, for the moment, all the world was absorbed in the election of the President. As every one had foreseen, no candidate could command a majority in the Electoral College, and a bitter contest was predicted in the House. The partisans of Andrew Jackson, who had received a majority in the popular vote, were threatening violence; the militia of Pennsylvania was ready to march on Washington City and seize the Government if their hero was not chosen; the foreign diplomatists were saying, discreetly and in private, that the republic could not survive the strain of this crisis. But they underestimated the skill of King Caucus, and when the House, on the very first ballot, elected John Quincy Adams President, and at the President's levee at the White House, Old Hickory stalked up to Adams and instead of shooting him down in his tracks, put out his hand and warmly congratulated him, the Marquis felt that America had justified all his hopes and faith.

## VI

It was February now, and after all the honours that had been heaped upon him, he could not refuse the accumulating invitations to visit the other states of the Union. He

had promised to be in Boston on June 17 to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, then he was going back to France, for he was weary and homesick. And so George and General Bernard drew up the itinerary of a rapid journey through the South and West, four thousand miles in a carriage, over wretched roads and through a wilderness, and to be back in Boston in June! But he would do it.

He had taken a fancy to M. de Syon, a young Frenchman whose acquaintance he had made in Washington City, and he invited him to accompany them on the tour. Some one had given the General a little dog, and he had grown so fond of it that he could not bear to leave the faithful little creature behind; so the dog went along, adding another care to Bastien.

Mrs. Eliza Custis offered him her commodious carriage; they bought saddle-horses to be used where the roads were too rough, simplified their luggage and on February 23 embarked, with coach, horses and impedimenta, on a steamboat and started down the Potomac for Norfolk.

He set out with a heavy heart. He had just had news of the death of Madame de Tracy, George's mother-in-law, who watched over all of them at La Grange during his absence; he used to call her "the head of the family." These uproarious demonstrations had become a torment. He was oppressed by a nostalgic melancholy, and the thought that now he could not get away before autumn was painful; his "heart was in a press," he would try to embark on August 15; it was the best he could possibly do. "Do not fear for our health," he wrote from Suffolk. "Mine has shown itself, on this tour, stronger and so to speak younger than I believed it was myself; it will come out of the most painful moral situation, between my sorrow, my thought of

the obligation laid upon me to be always in evidence, as it has come out of the fatigues of our journeys."

They drove rapidly southward, and stopping long enough to visit Raleigh in North Carolina, reached Fayetteville on March 4.

"Let us see now, Bastien," the General observed as they entered the town, "if Monsieur Say has faithfully represented the city in the sketch he drew."

The rain was dismally pelting down on the small town of one wide street and wooden houses with their stark provisional air, but the Mayor delivered the customary harangue, took the customary fling at the Holy Alliance, expressed the hope that Fayetteville would soon be worthy of the name she bore, and at the banquet that the Masons gave, the Marquis proposed the toast:

"To Fayetteville! May her growth and prosperity equal the ardent wishes of her homonym!"

But he must write a letter from Fayetteville to his children at home.

Here we are, my dear friends, in this town of North Carolina of which you have a picture at La Grange; we are here in the midst of honours and kindnesses; crowds and escorts are all around and in our carriages and our lodgings; for nearly seven months they have accompanied us at every step, at every hour of the day; they wait for us everywhere on our tour of nearly two thousand leagues, but, during all this time, in the midst of feelings of gratitude and affection that such extraordinary kindness can not fail to produce, our hearts are always in mourning. This contrast is extremely painful. We shall have news of you at Charleston at the latest; perhaps the good Huger will bear it to us in advance; he has just lost his wife and is very sad; it is one more bond between us. Adieu, my own friends, I feel at each instant an increasing need to be with you once more; the sensation of waking from sleep when one is sad weighs ceaselessly

on the heart in the midst of brilliant and touching surroundings, in which, nevertheless, one must give oneself over, with affection and gratitude.

The roads grew worse, and as they floundered on through sand and the monotonous and gloomy forests of pine, over corduroy roads that ran through swamps, the Marquis recalled that other journey long ago in 1778, when he and Kalb had gone from Charleston to Philadelphia to offer their services to the *insurgens*.

And now, here he was, almost half a century later, on his way to lay the corner-stone of a monument to old Kalb's memory. They lost their way; the carriage in which George and Levasseur rode broke down, and it was late at night when they reached the miserable settlement of Cheraw. They found supper and beds, but no sleep, for the Dragoons bivouacked about a fire outside and kept blowing bugles all night long to guide their lost companions. At daybreak they looked out upon the desolate clearing in the forest, with the tall, gaunt trunks of pines, charred by the fires that the settlers had made to hasten their conquest of the wilderness; they could not imagine a sadder or more depressing scene.

But as they drew near Camden they found the spring—a warm sun, the air laden with perfume—and their French eyes were gladdened by the sight of gardens. The little town was filled with such a crowd as it had never known; they had poured in from all the countryside to see the Marquis, and he entered the town with a chorus of girls singing hymns and strewing flowers in his way.

The next morning a long procession, headed by a band playing funeral dirges, moved to the monument that the State of South Carolina was raising to the memory of Kalb.

The remains of the old soldier of fortune had been removed from the grave where they had lain so long and placed here. The funeral service was read, a salute was fired over his grave. Then the Marquis took his stand beside the stone, which bore the simple inscription:

THIS STONE
WAS PLACED OVER
THE REMAINS
OF
BARON DE KALB
BY
GEN. LAFAYETTE
1825.

He laid his hand on the stone as the workmen slowly lowered it; they fitted it into place; he tapped it with a silver trowel presented to him by the Masonic Lodge, affectionately, reminiscently.

He stood and gazed a moment at the stone; he had to make a speech, and memories were crowding in upon him, memories that could not be shared by one single person in all that throng, standing uncovered and silent about him; incommunicable memories—Broglie, with his absurd and fantastic scheme of power, Kalb anxious about the expense of the post-chaise from Paris to Bordeaux, and the bill at the inn; all those feverish days of hesitation; the *Victoire* and Los Passajes, and the long voyage, and the landing, the negroes fishing for oysters, and the dogs barking at Prospect Hill, their grand start from Charleston, and the pine woods, the sands and the swamps. And the look in Kalb's eyes after he had seen Washington; and the snows at Albany. Ah, old Kalb, with his particle and his title; typical old

*culottes de peau,* always grumbling, and always ready for duty; how homesick, in his German sentimentalism, he had been! And he had been lying here, in this outlandish place, for nearly half a century!

After Camden, Columbia, with Governor Manning to meet him, and troops and salutes, triumphal arches, banquets and toasts and three pretty women each bearing a banner on which were inscribed in letters of gold the names of La Fayette, Kalb and Pulaski, and at the ball a young Frenchwoman, who rushed up to him in an ecstasy, kissed his hands and, as though the one word sufficed to sum up all his virtues, cried:

"He is French!"

Colonel Francis K. Huger came to Columbia to meet him and on the long way to Charleston they were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm; the carriage in which George and Levasseur rode broke down once more, and they spent two nights on the road.

But the next morning the storms had ceased; the monotonous pines were left behind; magnolias, orange-trees and peach-trees were in bloom, the moist air heavy with their perfume. And Charleston, in the sparkling sunshine, was ready for him; the shops had laid in ample stocks of La Fayette badges and La Fayette gloves; the court house had been cleaned, and the attention of the civil authorities rather sharply called by the newspapers to "the nuisance of mobs of negroes that always run after military processions."

Near the city the *cortège* was met by a troop of cavalry, wearing, to his astonishment and delight, the blue uniform, with white and red facings, of the National Guard of Paris, and as they rode up they welcomed him with the old familiar cry:

*"Vive La Fayette!"*

He alighted from his travelling carriage and entered an open barouche drawn by four grey horses so spirited that with the roar of guns and the cheers of ten thousand people, the pole-team got out of hand, and it was necessary to halt and put in another team. Whilst the change was being made the Marquis learnt that in the carriage immediately behind him, in full regimentals, were General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and General Thomas Pinckney, who, as Minister to the Court of St. James, had done him so many favours while he was at Olmutz. He asked to have the steps of the barouche lowered, got out and gave them the accolade in the French fashion, embracing them enthusiastically, and kissing them on both cheeks, while the crowd roared with delight.

That evening the City Council gave him a dinner at the City Hall, where the customary thirteen toasts were drunk; the toast to the Marquis was in French: "Our Illustrious Guest: *La félicité du cœur consiste à tout quitter pour le bonheur des autres.*" The Marquis acknowledged it in a little speech, and in reply gave them: "Perpetual and ever increasing prosperity to the City of Charleston, where an American recruit received a first blessing, and which shall have the last wishes of a grateful veteran."

In all of his addresses the Marquis referred to Colonel Huger and shared his honours with him, and at the dinner given by the Society of the Cincinnati, when George de La Fayette was called upon to propose a toast, he gave them:

"The everlasting gratitude of all my Father's children and grandchildren to his gallant deliverers at Olmutz!"

There were calls for "Huger! Huger!" and the Colonel had to rise and make a speech.

But the enthusiasm combed to its crest in the grand ball. Announced by a flourish of trumpets, he entered to the

strains of a band playing "Hail to the Chief" and "supported by several relics of the Revolution." In the boxes were eighteen hundred ladies, all in white, sparkling with tiaras and fillets of gold, wearing long white gloves "wrinkled up into a purse about the wrist with a little La Fayette" stamped on the back. They rose and applauded, hailed him with cries and as he was led round the room "bowing most courteously," could restrain themselves no longer; they "scrambled one over another from the back seats to get hold of his hand, some kissing it, often three or four having hold of him at once, some by the hand, some by the breast of his coat. . . . Was virtue ever more nobly rewarded?"

He could not be present at all the celebrations in his honour; he missed the performance of "La Fayette, or the Prisoner of Olmutz," (*La Fayette,* F. Brown; *Huger,* Barrett; *Bollman,* Stone) and was unable to go to Georgetown and see North Island and Prospect Hill; there was no time for that, with five thousand miles to travel through the wilderness if he was to reach Boston and Bunker Hill by June 17.

He left, and Charleston had only one bit of curiosity ungratified. "A lady of high standing with good pretensions to beauty desired a private audience of the General at his lodgings. His French gallantry could not refuse the request. She was admitted and remained with him half an hour tête-à-tête. Her object is never yet known or explained."

The roads were so bad that the committee placed at his disposal an "elegant steamboat," the *Henry Schultz,* which, saluted by the guns of Fort Moultrie as it passed, conveyed him to Savannah, where he was welcomed by Governor Troup of Georgia, and there laid, with Masonic rites, the corner-stones of monuments to the memory of his friends

General Greene and Count Pulaski. There young Achille Murat, son of the ex-King of Naples, came to pay his respects to him. Achille had been naturalized as an American citizen and was living in Florida, and he was deeply touched, as he told Levasseur, because "Monsieur George gave me great happiness; he spoke well of my Father."

The steamboat *Altamaha,* fitted out with a band that played "Yankee Doodle" day and night, took them aboard for Augusta.

## VII

The two days in Augusta were filled with such fêtes that he was utterly worn out, and for the first time during the long journey George and Levasseur were concerned for him and feared a collapse. In view of the roads they would have to follow they lightened their luggage as much as possible, and set out for Milledgeville. The roads were even worse than they had imagined; all the party except the General rode on horseback, and he was so badly shaken in his carriage that he had an attack of vomiting. But a night's rest at Warrentown set him right again, and they went on to Milledgeville. The celebrations there over, they set out for Alabama, and passing through the Creek reservation near Macon they saw the first of the red Indians, and spent the night in a log cabin, sitting with trappers and hunters before roaring fires. When they reached the Chatahoochee River, the Creeks, gathered in war-paint to receive him, lifted up his light cabriolet as though it were a palanquin, and bore it across to dry ground; they gave a war-dance in his honour and with their wild grace played a game of lacrosse. The chief of the Creeks, who oddly bore the name of MacIntosh, accompanied them on their way. The news of the coming of the great French warrior had

spread through the forests, and with it, somehow, his fame as a man who recognized no distinctions of colour among men, so that he pitied the blacks and loathed slavery, and looked on red men as brothers. They were gathered in bands all along his route. The rivers were swollen by the spring rains, and when they came to a submerged bridge, a score of Indians waded out breast-deep in the flood to mark its place; he passed safely over, and offered them gratuities, but they would accept nothing beyond the privilege of taking his hand.

At Lime Creek the warriors were mustered on their ponies, and an old chief, with the simplicity of the savage, made perhaps the most graceful of all the addresses of welcome to which he had to listen on his tour.

"Father," he said, "it will long be said among us that you came back to visit our forests and our cabins, you whom the Great Spirit had formerly sent from the other side of the great lake to drive out the enemies of men, the English in their blood-coloured coats. The youngest among us will tell their grandchildren that they have touched your hand and seen your face; they will see you perhaps again, for you are the favourite of the Great Spirit and you never grow old."

Just before they reached Montgomery MacIntosh bade them good-bye, and disappeared in the moonlight. It was two o'clock in the morning when they embarked on a steamer for Mobile where the *Natchez* was waiting to take him across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans.

They landed at New Orleans in the rain to the thunder of guns and shouts of *"Vive La Fayette! Vive l'Ami de l'Amérique!"* As he drove with Governor Johnson through the muddy streets he insisted, in spite of the rain, on alighting and speaking to the officers of the Grenadiers of New

Orleans, in French uniforms, and to a hundred Choctaws, in Indian file, who had come all the way from their savannahs to see "the Great Warrior, brother of the Great Father Washington."

It rained all the time they were in New Orleans, but the programme, by this time stereotyped, was carried out. His tact was put once more to the test by two incidents; the staff officers and the line officers of the militia had the inevitable quarrel about precedence, and he invited them before him and settled it; not a simple thing to do in a city of gambling and duelling, where hot tempers flared up over the slightest point of honour. He was invited to the American theatre and to the French theatre on the same evening. The Americans were giving "The Prisoner of Olmutz," and the French "L'Ecole des Vieillards"—and he accepted both invitations, publicly drawing lots to determine which theatre to attend first.

But on one point he was inflexible, as inflexible as only he could be when the Rights of Man were involved; all through his southern tour the only thing that marred his serenity was having to look on human slavery, and he insisted on receiving a delegation of negroes who had fought under Andrew Jackson in the battle of New Orleans, and greeted them with a warmth that he purposely made as ostentatious as he could, to show that he practised the principles he went about preaching.

As the *Natchez* swung out into the river, he stood on the deck beside Governor Johnson waving farewell to the crowd suddenly grown silent in the sadness of parting. The *Natchez* steamed away and they watched the scene along the shore, the lush green of April in Louisiana, orange-trees in blossom, filling the air with perfume, the cotton plantations and the fields of sugar cane, the wide white

houses of the planters gleaming between the magnolia and catalpa trees. They stopped at Baton Rouge for the usual reception, then on again watching the flatboats with their long sweeps, the rafts and "arks" floating down from Illinois and Missouri, and then on Monday guns were booming, and they were gliding up to the levee at Natchez. There, another reception—those same cheering crowds, and the same ceremonies, through which he now went automatically, making, as he realized with regret, the same speech in response to the same sentiments.

Governor Johnson bade him good-bye at Natchez, and the *Natchez* left civilization behind and started on her long voyage to St. Louis. For ten days they steamed up the broad, muddy river, with its mysterious and sinister currents swirling between the low banks from Mississippi to the dim shores of Arkansas; on the broad yellow surface of the river Captain Davis would point out the snags and the "sawyers" that his practiced eye could detect by the eddies; he described the dangers that lurked there, and told disquieting tales of the wrecks caused by these treacherous enemies of the river boatmen. Now and then the river widened out into a lake, overflowing its low banks; now and then they drew up to the levee, and the negroes, singing plantation melodies, carried wood aboard from the piles on shore by the flare of pine torches, lighting up the gloom of the impenetrable wilderness along the shores. Not a habitation was to be seen, except now and then the log cabin of some settler, who, pushed always towards the West by the restless American spirit, was forever leaving the good to go in search of the better.

They were days of rest, or would have been, had it not been for the monstrous clouds of mosquitoes that swarmed out from those dense forests, and for that remorseless pile

of unanswered letters that always claimed him. But they were entering a country less dark and forbidding; the banks of the Mississippi were rising into bluffs; they watched flocks of wild-geese, and stood enchanted while a superb deer swam across the river; at sight of them it lowered itself in the flood, laying back its antlers and showing only the tip of its nose, and when it thought itself out of sight, it raised itself again in the waters.

They came to the mouth of the Ohio, and on the evening of April 28 lay at anchor at the most distant point of the Republic, the village of Carondelet. Poor French settlers came on board with touching gifts—some geese they had tamed, and a young doe, shells and petrified wood. The next morning Governor Clarke of Missouri, Governor Coles of Illinois and Colonel Thomas H. Benton, came aboard, and they proceeded to St. Louis, a new town of six thousand souls, with queer provisional houses. They dined with old Auguste Choteau, the Frenchman who had founded the city, and among the visitors who came to pay their respects was a son of his old comrade Alexander Hamilton, just such a boy as Alexander Hamilton had been when they were members of Washington's family.

Governor Coles wished him to visit Illinois, and the *Natchez* stopped at Kaskaskia. They were not expected, but a banquet and ball were hastily organized, and whilst they sat at table in the tavern, Indians and Canadian French gathered about and stared at the great man. The French knew nothing of all that had happened in France since the reign of Louis XVI, and one of them, looking at the Marquis, naïvely asked:

"Did you not have another great general named Napoleon?"

At midnight the *Natchez* steamed down the river and up the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland, where they found the steamboat *Mechanic* waiting to take them up the Cumberland. Andrew Jackson was at the landing at Nashville and the Marquis and he drove into town together. During the drive the Marquis learnt that Mrs. Jackson was at Nashville, and when they had passed through the triumphal arch, and been duly welcomed by Governor Carroll of Tennessee and the Mayor, the Marquis, never too tired for punctilious politeness, went at once to present his compliments to her.

The next day General Jackson turned out the militia in his honour, and after visiting Cumberland College they embarked for The Hermitage. After a great dinner to which the planters of all the countryside had been invited, the Hero of New Orleans took the Hero of Two Worlds over his farms, showing his horses and his cattle with pride. When they returned to the house, some of the gentlemen asked to see Jackson's famous collection of arms, trophies of the War of 1812 and the war against the Seminoles. Among them was a brace of pistols, which the General handed to the Marquis, and asked if he recognized them. The Marquis examined the pistols a moment and said:

"Yes, they are the ones that I gave to General Washington in 1778. And," he added, "I feel a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of a man so worthy of such a heritage."

The long, lean face of the old warrior who had fought so many battles for his country and so many duels for his wife, reddened to the roots of his brush of bristling hair, and his blue eyes flashed with pride.

"Yes," he said, with the simplicity of a great soul, "I believe myself worthy of them—if not for what I have done, at least for what I wished to do for my country."

After the ball at Nashville that evening the *Mechanic* took them down the Cumberland, and the next morning—May 8—at daybreak they landed at Shawneetown, a backwoods town in Illinois, clinging to the edge of the wilderness near the mouth of the Wabash. Here, after the last of the frontier celebrations, Governor Coles and the Illinois committee bade them good-bye, and the *Mechanic* turned her nose up the Ohio again.

## VIII

All that day the *Mechanic* paddled up the Ohio, full steam ahead against the four-mile current, whilst the Marquis, happy in the thought that they had turned eastward at last, and that every moment was bringing him nearer to Boston and Bunker Hill, drudged at his correspondence. He dictated letters for his steward at La Grange, directing some improvements to be made against his return in August—the fruit of observations at The Hermitage—and at evening Levasseur made up a packet to be forwarded from Louisville. There were six hundred letters still unanswered, but the Marquis, wearied by his labours, turned in early and by ten o'clock was sound asleep.

At midnight he was awakened by a terrific shock; the boat stopped. George leapt out of bed, and Levasseur ran on deck to see what had happened. The passengers in the saloon were in panic. Some one said that they were on a sand-bar, but Levasseur, not reassured, went forward and met the Captain, who looked into the hold, and then cried:

"A snag! A snag! Quick! Get La Fayette and bring him to the boat!"

He was calmly dressing with Bastien's aid when Levasseur entered the cabin.

"What news?" he asked.

"We are sinking, *mon Général,*" replied Levasseur, "and must not waste an instant." George and he urged the General to go on deck, but Bastien had not yet dressed him; he told them to go and he would follow.

"What!" exclaimed George. "Do you think that we would leave you for a second?"

They seized him by the arms and led him towards the door. He laughed at their impatient haste, but followed; then, halfway up the companion stair, he turned back; in despair they asked him why he was going down again.

"But my snuff-box!" he exclaimed. "I left it on my table."

It was a snuff-box that bore a portrait of Washington, and Levasseur ran back and got it. The boat was lurching horribly, and on deck the passengers, in terror, were rushing towards the one life-boat. The night was so black that they could see nothing, and the *Mechanic* already had an alarming list to starboard. The captain had got the skiff round to that side, and was calling loudly:

"La Fayette! La Fayette!"

But the confusion was so great that they could not reach the rail; Levasseur shouted to the crowd:

"Here is General La Fayette!"

The crowd opened a passage for him, but he declared that all the others must be saved first. The passengers insisted on his getting into the skiff, tossing on the waves just below the guards. With his stiff leg it was a ticklish business; two men took him under the arms, Levasseur leapt

into the boat, and they lowered him over the side, and into the boat. They rowed towards the Kentucky shore and got safely to land, but when the Marquis realized that George was not there, the calm that had never forsaken him in any danger suddenly left him, and he began loudly to call:

"George! George!"

But in the tumult, and the shouting of the passengers on board the boat, and the hideous noise of escaping steam, his cries could not be heard. Levasseur tried to reassure him; George was a good swimmer, he had a cool head, he would turn up all right. But he limped up and down the shore calling in the darkness:

"George! George!"

Then Levasseur got into the skiff with the captain and went back to the sinking boat. The *Mechanic* was on her beam ends; Levasseur took into the skiff a dozen persons and rowed them ashore. But George was not among them, nor was there any sign of M. de Syon or of Bastien. He did not dare tell the General, still shouting for George, and asking every one if they had seen him. Levasseur got back to the boat; the port side of the *Mechanic* was still out of water; he called out for George, but there was no reply. Then he heard a voice.

"Is that you, Monsieur Levasseur?"

It was poor Bastien, clinging to the roof of the upper cabin; he slid down the steep slope and into the skiff.

He called out for George. And at last George replied.

"I could not be better," replied George gaily, and he slid into the skiff. Levasseur picked up M. de Syon, and another passenger, but George would not leave until he was sure that all on board had been saved.

When they reached the Kentucky shore and the Marquis

had embraced George, they counted heads and found that no one had been lost. It was coming on to rain, and they built great fires in the edge of the thick wood. A mattress had floated ashore and now that George was safe the old campaigner lay down on it and calmly went to sleep, while the others huddled round the fire and waited for dawn.

As soon as it was light the captain went out to the boat and brought back a haunch of smoked venison, some biscuits, a case of Bordeaux and a keg of Madeira wine. On these provisions fifty people sat down to breakfast. The sombre edge of the forest grew lighter; the shore was strewn with wreckage, among which they all began searching for their personal effects. But presently, as they looked at one another, and noted the bizarre attire, they began to laugh; the Governor of Tennessee was in his bare feet, and had lost his wig; they were almost gay.

The General had lost his carriage and his tall beaver hat and, what grieved him most, the dog that had been given to him at Washington City. The faithful little companion had gone back into the cabin to find him, and been trapped there by the inrush of water. But the six hundred unanswered letters had gone to the bottom—there was that consolation, at least.

At nine o'clock that morning they saw two steamboats, the *Paragon* and the *Highland Laddie,* coming down the river. They signalled. The *Paragon* was one of the largest and finest steamboats on the river, bound from Louisville to New Orleans, and by a lucky chance her owner, Mr. Neilson, was one of the passengers on the *Mechanic,* and he ordered her to turn back. Two days later the *Paragon* arrived at Louisville, and after the Marquis had provided himself with a new Bolivar—the hatter refused to accept any payment for it—he was ready to resume the endless

round, and the salutes and the oratory and the toasts began again in an enthusiasm all the greater because of his escape.

The next day, to gratify the pride of Indiana, he crossed the river and spent a few hours in Jeffersonville, and two days later was welcomed at Frankfort by Governor Desha. He did not like to offend the provincial prejudice against travelling on Sunday, but he must reach Bunker Hill, and he drove through the Blue Grass country to Lexington, visited the La Fayette Academy, attended a supper and ball, marvelled at the "castellated cake, surmounted with an American flag," and admired a life-size transparency of Daniel Boone in coonskin cap and fringed buckskins, leaning on his long, unerring rifle.

## IX

Levasseur was deeply impressed by the American facility in speech-making. "Popular eloquence is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Americans. In every city, in every village, the number of individuals capable of speaking before large assemblies is really prodigious, and it is not rare to encounter among them men who, though born in obscure circumstances, have justly acquired a great reputation for oratory."

They found specimens of this extraordinary talent waiting for them at Cincinnati. "The orator rose, advanced towards the silent crowd, before which he stood several moments immobile, his eyes downcast, his hand placed on his breast, and as though oppressed by the grandeur of the subject he was about to treat. At last, his sonorous voice, though slightly trembling, was heard, and the whole assembly was captivated by his eloquence."

Thus Mr. Benham, in the public square of Cincinnati,

while the Marquis sat in a wooden stand that was decorated with flags and cedar boughs. And then there was General Harrison, old "Tippecanoe." "Happy mortal! The influence of your example will reach beyond the tomb! Glory to the companion of Washington! To the friend of Franklin, of Adams and of Jefferson! To the devoted champion of liberty! Glory to La Fayette!"

The fêtes, the parades, the ball, the banquets, the deputations, the fireworks on the river, kept him three days. At parting he could hardly find words to express his admiration for Cincinnati, the most cultured city of the West, and as for Ohio, he could only say that it was the eighth wonder of the world.

Nevertheless, he had to tear himself away, and at midnight he embarked on the steamboat *Herald,* for Wheeling. From Wheeling he went to Uniontown, the county seat of La Fayette County in Pennsylvania, and there was Albert Gallatin waiting to take him to his house at Friendship Hill. From all the countryside for fifty miles around Uniontown people had come in wagons, bringing tents and camping under the stars. From a stand erected in the public square, Albert Gallatin delivered a long address, in which he reviewed the whole of La Fayette's career, and in his reference to Napoleon, startled the modest George by paying a tribute to his courage and abnegation in giving up his military career in order to stand by the Liberal principles of his great father.

Young James Gallatin was in the crowd; after the glorious youth he had spent in Paris, he had never reconciled himself to life in America, but he was happy that day at hearing the accents that recalled so much of interest to him, and very proud of his father. "I really think he must have been inspired. His French accent seemed to leave him as

he became excited. The subject was the critical position of the Greeks."

They drove to Friendship Hill and "quite a thousand sat down to supper in relays. Mamma had arranged everything wonderfully, rows and rows of tables in the garden. Hundreds of niggers all dressed in white to serve."

He remained two days at Friendship Hill, and there were callers all day long. But at evening they had a quiet dinner which the Marquis said reminded him of the rue de l'Université.

"I do not think," wrote James Gallatin wistfully, "that he was the only one who was reminded of it."

It was the end of May; the long tour was nearly over, but he was still far from Boston. He travelled day and night, stopping at Erie where they banqueted him in a tent made of the sails of the English ships taken by Commodore Perry in the battle of Lake Erie; at three o'clock in the afternoon he set out by coach for Dunkirk; at sunset they crossed the Pennsylvania line into New York, but they still had fifty miles to go, and he told them to drive on. As the coach rolled through town after town in the spring night, crowds were waiting to see him pass; their faces were pressed close to the carriage, their cheers came out of the darkness, as the coach lurched on over the rough corduroy road. At midnight, exhausted, the whole party fell asleep; then suddenly, the firing of guns again and they started awake, their eyes dazzled by myriad lights hanging in the trees of Fredonia. It was two o'clock in the morning. The bells in the church steeples were pealing; a band was playing "Yankee Doodle" and long lines of people were waiting. The women, holding babies in their arms, had been standing there in their thin white dresses all night in the cold. They begged the Marquis to alight, to press

with his foot their soil—if only for a moment—and give their babies his blessing. The scene so touched him that for a moment he could not master his emotion. He got out of the carriage, walked slowly through the crowd, taking the hand of everybody, touching the heads of the sleepy children; a stand had been erected, about it tar barrels were blazing, and in their wild glare an orator was waiting, cocked and primed. But the night air was sharp, the Marquis would not detain the women and the poor orator never got to make his speech. At three o'clock they drove out of Freedonia, and when they arrived at Dunkirk "the sun was already gilding the tops of the forest trees."

After the reception at Buffalo was over and he had been escorted to the Eagle Tavern, Red Jacket, chief of the Senecas, appeared. He was very old and pretty well used up by time and fire-water, and he recalled to the General the great council held at Fort Schuyler in 1784.

"Ah, yes," replied the General. "Time has changed us sadly. We were very young and active then."

"Oh," cried Red Jacket, "time has not been so hard on you as it has on me; it has left you a rosy face and a head well covered with hair, whereas for me—look!" And stripping off the handkerchief wrapped about his head, he sadly displayed a bald pate. The General would not undeceive the naïve and noble red man, but left him his flattering illusion; perhaps, he observed to his party, Red Jacket might scalp some one in order to refurnish his own poll.

They visited the Falls, of course, and then breakfasted with the officers at Fort Niagara; he was in gay spirits and when the fort fired a salute he asked the officers if they were not afraid that the British on the other bank of the river would think it another declaration of war. At Lockport he embarked on the Erie Canal, and as he stepped

aboard the fast packet *Rochester* he was saluted by a hundred blasts of powder, which sent a volley of stones flying high in the air. They started at evening and by daybreak had covered sixty-five miles and were passing by an aqueduct over the falls of the Genesee into Rochester. After the reception there he continued his route by land, through Canandaigua and Geneva, and by the lovely lakes of Seneca and Cayuga; but he was haunted by the fear of missing the celebration at Bunker Hill, and drove on day and night, sleeping as best he could in his carriage. The weather was very hot and the roads very dusty, but the post-horses were blooded beasts—far superior to the nags one found on post in France—and after he had exclaimed in admiration at several relays, he learnt that they had been offered by citizens to the various committees having charge of the arrangements. Nevertheless, at Syracuse, it was a relief to embark once more on the placid waters of the canal. He ordered the skipper of the packet to push on day and night, and after only three hours at Syracuse, he would not stop at any of the towns, but standing on the deck of the swift packet he bowed his acknowledgments to the vast crowds, until they reached Utica. There he was surprised to be told, in the address of welcome, that the flourishing country through which he had just passed so comfortably and so rapidly was the same region he had known on the famous expedition to Canada. Those days were once more recalled to him by three Oneida chiefs, Taniatakaya, Sangouxyonta and Doxtator, who came to talk over old times and went away delighted with the dollars he gave them. The guns were already firing the signal for departure, and the packet, drawn by four superb white horses galloping along the tow-path, glided away in the June sunshine to the sound of cheers, whilst children from the bridges over the

canal threw flowers down on him as he passed, standing uncovered, waving farewell.

A young Indian, naked to the waist, his copper-coloured skin glistening in the sun, and his wild ornaments shining, was running along the tow-path hailing the packet, but the captain would not stop. The Indian then dashed on ahead, ran out on a bridge, dropped lithely down on the deck of the packet as it glided under, and said:

"Where is Kayewla? I must see Kayewla!"

They pointed to the General.

"I am the son of Ouekchekaeta," he said, holding out his hand, "the son of him who loved you so much that he followed you to your own land, when you returned there after the great war. My father often talked to me of you."

They sat down and talked; Ouekchekaeta was long since dead; the Marquis gave a few dollars to the young Indian who lightly leapt to the tow-path and disappeared.

They reached Schenectady on the evening of the 11th, dined there and that night drove on to Albany, which they reached before sunrise. He sent an express to Mayor Quincy at Boston, informing him that he should be there on the 15th, rested a few hours, then crossed the Hudson, bowled over smooth roads through the Berkshires and entered Boston before noon of the 15th, two days before the ceremony on Bunker Hill.

They drove to the residence of Senator James Lloyd in Beacon Street, where he was to be a guest during his stay in Boston; Mr. Lloyd said that no doubt he wished to rest until dinner; but not he; Bastien dressed him in his best blue swallow-tail coat and white cashmere trousers, and he went out to make his calls. The Quincys found him looking younger than in the autumn, and when they spoke of

the remarkable speed with which he had made his prodigious journey, he replied:

"Oh, there is nothing surprising in that; when people have carriages, horses, boats, all of the first order awaiting them at every step as we have had, they do not deserve any credit for travelling fast."

## X

At dawn on June 17, 1825, the bells in Boston steeples were ringing, guns were firing salutes and at seven o'clock the Marquis was already abroad. The march to Bunker Hill began at ten o'clock. There were seven thousand men in column, headed by eight open carriages in which, somewhat tightly packed, drove forty veterans who had fought with Warren that day fifty years before at Bunker Hill.

Then La Fayette, in an open barouche drawn by six white horses, and after him in other carriages George and Levasseur and the Governor and Daniel Webster, the Orator of the Day, and officials and then two hundred thousand cheering people with bands blaring and fifes shrieking and drums throbbing. The great procession moved slowly in the hard, realistic light. At half-past twelve o'clock it was winding up Bunker Hill to the solemn boom of guns. The flanks of the hill were covered by the multitude, and against the mass of black the uniforms of the soldiers and the regalia of the Masons set their bright bits of colour. Particles of dust danced and glistened in the hot air, and the excitement, the odour of the crowd, the smell of trampled grass and all those thousands and thousands of eyes upon him brought back that other July day in 1790, and that other multitude on the Champ de Mars! And here he was already galloping in the centuries to come!

The procession formed a square; the Masonic ceremonies began, and, in his capacity as Right Worshipful Grand Master, with a silver trowel, he laid the corner-stone.

The people were rustling into the vast amphitheatre on the slope of the hill. Fifteen thousand of them were seated in a semicircle on the wooden benches, and behind them, thirty thousand more who could not get near enough to hear.

A great choir began to sing, to the solemn measures of Old Hundred:

> "O is not this a holy spot!
> 'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth;
> God of our Fathers! Is it not
> The holiest spot of all the earth?"

The multitude joined in and the strains of the familiar tune moved them to tears. Then the Rev. Mr. Thaxter, who had offered a prayer before the battle on that hill fifty years before, arose, old and trembling, his white locks hanging to his shoulders, raised his thin hands and in the tremulous voice of age, said a prayer.

Then a murmur of flattering expectation; Daniel Webster was making his impressive way to the front of the platform. His majestic port, the domelike head, the burning eyes, the mastiff jowls, almost eclipsed the Marquis. He paused a moment, then suddenly a tier of seats collapsed; there was a moment of confusion and panic and Webster told the ushers to restore order.

"It is impossible to do so," said one of them.

"Nothing is impossible, Sir," thundered Webster. "Let it be done!"

And it was done. The sonorous voice began to roll out the stately periods. . . . When at last he turned to apostro-

phize the Revolutionary veterans, they all rose and stood, La Fayette at their head. Then Webster addressed the Marquis:

"Fortunate, fortunate man! With what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubts thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valour; and within which the corner-stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McClearly, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever."

He was happy, for it had been given to him, who loved glory, to be present at his own apotheosis.

The choir sang again—another solemn hymn; how re-

ligious these Americans were!—the guns on Copps Hill were thundering, and the *cortège* was forming.

In a vast barracks, constructed of pine boards, four thousand persons sat down to dinner. A band played, and Webster gave them "health and long life to General La Fayette!" They drank it standing and cheered him as he rose to thank them "in the name of my Revolutionary companions in arms and myself." In closing, he asked them to drink to "Bunker Hill, and the holy resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere—the next half-century's jubilee toast shall be—To enfranchised Europe!"

When he got back to the Lloyd mansion in Beacon Street, he sat down and wrote a letter home to La Grange, to tell them of the great day:

I like to chat with you on coming out from one of the most beautiful patriotic fêtes ever celebrated. Nothing can compare with it except the Federation of '90. You will see the details in the newspapers. Nothing can describe the effect of that republican prayer pronounced before an immense multitude by an aged chaplain who fought at Bunker Hill, and the survivors of that day uncovering their white hair when the President of the Association, orator of the day, addressed them. But I, too, I stood up at the head of all the other Revolutionary soldiers to receive our compliment! We sat down at a table of four thousand covers where I announced that after having celebrated at this first quinquagenary the freedom of the American hemisphere, the toast of the next quinquagenary will be to a freed Europe!

And then Bastien came to dress him for the dinner and soirée to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Webster at their house in Summer Street that evening.

He remained at Boston four days longer, made calls on all his friends on Beacon Hill, drove out to Quincy to pay

a farewell visit to old John Adams, who tried to persuade him not to take part in any more revolutionary projects, but found that there was still "fire beneath the cinders."

The celebration on Bunker Hill was the climax of his triumphal progress, and it was time to say good-bye; he was anxious to go home, and had set his heart on sailing on August 13. But the Secretary of War, who was then in Boston, told him that the Government wished to place at his disposal a frigate for the return voyage, and this meant delay, and the General, in thanking him, said that he should not like to accept the frigate unless it were going to Europe on some other mission. The only states of the twenty-four in which he had not set foot were Maine and Vermont. And so, early on the morning of the 22nd, he left for a dash through New England, and the accustomed round began again—cheering crowds, thundering guns, triumphal arches, "Welcome, La Fayette!" speechifying, banquets, toasts, sentiments. They were in a kind of daze; they could no longer keep account of the towns through which they passed; they all seemed the same. So many flowers and bouquets were thrown into the carriage that they had to fling them out in solitary places where they could do so unnoticed; old people, the lame and the halt, were sitting at the doors of their cottages; a bugle blown would summon vast crowds in the villages; one old invalid lady was borne by two men to the carriage, and as she seized the General's hands in both her own, she burst into tears and cried:

"Bless the Lord!"

At Concord, New Hampshire, Governor Morrill welcomed him, General Pierce presented the Revolutionary veterans and the Holy Alliance received another blow when, at the banquet, they all drank enthusiastically to the "Holy Alliance of La Fayette and Liberty."

As they were approaching Bradford, along the Warner road, couriers posted at intervals to give warning of his approach, passed the word along the line, and the crowds rushed out frantically shouting:

"He's coming! He's coming!"

Corporal Abel Blood, a local worthy, veteran of Brandywine and Monmouth, called by courtesy "General" Blood, became so excited that it required three men to hold him. As the Marquis's carriage drew near "Blood, with a terrible struggle, broke from his attendants, and rushed into the centre between the lines . . . dressed in a full suit of the old regimentals, swinging his old cocked hat." The driver of the General's barouche pulled up the six horses, and "Blood called out at the top of his voice, 'General La Fayette, see my cocked hat!'" And with this he shied the hat, "which struck La Fayette fair in the face and was retained by him until he entered the hall."

At Portland the hardy sailors of the Maine coast had placed a model of a ship over the triumphal arch with this inscription: "I will buy and equip a vessel at my own expense," and this allusion to the old *Victoire* brought tears to his eyes. They urged him to remain longer, but when the reception at the State House was over, he decided to continue his journey, though to do so would require him to travel on Sunday. Governor Parris, horrified at the mere thought of such a sin, pleaded with him; but His Excellency did not know how stubborn he could be, and he departed, promising the Governor to attend divine services on the way, and, as a concession to public opinion, he stopped at Biddeford and went to the Second Parish Unitarian Church.

Then on to Vermont, travelling rapidly, for with the relays of fine horses provided everywhere they were enabled

to make an average of nine miles an hour. At Burlington he dined with Governor Van Ness, laid the corner-stone of the University of Vermont and at midnight embarked on the steamboat *Phenix* and went down Lake Champlain, and so on to Albany where they took a boat down the Hudson and arrived at New York on the morning of July 3.

At midnight the guns were already saluting the Fourth of July. He began the day by laying the corner-stone of the Brooklyn Apprentices' Library. In a yellow barouche drawn by the customary four white horses he crossed at the Old Ferry, drove through sweltering crowds for two miles, so touched by all the reverent homage that tears rained down his face. When they reached the spot where the excavations had been made for the new library he got out of his barouche; a troop of children had gathered in the deep-cut excavation amidst the heaps of stones, and some of the men began to lift them to spots where they could see the ceremony. The Marquis lifted a boy, held him a moment in his arms, pressed a kiss upon his cheek and set him down. The boy was Walter Whitman, aged six.

During the ten days that he remained in New York, his desire for repose was respected, and he spent his time visiting old friends. Then on the 14th he said good-bye. A boat's crew, the Whitehallers, who had distinguished themselves by defeating a crew of the English frigate *Hussar* in a rowing match for a thousand dollars from Castle Garden to Long Island Point, requested the honour of rowing him across the Hudson to New Jersey. He consented, and a crowd gathered to see him off, all sad at parting. He said good-bye to the officials, waved farewell to the crowd and boarded the *American Star;* the Whitehallers let fall and gave way together. The long boat shot across the river, and when they arrived on the other shore, the sailors presented

*Courtesy of Independence Hall*

LA FAYETTE

From a Portrait by Thomas Sully.

the *American Star* to the Nation's Guest, and he accepted it to be sent with other gifts to La Grange.

The gifts were so many by this time that he required a ship to transport them, and he had yielded to the wishes of the American government and accepted the offered frigate, though as it was not outfitted he had to give up his project of sailing on August 15. He hurried across New Jersey, stopped at Bordentown to see Joseph Bonaparte and spent a week in Philadelphia. The heat was terrific; the thermometer was never below 98° and often went up to 104°, but this did not trouble him; he went out every day, kept all of his engagements, visited the battle field of Germantown, took lunch with Benjamin Chew and held a reception at Cliveden, drove to Chestnut Hill, whence he had a glimpse of Barren Hill, then to Germantown, where he visited the waterworks and was presented with a model of the famous hydraulic machine. At the end of his week, he declared that he was completely rested, and left for the battle field of Brandywine. The Committee told him that they would cross the stream at the ford where the army had passed over in 1777. But arrived there, he looked about and said:

"It can not be here that we passed in 1777; it must be a little higher up the stream."

He was right, and they all marvelled at this fresh proof of his amazing memory. At Chad's Ford he heard that Gideon Gilpin, at whose house he had spent the night before the battle, was still living, but kept to the house by his years and infirmities. He insisted on going to see him, and when he entered the room where Gilpin lay bedridden, the poor old fellow burst into tears.

They drove over the field, and the Marquis evoked the battle for them, fought it all over again, described all the manœuvres, pointed out all the positions. And when they

came to the spot where he had received his wound the carriage stopped, the Revolutionary veterans gathered round; he stood up, uncovered, and the militia defiled before him, shouting:

"Hurrah for La Fayette!"

He motioned them to desist; it was Washington, he said, whom they must remember; but they shouted all the more:

"Hurrah for La Fayette!"

And so on to West Chester and Lancaster, with old soldiers weeping because it was the last adieu, and then to Fort Deposit and down the Susquehanna by steamboat with a delegation from Baltimore, looking out over the fields and hills of Maryland, glimmering far off in the soft light of the summer evening long after the sun had gone down.

## XI

The joy of welcome had given way to the sadness of farewell; and this final visit to Baltimore was rather melancholy. This sombre note was to dominate everything now; there were no more ceremonies, only good-byes, and good-byes that all knew were forever. At Washington City, President John Quincy Adams insisted that he stay at the White House and saw to it that during these last days he had the repose he so much needed. There were no fêtes, no receptions, no speech-making, but tranquil days of intimate family life. The General was occupied with preparations for his voyage; the new frigate, just off the ways, had been baptized the *Brandywine,* "the name of a brook instead of a river, and of a defeat instead of a victory," he wrote home, "solely to recall my first battle and my wound." It was a proud vessel of forty-four guns, but it could not be got ready for sea before September, and in the meantime, while

the *American Star,* the hydraulic model, the bear and deer, the Indian beads, head-dresses and weapons, the canes and all the other gifts were being stowed on board, he paid a few last visits. He went to make his adieux to James Monroe at Oak Hill, where Monroe lived the retired life of a country gentleman, and acted as Justice of the Peace of his county, like an English squire. And of course he must see Jefferson once more; Monroe and Madison joined him at Monticello. Jefferson was very feeble and could not leave home, but he was anxious that La Fayette see the University of Virginia; for his dream was being realized; some of the buildings were completed; the professors he had brought from Europe were giving their courses, students were in attendance—and he wished the Marquis to go to Charlotteville and see it all, for this was one of the three achievements of his life that he wished to have commemorated on his tomb. And so the General and Madison rode over to Charlotteville and attended a dinner, at which, when the hour for the toasts arrived, the tribute that Jefferson had written, but could not be present to deliver in person, was read for him by Mr. Southall.

"I joy, my friends," he wrote, "in your joy, inspired by the visit of this our ancient and distinguished leader and benefactor. His deeds in the War of Independence you have heard and read. They are known to you and embalmed in your memories and in the pages of faithful history. His deeds in the peace which followed that war are perhaps not known to you, but I can attest them. When I was stationed in his country, for the purpose of cementing its friendship with ours and of advancing our mutual interests, this friend of both was my most powerful auxiliary and advocate. He made our cause his own, as in truth it was that of his native country also. His influence and connections there

were great. All doors of all departments were open to him at all times; to me only formally and at appointed times. In truth I only held the nail; he drove it. Honour him then as your benefactor in peace as well as in war."

He returned to Monticello, and he and Jefferson made their painful adieux. They knew that this farewell was the last, that they should never see each other again. They were old now, and soon the immense ocean would roll between them. . . . As he drove away down the hill from Monticello, he looked back; Jefferson was standing in the white pillared portico.

It was September now; they had insisted on his remaining until after his sixty-ninth birthday, September 6. The President gave a dinner that day at the White House; it was a grand affair, but it was solemn, almost sad, for every one was thinking of the morrow when he was to sail, and they had a sense of the irremediable break with the past that his departure meant. It was a rule that the President should never propose a toast, but Adams, on this occasion, broke it. Towards the end of the dinner he rose and gave them:

"To the 22nd of February and the 6th of September, the birthday of Washington and the birthday of La Fayette!"

He was deeply moved; his name was linked with that of Washington then in their hearts, forever! He mastered himself, and proposed:

"To the 4th of July, the birthday of liberty in the two hemispheres!"

He rose the next morning on the day to which he had looked forward with so much anticipation, the day when he should set sail for home. It had come at last, and now that it was come, he was filled with an intolerable sadness. It was a morning of brilliant sunlight; Washington City was abroad; the shops and public offices were closed, great

crowds pressed about the White House, not cheering now, but silent. At eleven o'clock he was ready; he left his chamber and went to the hall where the President and the members of his cabinet were waiting. Through the wide open doors and from the portico curious faces looked in on the scene. From the crowd of people outside in the glittering sun there had come a murmur of regret, but now there was silence, solemn and profound.

President Adams, trembling with emotion, began to bid him farewell. . . .

"We shall look upon you always as belonging to us, during the whole of our life, and as belonging to our children after us. You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of our fate; ours by that unshaken gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name for the endless ages of time with the name of Washington. . . . Speaking in the name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats as the heart of one man, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell."

It was several painful minutes before the Marquis could speak; then he bit his lip, mastered his emotion and made his reply. And at the close he said:

"God bless you, Sir; and all who surround you! God bless the American people, each of their States and the federal government! Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat!"

He could control his feelings no longer, and starting to-

wards the usually cold and austere Adams, he flung himself into his arms, and in tears they said,

"Adieu! Adieu!" and "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

The crowd pressed about him to seize his hand again, but he could not endure it, and was forced to retire to an inner room for a moment. He found a dozen excuses for delay, for lingering a moment longer, but at last he heard a gun, the first of the salute of twenty-four that was to announce his departure from Washington City. He embraced President Adams once more, and entered his carriage. The militia were drawn up in line before the White House and as the carriage drove away, and President Adams appeared above the peristyle and waved his hand, the flags were lowered in salute.

They drove away, between lines of militia and through silent crowds, and bidding good-bye to the Custises and the members of the family of Washington, embarked on the steamboat, *Mt. Vernon,* which was to take him down the river to the *Brandywine.* The militia were lined up along the quay; across the river he could see the militia of Georgetown and Alexandria with their flags. All the way down the river on either bank crowds waved farewell; he stood uncovered as they passed Mt. Vernon, gazing at the mansion until the trees hid it from his view. . . .

It was late at night when they reached the *Brandywine,* too late to put to sea. In the morning Commodore Morris weighed anchor and as the new frigate under full sail entered the Chesapeake a bright rainbow arched above her from the Maryland to the Virginia shore.

# CHAPTER X

## THE ROMANTICISTS

*1825-1830* *Aet.: 68-73*

## CHAPTER X

### THE ROMANTICISTS

### I

AFTER a voyage of twenty-four days he saw once more the familiar grey cliff of La Hève thrusting out its heavy shoulder into the sea; the *Brandywine* stood in and fired a salute, and the fort on shore returned it—to the relief of Commodore Morris who had been apprehensive of an unpleasant reception by the French authorities at Havre. Then, more leave-takings, and at the last moment, Lieutenant Gregory, unable to voice his feeling, impulsively ordered the national ensign to be struck, took it in his arms and gave it to him, saying:

"Here, General, take it; we could not confide it to more glorious hands."

An immense crowd was waiting on the quay to welcome him, and the next day he drove to Rouen, where he was the guest of M. Cabanon, his old Liberal colleague in the Chamber. While they sat at dinner a crowd of admirers gathered to serenade him, and just as he appeared on the balcony, detachments of the Royal Guard and the *gendarmerie* galloped into the street, charged with drawn sabres, trampled down women and children, wounded several persons and arrested many more. And he realized that he was home again.

At La Grange the people of the countryside were gathered to welcome him. They had erected a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed "The People's Friend," and for two

days he received felicitations. On Sunday the inhabitants of Rozoy and the neighbourhood gave him a fête; four thousand of them arrived at La Grange; young girls offered him flowers and sang old French songs, and the peasants led him in triumph to a tent on the lawn; lanterns were hung all about, fireworks were set off and there in the October night they danced till dawn.

The Duke Victor de Broglie found "the General big, fat, rosy, happy, showing no signs whatever of having gone several months without sleep, talking, writing, travelling and drinking literally ten hours out of every twenty-four." His triumphal American tour, in spite of the censorship, had become well known all over France, and the liberals were making the most of it. Béranger wrote a song that became so popular that all the children were singing it. A competition was opened, and prizes were offered for the best poems on "a voyage that history will rank among the great events of our century." The family feared that such popularity might lure him back into public life, but they were relieved when he showed no disposition of that sort. He returned to his peaceful existence, riding over his farms when the weather was fine, and spent the dark and rainy days of that winter in arranging the souvenirs of his tour, those multiple strange gifts presented by American admirers; unless the *salons* of La Grange were to look like a museum of American history, they would require a place to themselves, so he set aside a room upstairs and there displayed for the amazement and edification of friends of liberty all the stuffed animals, birds, reptiles, bows and arrows, Indian war-bonnets, tomahawks, war-clubs, collars and pipes, models of machines, mineral specimens, Lord Cornwallis's candles, relics from all the battle fields in America, a bottle of water from the Erie Canal and his

other treasures. He had to construct a pavilion in the park to house the *American Star,* and a cage to confine the animals presented by American admirers. But the grizzly bear that Governor Clarke of Missouri had given him he sent to the Jardin des Plantes.

He went now and then to Fontenay where Madame de Montagu was living in disapproving retirement; the perfect harmony of the Louis XVI furniture of her *château* was not compromised by the intrusion of such examples of democratic taste, any more than her old monarchical principles were affected by republican sentiments. She came to La Grange occasionally, but found the company assembled there a little trying; she considered it "very distinguished in many ways, but varied, not to say mixed."

During the winter and spring he was concerned for the health of Jefferson and got his own physician, Dr. Jules Cloquet, to prepare some instruments to be sent to Monticello. Then, in the summer, came the news that Jefferson and John Adams had died on the same day, July 4, just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. To him there was an almost mystical significance in the coincidence. The death of Jefferson was a personal sorrow, but it was a consolation for him "to think that we lived long enough to see each other again." And then another old friend, General Foy, died, and the liberals made his funeral the occasion of a great political demonstration. An immense procession marched to the cemetery of Père Lachaise; "above an ocean of heads could be seen, raised and lowered on the waves of this human flood, the coffin borne on the shoulders of young men." But, in obedience to his self-denying ordinance, La Fayette did not attend the funeral.

Nevertheless, while he seemed to be reconciled to the renunciations of placid old age and of country life, "there was

still fire beneath the cinders," as old John Adams had shrewdly observed, and he was keeping an eye on the world that lay beyond the winter fields and dripping woods of La Grange, that agitated world of France in which a tide of discontent was already rising against Charles X. After his spectacular coronation at Rheims, Charles had enjoyed a few months of popularity, or what, to a Bourbon king, must have seemed like popularity; he was affable, and had kept his elegant figure all his life, just as he had kept unimpaired his whole stock of Bourbon ideas. He was as unchanged and as unchangeable as La Fayette himself; they had been born in the same year; their youth had been passed in the same frivolous and brilliant society at the old Court of Versailles; they had been political opponents all their lives and yet, oddly enough, there was always a kindly feeling between them. La Fayette, sitting at his desk within the yellow walls of his library at La Grange, writing letters to the shifty presidents of struggling republics in South America, the Bolivars, Alvears and Rivadarias, corresponding with grave liberals in England or the States, and egging on all the revolutionary leaders in the world, could have no personal feeling against the King. He had heard that Charles X, speaking of him one day to Royer-Collard, had said: "I will do him this justice; he has changed no more than I have. In 1787, at the Assembly of Notables, he was in my bureau and we had a very lively discussion on the *capitaineries*. He wished them to be suppressed, and I, I said that I saw no reason why full liberty should be given to poachers who are all a bad lot."

Perhaps it was some tender memory of those youthful days of the Society of the Wooden Sword at the Porcherons or the balls at Versailles that still established a curious sympathy between these two sentimental and stubborn old men.

But now, from his ivy-clad tower at La Grange, La Fayette looked on with growing disapproval whilst the old King more and more yielded to the fawning priests and sycophantic ultra-royalists who lived in a world of illusions, worse than any he had ever known. No slightest suspicion of what had happened in the world of realities ever crossed their shallow minds.

While the King hunted at Fontainebleau or shot over the royal preserves at Rambouillet, the royalist and clerical party were growing bolder and more autocratic. The one thing that stood inconveniently in their way was the Constitutional Charter, granted by Louis XVIII in 1814, and the courtiers about the King, collaborating in a painful and unaccustomed cerebration, evolved a perfectly side-splitting pun about it; *"la charte"* they would say, *"la chatte merveilleuse";* no such brilliant flash of wit had been imagined at Court since the Restoration; the *salons* at the Tuileries and Saint-Cloud rang with laughter. Villèle, a wise old politician, not given to ambitious phrases, Gascon though he was, would have avoided giving offence to the people. "Let us not quarrel with the great brayers," he advised, in his sententious way. But he was anxious to hold his place, and must realize the programme of the ultra-royalists or be overthrown.

The government decided to indemnify the *émigrés* for property confiscated during the Revolution, and though La Fayette had always refused to be confounded with the *émigrés,* he claimed his share under this law, and received 325,767 francs and 90 centimes for estates in the Auvergne that had been confiscated and sold. It was, of course, an unpopular law, but the insatiable ultras would not stop there; they proposed a law defining theft in churches as sacrilege and punishing it with death; they demanded the

re-establishment of primogeniture; introduced bills to restore the priests to the legal position they had occupied under the old régime. The league between the throne and the Jesuits poisoned the very air with mystery. Then Peyronnet introduced a law imposing heavy taxes on publications; it meant the practical suppression of printing, and Chateaubriand and Royer-Collard were up in arms. "Vandalic law!" they cried. "They wish to bring up humanity in the happy innocence of brutes!" Writers assailed the law with ridicule; printers were in revolt. The French Academy found the courage to protest, and those of its members who held public positions were dismissed. The Count de Montloisier attacked the Court and the Jesuits in a work called *Mémoire à Consulter,* which had a tremendous success. At the funeral of the old Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, the young men of the École des Arts et Métiers de Chalons which he had founded, wished to bear his coffin on their shoulders; the police interfered, ordered them to place the coffin on a hearse; there was a riot, the coffin fell to the ground and was broken open, the corpse rolled into the gutter.

Chateaubriand joined the opposition and attacked the government viciously in the *Journal des Débats,* and when Hyde de Neuville returned from his embassy to Portugal, Chateaubriand welcomed him with the question: "Have you come to see how a throne falls?"

Then the King, in the hope of restoring confidence, decided for the first time since his accession to hold a review of the National Guard on the Champ de Mars, but when he rode down the lines of the legions he was greeted with cries of:

"Down with the Ministry! Down with the Jesuits!"

The unpopular Duchess d'Angoulême, recalling no doubt,

the tragic events of her youth, turned away her face to hide her tears. The National Guard laughed derisively.

"She will not even deign to look at us!" they shouted.

A working-man ran towards her carriage, bawling:

"Down with the priests! Yes, Madame, down with the priests!"

When the review was over the Guard went away shouting:

*"Conspuez les Ministres!"*

The next day the National Guard was disbanded. It was a blow to the shopkeepers of Paris; they were proud of their National Guard, even though they grumbled at having to serve in it. But Paris took it in the gay Parisian way, with a joke—and a threat.

All over the city National Guardsmen hung their uniforms and muskets in the windows of their shops, with this placard:

"Uniform for sale; the musket will be kept."

## II

For the old Liberal at La Grange this was too much; when they laid hands on the National Guard, they touched him, for the National Guard was his creation, the child of the Revolution and guardian of the Rights of Man. He had long been chafing under retirement and was impatient for action, and now he had not long to wait. Baron François de Pinteville de Cernon, Deputy for Meaux, died, and the electors offered the vacant seat to La Fayette. He accepted instantly, was elected on June 23, 1827 and the return of the old hero of two worlds to the political scene electrified France. A month later he was making a fiery political speech in the cemetery of Père Lachaise at the funeral of

his old friend Manuel. Alexis Mignet, a young writer of Manuel's own province, published an account of the funeral, and set out La Fayette's speech in full. The government ordered the arrest of Mignet, and at once La Fayette wrote a protest to the presiding judge of the court; he avowed all his words, declared that he had approved and even requested their publication and that his improvisation had been exactly reported. "If the words are blamable, the responsibility falls on me, and if they need explanation no one more than I should be called to give that explanation."

He could do no more just then, for on November 5 the Chamber was prorogued by royal decree, seventy-six new peers were created, most of them Jesuits and new elections were ordered. The Liberals made the most of the greatest opportunity they had had in a long while. France was nervous. There were, of course, riots at Paris, and in an atmosphere of panic, with the idea of a possible catastrophe haunting the public mind, the Liberals gained a great victory, and in the new Chamber they had a majority of sixty.

La Fayette was re-elected for Meaux, and the winter of 1827 and 1828 found him in the hemicycle of the Palais Bourbon once more, and holding a liberal *salon* in his house at No. 6 rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré.

He lived in an aristocratic simplicity that passed for republican—a butler and two or three footmen in modest liveries, and a coach and pair. George was with him most of the time, full of filial cares, trying to protect him from the bores, cadgers and political parasites that preyed on him all his life. Anastasie or Virginia, one or the other, was always there to preside at his table in the long dining-room.

He was at home every Tuesday evening, and his *salon* was one of the institutions of the town. It differed from those *salons* across the river in the faubourg Saint-Germain

where the Restoration had re-established the impregnable social fortress of the *ancien régime*. Perhaps he might go there now and then to see one or two old friends whom time and tragedy had not estranged, but there were not many of them any more. There the old established round was religiously followed, "six months in town, six months in the country; a ball at Carnival, concerts and sermons in Lent, weddings after Easter, very little theatre, and never a journey anywhere." In those fusty drawing-rooms haughty old dames, in dresses long out of fashion, spoke in the phrases and accents of the time of Louis XV, and choleric and embittered old noblemen, who had not changed an opinion in all their lives, played at cards by candlelight, criticized the princes and everybody else, denounced the Charter and longed for a government that, with an iron hand, would put down everybody who disagreed with them.

But through the *salons* of La Fayette, crowded with a company as mixed as that which so distressed Madame de Montagu at La Grange, there blew the freer air of the new time. On Tuesday evenings the narrow street before the house was filled with landaus, coupés, calashes and tilburys, and at the door there was a confusion of coachmen and lackeys, socially as mixed as the throng inside; there were many besides who came in omnibus or on foot, and, in the name of the Rights of Man, tracked the mud of the streets into the drawing-rooms.

There liberty reigned at last. Every one and any one was free to come and go as they chose; no heavy etiquette, no ceremonious presentations, no *maître d'hôtel* at the door to shout the names into the drawing-rooms.

Gohier, last President of the Directory, who knew all the suspicious characters of Paris, warned La Fayette that his *salon* was invaded by undesirable persons.

*"Que voulez-vous?"* he replied, shrugging his shoulders in his indifferent way. "They must know what is going on in my house."

His tall figure, in the swallow-tail coat and white cashmere trousers, overtopped the others in the crowded *salons,* and, his face still rosy and almost without a wrinkle, he smiled with his old charm and received his guests, spies and all, with that air of a marquis which had never left him.

They thronged curiously about him, and pressed about the tables in the dining-room, where the punch, the tea and the cakes were served. All countries and all classes were represented; there were silk stockings and trousers, uniforms and frock-coats; ladies in gowns of white organdie and cloaks of cherry-coloured batiste, their coiffures ornamented with high tortoise-shell combs, and gentlemen in crush-hats and coats of blue, silk waistcoats, pantaloons of white cashmere and dark, conspiratorial Venetian cloaks. All the notables of the capital, at one time or another, were there; Odilon-Barrot, with his fine Roman head and ambitious air; General Lamarque, tall, thin, broad-shouldered, with the beak of an eagle; General Matthieu Dumas, bowed now with years, wearing a large green shade over his eyes; James Fenimore Cooper, the American Consul at Lyons, with the tousled hair, high stock and collar up to his ears; the lovely Princess Christine de Belgiojoso, enveloped in the interesting aureole of an Italian refugée; Miss Opie, an American Quakeress, whose severe grey costume amused the French; and Godefroy Cavaignac, leader of the democratic party, a young man with a melancholy air and a fierce moustache. All the young men wore this melancholy air and these redoubtable moustaches; they all spoke disparagingly of the past and abhorred the present, but the future, when they should have made it over according to their republican ideas,

would be beautiful and free, in a word, perfect. Many of them were young barristers without briefs, young doctors without patients, and having nothing to lose, they were strong for the coming revolution.

Benjamin Constant was of the faithful, a literary authority among the politicians and a political authority among the literary men. La Fayette's friend, Ary Scheffer, wearing the moustaches and imperial of the painter, was often there, he, too, a revolutionist and innovator in art and follower of Delacroix, chief of the new romantic school of painting. For the revolutionary spirit of the times was not engaged alone with political change. The vast and mysterious movement in society just then sweeping on before it, like leaves blown by a wind, the men who thought that they were leading it, was revolutionizing literature and the arts as well. In another *salon,* that of Charles Nodier, the librarian of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal—formed, curiously enough, out of the library of the Count d'Artois, confiscated at the emigration—the general staff of the romanticists directed their revolution. There the Cénacle met—Nodier, lean and hatchet-faced, Victor Hugo with his Jovian scowl, Alexandre Dumas with his mass of kinky hair, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, Lamartine and Théophile Gautier, all busily creating a new world of letters.

The General's preoccupation was with political liberty; he pretended to no knowledge of the arts, and the young men who looked up to him in admiration as a liberal leader, smiled tolerantly at his preference for David and the classics, and generously made allowances. Their organ was *Le Globe,* and Charles de Rémusat, who had married George de La Fayette's daughter, was one of its editors. The General sympathized with youth and its enthusiasms, with anything new and strange and revolutionary; he had been like

them when he was young, and now in his old age, he was, in his way, the greatest romanticist of them all, and they were all sure of a welcome at No. 6 rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré. And there, as in the cafés of Paris, the young romanticists made war on the classicists, the new generation pulled down the old—and talked and talked and talked.

Music did not escape the contagion; the ultra-royalists complained that such operas as "La Muette de Portici" only served to teach the people the best way of rising in revolt. Rossini was at his apotheosis with "William Tell," and one hot August night in the Boulevard Montmartre the police had to charge the crowd coming from the Opéra. The General was indignant; the people should be free to manifest in favour of the Italian composer if they wished to do so. It was not only in his *salon* or in the Palais Bourbon that the great wind of liberty was blowing. Other forces, more mysterious and more potent, were at work, forces that most of the renovators and reformers took into no account in this noisy and glorious battle of ideas.

Saint-Simon, La Fayette's old friend, who had behaved so handsomely to him at Yorktown, insisted that the present crisis was "essentially the passage from the feudal and theological system to the industrial and scientific system."

The fiscal policy of protection had reached its culminating point; importations had practically ceased; prices were rising all the time, and workmen received miserable wages; half of them were aided by charity. The wine-growers were demanding the prohibition of tea, because "this herb injures the national character by making people gloomy like the men of the North, whilst wine creates a gentle gaiety." Such commercial exclusivism brought about foreign reprisals and favoured fraud; it was the golden age of smuggling. Certain economists began to point out that it was

absurd to think that a nation could always sell and never buy. Transport was difficult; four days were required to travel post from Paris to Lyons; the diligence took a week. The steam-engine was hardly known in France, though already used to propel boats in America. La Fayette had not failed to tell them about those floating palaces—and Levasseur's book was coming out—but he must admit that the French, in many ways, were backward. The post was little better than it had been before the Revolution. More than half of the land belonged to great proprietors. The number of abandoned children was appalling. The majority of the population were illiterate. And La Fayette urged education, education, education; they must let in the light.

## III

And so in the Chamber, when the budget came up, he criticized the government for not allowing larger sums for education, "and above all elementary instruction, that great spring of public reason, of practical morality and tranquillity of peoples." Education was always on his electoral programme, and in all his speeches. When his constituents gave him a banquet at Meaux his speech was so vigorous and the applause so tumultuous that the landlord feared that the floor would give way. Logerot, the Commissioner of Police, zealously reported to the Préfet: "I heard, if my ears did not deceive me, the word 'liberty' repeated often."

He spent the autumn at La Grange, posing to David d'Angers for his bust to be presented to the American Congress, keeping up his immense correspondence, arranging his papers and taking up once more the old project, so often begun and always abandoned, of writing his *Mémoires*. His young friend François Guizot, lecturer on modern his-

tory at the Sorbonne (until suppressed by Villèle) was translating for him his collection of letters from Washington, while the Rev. Jared Sparks, just then in Paris rummaging among the archives at the Foreign Office, edited his letters in English, taking care, of course, to correct their mistakes in diction and so destroy much of their charm.

Then after New Year's he went back to Paris for the session of Parliament, and was often in the tribune advocating liberal reforms that were forty years in advance of his time—one of them votes for every tax-payer. He demanded that France send diplomatic representatives to the new republics in South America, was wrought up into a noble indignation at the actions of the "vile tyrant" Dom Miguel of Portugal and wrote to Edward Livingston expressing astonishment at the action of the United States in recognizing him, the only criticism of his *seconde patrie* that he was ever known to express.

When the session ended George and he went to Chavaniac. He had not been there in a long while, and he was homesick for the hills and the lofty skies of Auvergne. They arrived at Brioude on July 30, and as they drove into the public place a crowd was gathered, and the Avocat Grenier, an old friend and colleague in the Constituent Assembly, was there to deliver an address of welcome. That evening the streets were illuminated, there was a banquet and a ball in his honour and he looked on in delight while they danced the old dances of Auvergne—*la montagnarde* and *la bourrée*. At the banquet he gave them: "To the city and *arrondissement* of Brioude; there my eyes opened in the midst of the usurpations of privilege and arbitrary authority; before they close forever, may they behold my country in full possession of all her rights and in

full enjoyment of the benefits of a pure and complete liberty."

The next day he started for Chavaniac, escorted by a great company of mounted men. The cavalcade grew as it proceeded along the road, delegations of horsemen came from Langeac and Paulhaguet; a great crowd trooped along on foot, and by the time they had reached Aurac and turned into the narrow road that wound for those last two miles through the fields and up to the *château* on the hill, all the communes of the countryside had poured out to welcome him home. On the terrace at Chavaniac a circle of children had formed, the scholars in the Mutual School, and the Institution for Young Girls founded by George; they stood there, with timid, embarrassed smiles, and as the General alighted from his carriage, the girls came shyly forward to present flowers and wreaths of laurel, and to be caught up in his arms and kissed on their rosy cheeks.

He stayed at Chavaniac for ten days, days of rest and memories, looking out on that grand girdle of hills; far off to the south-west the Cévennes, purple with their heather and the immense distance, the Mézenc and Gerbier-de-Jonc, and far to the north the mysterious Puy-de-Dôme. Then, on August 11, he drove down to Le Puy to see old friends there; a mounted escort preceded him into the town, illuminated in his honour, and led him under a triumphal arch to the house of Joseph Bertrand, deputy for that *arrondissement.*

And there he heard the grave news; the King had dismissed Martignac and appointed the Prince Jules de Polignac Prime Minister in his place. It was one of those political events that, having been predicted and expected for a long time, surprise every one when they occur. Polignac

had been Ambassador to England, and was thought too English in manner; he was tall, slender, elegant, with a long face and noble features and in appearance resembled Charles X with whom he was a favourite; indeed, everybody said that he was his son. In the eyes of the Liberals he was the very symbol of the counter-revolution; descended from the Duchess de Polignac, the fatal favourite of Marie Antoinette, he had been an *émigré* during the Revolution, and as a Peer of France had refused, after 1815, to swear to support the Charter, and so accumulated on his head all the penalties of unpopularity; but he did not care; a mystic and fanatic in religion, he counted on God and the King, and was "the predestined instrument of the one and the personal friend of the other." The journals of the ultras were in ecstasy at his nomination. "No more concessions!" was their watchword now. "The battle is engaged between royal sovereignty and national sovereignty, between the white flag and the tricolour."

The news came on the day of the banquet that was given in La Fayette's honour by the patriots of Velay, and the first outburst of anger and resistance occurred in the very province of which the Polignacs had been the overlords, for to the north of Le Puy, to the right of the St. Paulien road, on a plateau, stood the stately ruins of their twelfth century castle.

As he sat at the long banquet table, facing great portraits of Washington and himself hanging side by side on the opposite wall, they drank to his health as the "greatest citizen of the epoch," and the enthusiasm was tremendous. He had hoped not to talk politics that night; he preferred to recall old memories; the visit that he had made with La Tour-Maubourg in 1791—Adrienne's courage at the time of her arrest by the Jacobins, and the kindness shown her by the

people of Le Puy, and "the noble resistance of the departmental authority" to which "I owed the saving of a life more precious to me than my own."

As for the present crisis, "You may be sure, Messieurs," he said, "that as soon as they perceive a plot against public liberty, the Chamber of Deputies and the nation itself, will find the energy necessary to defeat it."

He was roused by the challenge to his principles in the nomination of Polignac, and felt himself young again; he thought of the glorious days of his youth, and old Jean Leblanc; the more recent glories of his prodigious tour of the United States were fresh in his memory; he would go over to see La Tour-Maubourg in his *château* near Yssingeaux. Forty horsemen escorted him, and the two old friends spent a few days talking of Olmutz and the present crisis, and then he set forth with George on a tour that was as triumphant, if not so long, as that which he had made in America. He went from town to town, young Liberals riding before him, and everywhere there were enormous crowds, ovations, triumphal arches, banquets, speeches, toasts, the "delicious smile of the multitude." At the gates of Grenoble the first mayor of the city, Rosset-Bressan, now an old man of seventy-four, presented him with a silver crown of oak leaves; that night there was a banquet and a serenade, and the next day they left for Vizille, high up in the Alps of Dauphiny, to visit George's daughter, who had married the son of Augustin Périer, elder brother of Casimir Périer, and Deputy for Isère. She had a new baby, and La Fayette, a great-grandfather now, remained there several days, in the fine *château* of Lesdiguières, with its view of the panorama of the Alps, illuminated at night by *feux de joie* about which the peasants danced.

Then on tour again—Voiron, La Tour du Pin, Bourgoin and Vienne, and so on to Lyons. The crowd was so great that it was impossible to cross the Rhône on the Morand bridge, and they were obliged to make a detour and cross on another bridge to which thereafter the name of the Pont La Fayette was given. The Mayor of Lyons had posted *affiches* forbidding the people to assemble, but the crowd burst through the lines of police and followed him to the Hôtel du Nord, where that evening a concert was given in his honour. The next day, September 6, was his birthday; he was seventy-two, and the city turned out to fête him. They took him aboard a boat and up the Saône to the Isle Barbe; hundreds of small boats gay with flags followed, and the banks of the river were covered with cheering people. That evening in the Jardin de Flore at Lyons the Masonic Lodges of the region gave a banquet in honour of the General and George, and the next day, another banquet in the Salle Gayet, and a great crowd outside in the rain waiting to see him pass. His political speeches were all impromptu now, for he had overcome his timidity in public speaking, and since his tour of the United States, where, as Levasseur had noted, the oratorical art had been carried to such a high pitch, he could speak with ease quite offhand, like Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, and amidst enthusiasm he flayed the government for "its counter-revolutionary incorrigibility."

"No more concessions, the journals of this party have recently said. Strange reversal of the nature of social powers! No more concessions! say, in their turn and with greater weight, the French people, when they demand these institutions so long waited for, which alone can guarantee the enjoyment of those imprescriptible rights that the Charter has recognized."

He had roused Auvergne, Dauphiny and Lyonnais to liberal enthusiasm, and over on the other side of France, in Brittany, associations were formed to resist the payment of taxes if the Charter was violated. The Liberals printed a brochure, "Voyage de La Fayette en France," containing an account of his progress and his speeches, and circulated a hundred thousand copies of it. The government was alarmed and "powerless to strike the god, avenged itself on the faithful." Colonel Faure-Finant, the Mayor of Vizille and his *adjoint* M. Chapuis were dismissed from office for having participated in the reception to the General, and when the General heard of it, he wrote to the Mayor asking him to present his sympathies to the citizens of Vizille, "who, because of the hatred with which an old patriot has so long been honoured, find themselves deprived of their respectable and well loved magistrate."

He had never seen the Liberals so united, so strong or so hopeful as they were at the close of that year of 1829. The youth of the nation were rallying to his standard. His young friend, François Guizot, confided to him his ambition to enter political life and asked his help, and he wrote to Dupont de l'Eure to propose Guizot as Liberal candidate in the by-election for Lisieux. "M. Guizot is more of a monarchist and less of a democrat, I think, than you and I," he wrote, "but he loves liberty."

M. Guizot, in fact, was a partisan of the Duke d'Orléans, and more and more the Duke's name was on men's lips. So much so, that Lord Palmerston, then on holiday in Paris, concluded that the Bourbon dynasty was doomed, and wrote home that there would be "a change of name in the inhabitant of the Tuileries and the Duke of Orléans might be invited to step over the way from the Palais Royal."

## IV

The opening of the year 1830 found the General installed in his house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré for the winter, and all Paris waiting in excitement for the opening of the session. The air was full of rumours; there was even talk of a *coup d'état*. Young M. Thiers, erudite and myopic in his spectacles and already famous as the author of a work on the French Revolution (in ten volumes), had founded *Le National* and was favouring the Duke d'Orléans. In the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon deputies were solemnly talking about John Hampden; statesmen were brushing up on English history, studying the events of 1640 in the hope, rather vain for the French temperament, of learning how to muddle through a Revolution and effect a change of dynasties without breaking too many heads.

The Chambers met on March 2 with the usual ceremony, the pomp of the royal entrance and the bustle and bated breath of the crowded galleries. As Charles X was going up the steps of the throne he stumbled, his toque fell to the floor, and the Duke d'Orléans sprang forward, picked it up and handed it to the old King. The deputies exchanged significant glances, but the King put on his toque, ascended the throne and read his speech. As his feeble voice uttered the brief and formal phrases, La Fayette, leaning forward, a little deaf, his hand behind his ear to hear the better, noted the menace in a certain phrase. "If culpable manœuvres," the King was saying, "raise for my government obstacles that I do not wish to anticipate," and here the King's voice became more emphatic and he laid stress on the words—"I will find the force to overcome them."

When, in secret session, whilst impatient crowds were waiting on the quay outside the Palais Bourbon, the depu-

ties discussed their reply to the speech from the throne, La Fayette urged vigorous expressions. Royer-Collard, President of the Chamber, was of the same opinion. "We must strike quick and hard," he said. "Let us not leave to the folly and incapacity of a few men the time to destroy liberty."

It was proposed to remind the King that "the Charter consecrated the right of the country to participate in deliberations in the public interest" that "this participation creates a permanent co-operation of the political views of the government with the wishes of your people," and then to say: "Sire, our loyalty and our devotion force us to say to you that this co-operation does not exist," and to demand the dismissal of Polignac and his ministry.

La Fayette's protégé, the learned young Guizot, was in his new seat, and justified all of his confidence in him by supporting the passage in a scholarly argument, fairly saturated with sound legal doctrine. The reply to the address was adopted by 221 votes to 181, and it was an embarrassing moment when the deputation went to read it to the King; he received them seated, surrounded by constrained ministers and supercilious courtiers. Royer-Collard's grave voice broke when he came to that terrible passage, but he went through with it. Charles X listened calmly, but when his turn came to speak the affectation of royal dignity suddenly left him, he coloured, and "with a gesture that was not very royal" drew from under his thigh a paper which he unfolded, and in a voice shaken with emotion, proceeded to read. It was a brief, curt refusal. "Messieurs, I announced my resolutions in my speech opening the session; these resolutions are immovable. . . . My Ministers will make known to you my intentions."

The next day, when the Chamber met—with the galleries bursting—the Minister of the Interior presented a decree proroguing Parliament. In the heavy silence the President declared the Chamber adjourned.

*"Vive le Roi!"* shouted the Right.

*"Vive la Charte!"* shouted the Left.

But from the galleries came a cry:

*"Vive la Constitution!"*

A member on the Right demanded that the galleries be cleared. But Royer-Collard, descending the steps from the presidential chair, paused gravely, looked out over his large cravat, and said with solemn significance:

"The Chamber is no more."

Charles X resumed his shooting at Rambouillet, and Polignac, determined to put a stop to this impertinence and disrespect, began to draft another decree, providing that the Peers should no longer be addressed by such a common title as "Monsieur," and "that their sons should wear a uniform of apple green in order that France might have an aristocracy."

Pending this fundamental reform the deputies of the Seine gave a banquet to the Immortal 221, who had signed the stout reply to the King's address; it all went off very well in spite of a disturbance raised by the young men of the Society *"Aide toi, le ceil t'aidera";* there was a greater demonstration of patriotism than even La Fayette had expected, he had an ovation and was "deeply touched by the proofs of affection with which the present electors of Paris, sons of my contemporaneous electors of '89, were kind enough to overwhelm me."

He was caught up in a round of political banquets and made so many and such fiery speeches that the royalist journals accused him of being possessed of a devil that compelled

him to oratory, and said that "a good exorcism would deprive him of the gift of speech."

Fortunately Royer-Collard and Chateaubriand were possessed of the same devil at that moment, and the King undertook to exorcise this troublesome spirit by dissolving the Chambers. The dissolution was pronounced on May 16, and the new elections fixed for July. The Liberals were ready for the contest and formed a union with the extreme party, the republicans of Godefroy Cavaignac's group.

There were sinister predictions. Lamennais observed that "the invalid is slowly sinking; he will die in convulsions, that is all."

When the King went to a soirée at the Palais Royal, a mob invaded the garden and set fire to the chairs, shouting:

*"A bas les aristocrats!"*

Street orators mounted tables and harangued the crowds. It was 1789 over again.

Charles X, with his inexhaustible versatility in making blunders, interfered in the elections, and issued a proclamation taking sides against the Liberals. He counted on the glories of a foreign war to counterbalance the errors of his internal policies, and sent a fleet to bombard the fort at Alger, took the town and found a treasure of forty-eight million francs belonging to the Dey of Algiers.

But this brilliant victory did not help matters; the people were more interested in the struggle between the King and the Chamber than in any differences with a recalcitrant Algerian potentate, and in the elections the Liberals swept everything.

La Fayette was re-elected for Meaux by the largest vote he had ever received. The opening of the session had been fixed for August 1. On Tuesday morning, July 27, as he was at breakfast, an express from Paris arrived at La Grange

with a letter from Charles de Rémusat and a copy of the *Moniteur* containing five royal decrees signed by the King the Sunday before. He put on his spectacles and read them with amazement—the liberty of the press suspended; the Chamber dissolved; the electoral system modified in favour of the government; the electoral colleges convoked; a number of ultras appointed to high places.

He called Bastien, sent for Carbonel—George was in Auvergne—ordered the horses to be put to his carriage and an hour later was out on the road to Paris, eager to be in at the death.

# CHAPTER XI

## THE REVOLUTION OF 1830

*1830* *Aet.: 73*

## CHAPTER XI

### THE REVOLUTION OF 1830

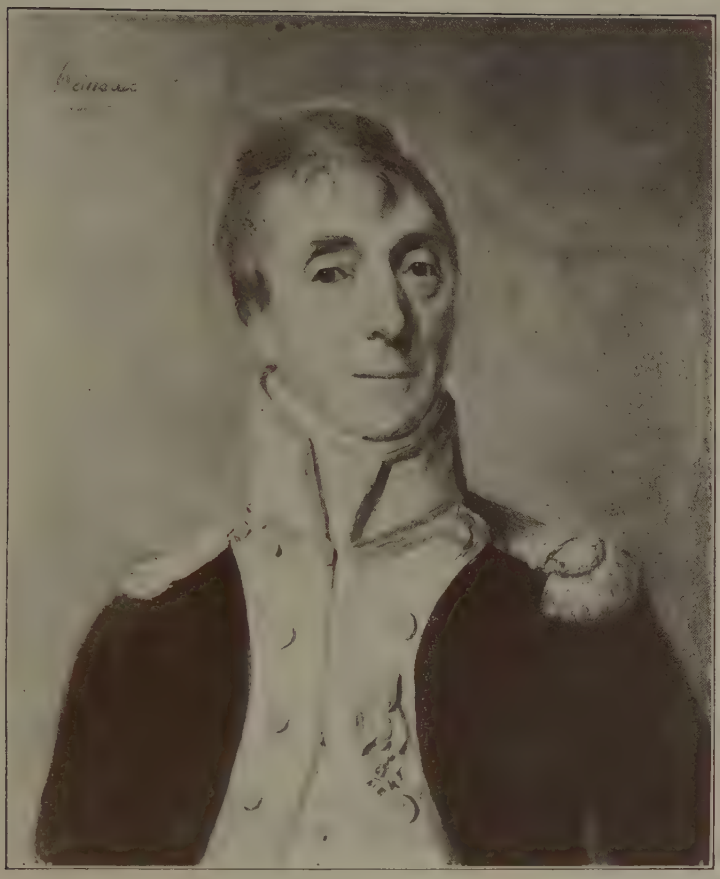
### I

AS his carriage rolled into Paris that evening, the old Revolutionary noted a familiar quality in the mood of the most sensitive and temperamental city in the world. He had known it intimately for sixty-two years, and he had only to sniff the air to tell what it was doing. The sun was going down in a red haze, the breathless July heat lay heavy on the town and in the fetid exhalations of the streets there hung the reek of burning buildings and a smell of powder smoke. The streets were dark, for the glass in the street lamps had been shattered—another familiar symptom—but in the shades sinister figures were scuttling about. And then, as he drove along the rue Saint-Antoine, he heard another sound that took him back to old times, the ring of pickaxes tearing up the paving stones. Before long he came upon working-men in blouses, side by side with *bourgeois* in black coats, throwing up barricades.

When he reached No. 6 rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré he sent for Levasseur, Joubert and other friends, and for his grandsons, Jules de Lasteyrie and Charles de Rémusat. Charles had been in the thick of it and was terribly excited; all the youth of Paris were wrought up, ready for revolution. George was still in Auvergne, and might have difficulty in reaching Paris. . . . They told him what had happened. The King and his ministers had kept the secret of their

*coup d'état* well; no one had known of the famous decrees until the *Moniteur* appeared. The King had given the command of the troops to Marmont, Duke de Raguse, and then gone to Rambouillet to continue his shooting. The editors at Paris had been forbidden to issue their journals, but Thiers had ignored the order. *Le National* had appeared, and Thiers had called a meeting of journalists and drawn up in their name a protestation in which it was said: "The reign of law has been interrupted; that of force begins. . . . Obedience ceases to be a duty." The *rentes* had gone down four or five points; Talleyrand was advising his friends to speculate on a bearish market.

That morning, Tuesday, all the liberal journals had appeared, and the Préfet had ordered that their presses be destroyed. But it was easier just then to issue orders than to execute them; the Préfet could find no one to break up the presses; locksmiths and mechanics all refused and he was compelled to apply to a man who rivetted the chains on galley slaves, and even he did not succeed in destroying these shining engines of liberty. The printers joined the insurgents and "manifested" with the irrepressible students. Mobs paraded the boulevards; the armories were pillaged. That afternoon the troops had fired on the crowd. Those deputies who were in town, scared out of their wits, had met at the *hôtel* of Casimir Périer in the rue Neuve-du-Luxembourg. They were to meet again in the morning. Thus, the report made to the General by his friends. He authorized them at once to use his name to aid the insurrection. Outside, through the hot night, the workmen and the students were tearing up the paving stones and throwing up barricades. And the members of the old National Guard, dissolved two years before, had got out their old muskets and were cleaning and furbishing them.



LA FAYETTE

From a Portrait by Heinsius Now in the Toledo Museum of Art.

He was up at four o'clock in the morning, receiving a delegation of cadets from the Ecole Polytechnique; he gave them his blessing, and they swarmed out to mount the barricades. The tocsin was ringing out over Paris; the old Carbonari reappeared; shopkeepers along the boulevards were felling the trees that obscured their show-windows—and made such excellent barricades. The people rose in the most gratifying manner and marched on the Hôtel de Ville; one Dubourg, in a moth-eaten uniform, hired at a costumier's, emerged from obscurity, declared himself "General" and marched with them; some anonymous hero climbed the towers of Notre Dame and unfurled the blue, white and red flag; the *gros bourdon* began to boom over Paris. Marshal Marmont launched three columns of royal troops, one against the Hôtel de Ville, another towards the Bastille and the faubourg Saint-Antoine and a third along the quays. And in the white-hot sky the fiery July sun arose, and the fighting began in the torrid heat. The thermometer stood at 95° F., the soldiers, in their padded uniforms, were almost prostrated; they had no water, no bread, and the commissary *dépôts* were in the hands of the insurgents.

The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry were sounding over the city when at midday La Fayette went to the Maison de Roulage, the house of Audry de Puyraveau, at No. 40 rue de Faubourg-Poissonnière, where the deputies were to meet. The house was in the very centre of the rioting, and when the crowds in the street saw the old veteran of seventy-three limping intrepidly into his third revolution, they shouted wildly:

*"Vive La Fayette! Vive la liberté!"*

The place of meeting was not one to reassure the conservative. The Deputy Audry de Puyraveau was a man

of violent and vulgar speech and habit, revolutionary by instinct. He assembled his colleagues on the ground floor and threw open the windows on the street, so that the crowd might hear all that was going on, a most exposed and embarrassing position for honourable members who did not know which side was going to win. There were about a score of them, hesitating and fearful. Mauguin, a popular orator, with a loud, penetrating voice, gave an alarming description of the situation; when he ventured to pronounce the awful word "revolution" several of the deputies begged him not to speak so loud. Sebastiani declared that they must conserve the legal order of things, and Guizot warned them that the least imprudence would compromise their rights.

The General, during the interminable discussion, had been sitting there, outwardly calm and cool but inwardly raging with an impatience that was betrayed only by an occasional scowl of the thin, pale eyebrows and the little nervous cough he gave now and then. There was no doubt where he stood; everybody knew, even Marmont, who, hearing that morning that he was in town, had promptly issued an order for his arrest. As the sounds of the firing, the shouting and the tumult, that music of revolution, came in through the open windows, he longed to be out on the white horse, with the tricolour cockade, the drums beating *la générale,* the National Guard marching and tossing seas of people shouting *"Vive La Fayette! Vive la liberté!"* All this palaver and faltering were a waste of precious time, and when his protégé spoke of "legality" he got up, and the sarcastic smile came to his face.

"I confess," he said, "that I hardly understand the use of the word 'legality' when we consider the *Moniteur* of the day before yesterday and the firing that has lasted two

days." Then, becoming grave, and speaking with the authority of an expert, he went on:

"These events, Messieurs, can no longer be confined within the limits of strict legality. This is a revolution." He said it slowly, deliberately, and the word fell in the midst of the frightened deputies as the thud of the guns outside fell in the hot, heavy air. "A provisional government is necessary, and should be formed immediately."

At this moment some one came in hot and breathless and told them that the people, after horrible carnage, had taken the Hôtel de Ville, and the failing courage of some of the deputies was stimulated. Casimir Périer, a rich banker like Laffitte, thin, bald, his spectacles riding high on his forehead, proposed to send a commission to Marmont to ask for a truce, during which the deputies could "lay their complaints at the foot of the throne."

"Let us rather," suggested La Fayette, "*order* Marmont in the name of the law to cease firing on the people."

But the deputies, with the parliamentary instinct for sheltering behind committees, adopted Périer's motion, and the deputation, composed of Casimir Périer, Laffitte, General Gérard, General Lobau and Mauguin went to the Tuileries to find Marmont.

And then La Fayette lost patience.

"Already, Messieurs," he said, "my name is placed, by the confidence of the people and with my consent, at the head of the insurrection. I ardently desire the approval of my colleagues, but if you do not reach a decision by to-morrow, I shall consider myself at liberty to act alone, and in my own name. To-morrow I will establish my headquarters at Paris."

It was two o'clock and they adjourned to meet again at four at the house of another deputy, M. Bérard.

The attendance at this second meeting was not so large, for the royal troops had taken the Hôtel de Ville again. The committee sent to interview the Duke de Raguse returned from the Tuileries empty-handed, though the Duke had received them politely and had taken from the hands of the Marquis de Foucault, who had arrested Manuel, an order for the arrest of La Fayette and torn it up.

M. Guizot had brought the draft of a protestation and after its too respectful tone towards royalty had been somewhat altered, it was adopted and ordered published. By this time there were only ten deputies, and M. Guizot proposed that the names of all the Liberal deputies be added to the document; then more discussion, and finally the names of sixty-three deputies were added. La Fayette signed for himself and for George, who had not come back from Auvergne, and announced once more that the next morning, at dawn, he proposed to establish his headquarters at the Hôtel de Ville.

The fighting had been going on all day; working-men, old soldiers of the Empire, members of the National Guard, fought at the barricades, on which the *bourgeois* piled their household furniture; from upper windows women threw down slops and burning rags on the royal troops; even the *gamins* of Paris played their part, climbing into the peristyles of churches and shying stones at the soldiers. The crowd tore down the armories of the Bourbons from the front of shops that were furnishers to Their Majesties and Their Royal Highnesses. Marmont's troops were worn out, maddened by the heat and this inelegant and irregular warfare, and by evening they were without food or ammunition. Oddly enough, the fighting was all on the right bank; across the Seine in the faubourg Saint-Germain, aloof as

ever from vulgarity, calm and perfect indifference reigned; driven out of doors by the excessive heat, *concierges* and their womenfolk sat on the pavement before the austere fronts of noble mansions, and gossiped and knitted and sewed as though the noise of musketry on the other side of the river meant nothing at all.

Thiers had prudently gone to spend the day in the country. The tiresome old Marquis de Sémonville, who had been in office under every government since Louis XVI, was driving back and forth between Saint-Cloud and Paris with M. d'Argout trying to arrange a compromise. M. Lafitte sent M. Oudart to Neuilly to inform the Duke d'Orléans of the meeting of the deputies, and to beg His Royal Highness to beware of traps set by the Court at Saint-Cloud. The Duke heeded the discreet advice of his banker and spent the warm night in a kiosk in his park, where no one could get at him. Polignac was still seeing apparitions; the Virgin Mary had appeared to him again, and encouraged him to persevere. When a frightened ambassador sent for a safe-conduct to leave Paris, Polignac replied: "You are an alarmist. When we wish to act, a corporal and four men will be sufficient." And he sent notes to the King at Saint-Cloud, telling him that all was well. The King played whist all afternoon; when, through the open window, the dull sound of the distant cannonade came into the room, he would flick the table with his finger-nail, as though there were a bit of dust there. He said that if the people would lay down their arms they might count on the most generous pardon.

At eight o'clock that evening the General was at the house of Audry de Puyraveau, where the deputies were to meet again. He insisted that the deputies, wearing their uniforms and carrying the tricolour flag, place themselves at the head

of the insurrection, and when Sebastiani and Méchin spoke of legality and concessions from the King, this was too much, and he rose and demanded:

"Messieurs, what post is assigned to me in the name of the nation? I am ready to take it, and at this instant."

One by one the deputies slipped away. At midnight only La Fayette and four others remained. They bade one another good-night, and separated to meet again the following morning at the house of M. Laffitte.

The incessant clangor of the tocsin had stopped; the firing had ceased; the red glare was dying out of the sky. The city, exhausted by that long, hot day of fighting, was filled with a vast, strange silence; there were no lights, and in the dark, clear sky the stars shone. The General did not go home. He would wait until morning to see what this huge, mysterious, silent night might bring forth, and, accompanied by Carbonel and Jules de Lasteyrie, he went out to have a look at the barricades. He walked slowly, leaning on his cane; now and then the *qui vive?* of a sentinel in a blouse challenged his small party; the citizen soldier would question them, allow them to pass. He walked about thus for two hours. At the barricades that closed the rue Cadet, near the rue du Faubourg Montmartre, a sentinel cried out of the darkness:

*"Halte là!"* and called the corporal of the guard, La Fayette marvelling at the military instinct of the French people.

"You will come to the post, *clampins,"* said the corporal, "and explain what business you have walking about so late."

The corporal led them past several barricades to the corner where the guard was posted. The captain of the guard held up a lantern and peered into the General's face.

*"Mon Capitaine,"* said La Fayette, "I am touched to the

bottom of my heart by what I see. Come and embrace me and you will learn that I am one of your old comrades."

The captain hesitated.

"It is General La Fayette!" said a man in the group of improvised guards; and rushed into his arms. The captain drew himself up, and addressing his men, said:

*"Messieurs,* present arms!"

He remained abroad in the streets all night, scrambling over barricades, watching, with a kind of paternal affection, over the weary young soldiers of liberty bivouacked in the streets. At dawn he consented to go home; at the rue de Surène his way was blocked by the Royal Guards who occupied the Madeleine, but shopkeepers, recognizing him, led him through their shops and out by back ways, uttering their *"Vive La Fayette!"* in low voices, lest they betray him to the soldiers of the King. For two days the people had fought without a leader and without a programme; but through the tumultuous city that morning one name was flying from mouth to mouth—the name of La Fayette. Members of the old National Guard begged him to go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the Republic. Nothing would have been easier; the situation was indisputably his; he had but to say the word. And yet—he hesitated; wondered what the night had brought forth.

## II

Dawn, and the tocsin began to clang again; the firing was resumed in the streets. Marmont's soldiers were going over to the insurgents. The very children of Paris, "drunk with joy and gunpowder," were fighting; Victor de Broglie, coming down the rue Saint-Honoré, saw a company of Guards marching past the British Embassy; a lad of fourteen with

an old musket so heavy that he could hardly lift it stepped into the middle of the street ten paces in front of the column, took aim and fired; he missed; then, grounding his musket, struck an attitude of defiance. The captain ordered a platoon to fire; they fired, but over the lad's head; the boy laughed, and scampered away; the captain laughed, and marched on. At the Louvre a boy of sixteen opened the door of the old palace to the people; riddled by a dozen balls he was borne to the hospital at the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois; another lad climbed a gate at the Louvre and opened it; another swarmed up one of the colonnades and flung out the tricolour.

But it was not on the heroic stage of the public places of Paris, with the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries for its grandiose scenery, that the tragicomedy of the Revolution of 1830 was played out to its last act. Whilst La Fayette was hobbling through the torn-up streets, scrambling over barricades in the darkness of that Wednesday night, Banker Laffitte was not asleep. It was not for nothing that he allowed grimy and sweaty patriots to swarm through the luxurious *salons* of his *hôtel* in the rue Cerutti; they might do that or go out to acclaim liberty and get themselves shot, but they were not admitted to the inner apartments, especially to that cabinet, rather too cosy on that hot night, where, immobilized by a sudden and inopportune attack of the gout, he had been plotting with a few intimate confidants of his thoughts, and sharers of his interests and ambitions. Liberty was all very well; they were willing to make a breach in the walls of legal privilege large enough to admit the propertied classes, but now that they were inside the thing had gone far enough; it was time to call a halt. The next thing they knew, the movement would burst its bounds; the aspect of the crowds was changing; sinister faces

were appearing; bands of ruffians were parading through the sacred precincts of the faubourg Saint-Germain; the prisons had been opened; pillaging had begun; the republicans were growing pert and presumptuous; Godefroy Cavaignac, the exalted young demagogue of the blazing eyes, with his friends Joubert and Bastide the Carbonari, was fighting at their head in the Place de Grève and La Fayette himself, in the people's eyes a very standard and oriflamme of revolution, impatient and troublesome, would soon be leading them unless something were done. They must have a provisional government with La Fayette as its figure-head; they could bamboozle him afterwards. It was time to bring forward the Duke d'Orléans. And so, more messages to the Duke at Neuilly. Casimir Périer, Thiers and Guizot were called in. They decided to ask La Fayette to accept the command of the National Guard. The Revolution had a programme.

Thus events, which know how to make up one's mind for one, decided for him. That morning early, word came from Laffitte that the deputies would ask him to take command of the National Guard. . . . He set out at once with Jules de Lasteyrie, General Carbonel and Colonel Poque for Laffitte's house. It was with difficulty that they got there, but when they did, the crowds in the street greeted him with an almost frantic joy. The people were swarming in and out of the luxurious mansion that had become the headquarters of the Revolution; cartridges, seized at the barracks in the rue Verte and borne to Laffitte's house in wine baskets, were distributed to everybody, and in the lofty *salons,* hung with tapestries and filled with *objets d'art,* crowds of working-men in blue blouses, their faces black with powder and streaked with sweat, their sleeves rolled up over hairy arms, jostled with *bourgeois* and

deputies, and came and went on this immense business of revolution.

There were forty members of the Chamber at this meeting, a far better attendance than at the meetings of the days before; things were going better now, the people were sure to win and parliamentary courage mounted. When he arrived, announced by a great shout in the streets, they were in session.

"Messieurs," he said, "you will believe me without difficulty when I say that I received this morning the first news of my nomination as Commander of the National Guard." He was going on in his little speech, giving them the reasons that determined his acceptance—"an old name of '89 may be of some utility in the circumstances in which we find ourselves" when an officer burst in upon them and announced that the Louvre had been taken by insurgents; Marmont's troops were falling back on the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées. The meeting thrilled with an agreeable sensation of relief, and he went calmly on:

"I am invited to organize the measures of defence. It would be strange and even improper if those who long since have given proofs of devotion to the national cause should refuse to respond to the call that is made upon them. Do you believe that in presence of the dangers that menace us, inaction would correspond to my past life and to my present situation? No; my conduct at seventy-three will be what it was at thirty-two. My duty commands me to respond to the public confidence and to devote myself to the common defence."

The Deputies were flattering and overflowing with amenities for him. M. Guizot said that it was impossible for the honourable General not to yield to the wishes of his fellow citizens; the safety of Paris depended upon him. M. Bertin

de Vaux adhered entirely to the views of M. Guizot; if they could not find again the virtuous Mayor of Paris in '89, let them congratulate themselves on having obtained the illustrious chief of the National Guard. (Cries of *"Très bien! très bien!"*)

When they decided to form a municipal commission to take charge of the defence, M. Laffitte, in the chair, invited M. de La Fayette to name the commission, but he declined saying that it should be named by the Deputies, and MM. Laffitte, Casimir Périer, Lobau, Schonen and Audry de Puyraveau were chosen.

M. Bertin de Vaux announced that a great agitation reigned outside, that the name of General La Fayette was pronounced everywhere and that it was necessary for the honourable General to go and show himself to the citizens.

At that moment the people were victorious on both sides of the Seine; the Tuileries and the Louvre were in their hands; the tricolour flag had been raised on the Pavillon de l'Horloge. The King's troops were flying in rout out of the Champs Élysées towards the Étoile, and through the disorder and tumult of the streets he began a triumphal progress towards the Hôtel de Ville. General Carbonel and Jules de Lasteyrie were with him; George had not yet arrived from Auvergne, and the General was anxious. An immense multitude, mad with victory, impeded his steps and almost crushed him under its caresses.

Women and children hung out of open windows; they swarmed on the housetops, everywhere people, gone mad as the quick Parisian imagination seized upon the implications of that scene—this smiling, limping old veteran, who for more than fifty years had fought for that strange, mystical thing called liberty, and now had triumphed in one more revolution. And they gave way to their emotions, weeping,

laughing, dancing, flinging up caps, firing guns in the air, making the noise so beloved of the French and drowning it all, even the spluttering of sporadic conflicts that still went on at some of the barricades, by the unisonant roar of: *"Vive La Fayette! Vive la liberté!"*

In the rue aux Fers a great shower of blue, white and red ribbons came streaming down upon him from the upper windows of mercers' shops; he picked up one of the ribbons and fastened it in his buttonhole and the crowd scrambled for scraps of the ribbon to pin on their coats. They were an hour and a half in going from the rue Cerutti to the Hôtel de Ville. The Place de Grève wore its ancient air of forty years before; it was cumbered with guns and caissons, the debris of the struggle, and filled with a vast crowd that began to shout his name. Many wounded were there, and he stopped and had a word for them. One wounded man said that now, since General La Fayette had taken his hand, he was willing to die.

As he went up the steps of the perron of the Hôtel de Ville some one offered to show him the way. He laughed and shook his head.

"I know the ins and outs of this building better than you do," he said.

He went up the grand stairway; in the great *salons* the hangings with the *fleur de lys* had been torn to shreds; the bust of Louis XVIII had been overthrown; the bust of Charles X had been smashed to fragments—as his own once had been.

Inside he encountered "General" Dubourg, a strange figure in his ridiculous uniform, who had installed himself there as "dictator" but at sight of La Fayette this odd ephemera bowed and vanished.

Some one came to tell him that Levasseur had been seri-

ously wounded at the barricades, and the news distressed him; but he had no time then for grief; he ordered the tricolour flag to be hoisted at once over the Hôtel de Ville; then, with his old aptness, he hastily dictated a proclamation:

My dear Fellow-citizens and Brave Comrades:

The confidence of the people of Paris calls me once more to the command of the public forces. I have accepted with devotion and with joy the powers that are confided to me, and, as in 1789, I feel strengthened by the approbation of my honourable colleagues, assembled to-day in Paris. I will make no profession of faith; my sentiments are known. The conduct of the Parisian populace, in these recent days of trial, renders me more than ever proud to be at its head.

Liberty shall triumph, or we will perish together.

*Vive la Liberté! Vive la patrie!*

LAFAYETTE

He dictated another order declaring the Parisian National Guard re-established; Messieurs the Colonels were invited to reorganize the service immediately, Messieurs the non-commissioned officers to hold themselves ready to assemble at the first tap of the drum. And the old Guard came to life again. Once more, after all these years, he reigned at the Hôtel de Ville, for the moment the only authority in France, "invested," as Odilon Barrot put it, "with a veritable moral and political dictatorship the title to which was written in no decree, but appeared to be so forced upon him that no one dreamed of contesting it." He took up his old familiar duties; a crowd pressed about him; every moment some one demanded to be heard, made a report, or asked instructions.

"*Mon Général,* the Royal Guard is debouching in mass by the arch of the Étoile."

"*Mon Général,* what shall we do with the prisoners?"

"*Mon Général,* they are pillaging the treasury."

"*Mon Général,* there will be no bread in Paris to-morrow."

It was like old times; he was issuing orders right and left, dictating proclamations. "The people of Paris have covered themselves with glory, and when I say the people I mean those who, usually called the last class of society, have this time been the first."

That night, whilst Paris wore the aspect of a besieged city, with the worn out insurgents bivouacked at the barricades, M. Laffitte was dispatching M. Oudart to Neuilly to tell the Duke d'Orléans that he must choose, within twenty-four hours, between a crown and a passport.

Out at Saint-Cloud, Charles "by the grace of God, King," as he still fancied himself, had yielded, and was sending old Sémonville, nearly pegged out by this time, back to Paris with d'Argout and Vitrolles, to announce that he had withdrawn the offending decrees, dismissed the Polignac ministry and named a new one, Liberal this time, with the Duke de Mortemart as Prime Minister. Then he played whist, as usual, in the *salon* de Vérité.

On Friday morning the people awoke to find the walls of Paris covered with anonymous posters, lauding the Duke d'Orléans as a prince who was devoted to the cause of the Revolution, and only awaited the will of the French people.

La Fayette ordered the posters to be torn from the walls, but they had done their work; the idea had been implanted in the plastic public mind.

The poster had been written by MM. Thiers, Lareguy and Mignet, and now they were met at M. Laffitte's to concert means of balking the republicans and getting the Duke d'Orléans on the throne. Sleepy peers were still consulting inconclusively at the Luxembourg, and the Duke Victor de Broglie had been clambering over barricades all night, in-

terviewing colleagues, trying to do something—anything, to save them from the horrors of a republic. MM. de Sémonville, d'Argout and Vitrolles, those aged and exhausted missioners of peace, had knocked about town all night, through streets boiling with revolution, vainly trying to induce some one to accept the pacific overtures so tardily made by Charles X. Early in the morning they appeared at the Hôtel de Ville, to be greeted with discouraging shouts of *"A bas les Bourbons!"* and *"Vive la République!"* The General received them and listened to their plea.

"But at least, my old comrade," he said to Sémonville—they had sat together in the States General in '89—"have you thought of assuring us that the Bourbons will adopt the tricolour cockade? For we patriots can not go out of this place without having gained something." He smiled benevolently, gave them passports to protect them from the crowd, and they went back to the Luxembourg. Later that morning the Count Colin de Sussy came, representing the Duke de Mortemart, on whom Charles X had forced the ungrateful task of Prime Minister. Mortemart had arrived more dead than alive from Saint-Cloud, with the impossible mission of reconciling the Deputies and the people to their repentant King; in climbing through a breach in the wall of the *octroi* at the bridge of Grenelle he had injured his leg and was burning with fever when he reached the Luxembourg, and to spare him the long and hazardous journey across the river—the mob was already waiting for him in the rue Cerutti—the Count Colin de Sussy had volunteered to bear his letter and the ordinance constituting the new ministry to La Fayette and the deputies.

The General was surrounded by his staff and a crowd of citizens, among them a delegation of the Carbonari come

to present an address demanding that the nation be consulted.

"I am here with my friends," said La Fayette to the Count, "from whom I have no secrets." He opened the packet and read the letter.

"Well," he said to those standing about, "what shall we reply?"

"No dealings with them!" shouted the Carbonari. "By what right does a Peer of France dare to bear to the people of Paris the decrees of a dethroned King?"

It was with difficulty that he could calm the tumult in the great hall.

"You see?" he said, turning to the Count. "It is too late. The Bourbons are done for; you must resign yourself to it."

M. de Sussy asked the General if he would not consent to an interview with the Duke de Mortemart at the Luxembourg.

"The people themselves have revoked the decrees during the three days," he replied. "As a delegate of the people I can have nothing to do with the representative of the fallen monarchy."

When, at noon, the Deputies met—at the Palais Bourbon now—the astute M. Laffitte's plans had been perfected. A committee, appointed to meet with a like committee of the Peers, returned from the Luxemburg and reported that the Peers were in favour of the Duke d'Orléans; M. Laffitte proposed that the Duke d'Orléans be named Lieutenant-General of the Realm, and there were only three votes against the motion. That night, at ten o'clock, the Duke, dressed as a simple *bourgeois,* and accompanied by two aides-de-camp, General Heymes and Colonel de Berthois, drove into Paris by the barrière de l'Etoile. The city was dark and melancholy; there were a few lights in windows

here and there; at the barricades working-men who had fought for a republic lay asleep; now and then a funeral passed, or one of La Fayette's orderlies galloped by, his horse's hoofs ringing sharply on the paving stones. They drove down the Champs Élysées through the densely wooded park, reached the Pont Tournant, and then went on foot along the rue de Rivoli to the Palais Royal. At the barricade the guard sleepily told the portly middle-aged gentleman in high hat and frock-coat that he might pass and the Duke went into the Palais Royal.

## III

At midnight General Heymes appeared at the Hôtel de Ville with the Duke's compliments; His Royal Highness would have the honour to wait on General La Fayette the following morning. The General bowed; he should feel highly honoured, of course, and his humble duties to His Royal Highness.

He trusted that his calm face had concealed the fact that he was just then traversing one of those periods of painful indecision of which he had known so many in his life. The events of that day had narrowed the issue to the simple alternative: either the monarchy with the Duke d'Orléans as king, or the republic with himself as president. Republican sentiment was boiling over all about him. The mob under his windows in the Place de Grève was howling for a republic. The National Guard, the old Carbonari, the republicans massed about the Hôtel de Ville and the ardent youth of France were eager to proclaim it with him at its head. The republic was in accord with his principles and his tastes; he considered the Constitution of the United States the best that had ever been devised by man, it was the end towards which he had struggled all his life, and

now, here it was, in his grasp. He had only to say the word. Delegations warned him that if he did not, he would lose his popularity.

"Popularity," he said, "is a precious treasure, but, like all treasures, one must know how to use it in the interests of the country."

He was without ambition in the Napoleonic sense; then, as ever, as Guizot testified, he was nobly disinterested. One minute he would ask himself if he had the right to let such an opportunity to establish a republic in France go by, the next, he would remember '93 and the republic the Jacobins had set up; Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins and the guillotine chopping away all day long!

Charles de Rémusat came to see him; Charles knew not only what the group at the editorial rooms of *Le Globe* thought, but he had been in consultation at the house of Guizot, in the rue de la Ville l'Evêque.

"There is no middle ground," said Charles. "It is either the monarchy with the Duke d'Orléans, or the republic with you. Do you wish to be the President of the republic?"

"No, certainly not," he replied.

"Very well, then! You must help us place the Duke d'Orléans on the throne."

Benjamin Constant came to tell him that his friends were beginning to complain of his indecision. He sent for Odilon Barrot and Matthieu Dumas and sat up nearly the whole night talking over the situation with them. It was a relief when Durran of his staff, whom he had sent to Saint-Cloud to parley with the royal troops, interrupted them with a message from the palace asking for a definite statement on the concessions proposed by the King through Mortemart. Here was one problem settled, at any rate, and he dictated a reply:

"I am asked for an explicit statement of the situation of the royal family since the latest aggression against the public liberties and the victory of the Parisian population. I will give it frankly: *it is that all reconciliation is impossible and that the royal family has ceased to reign.*"

It was Saturday morning, July 31. Some decision must be reached. And it was reached only when he heard something that he could interpret as the voice of America. That morning the American Minister, William C. Rives, came to pay his compliments. It was rather early for an Excellency to be out of doors, though, as this one was newly arrived, he may not yet have lived long enough abroad to acquire enervating habits. Or, maybe some one had put him up to it.

"What will our friends in the United States say," said La Fayette, as he advanced to greet the Minister, "if they learn that we have proclaimed the republic?"

"They will say," replied Rives coldly, "that forty years of experience have been lost on the French."

That settled it. He sent Matthieu Dumas over to the Palais Royal to announce to the Duke d'Orléans that, though his personal preference was for a republic, he thought, in the circumstances, that a constitutional monarchy was best for France.

Strange that now, after all these years, he should stand aside for the son of that other Duke d'Orléans, Philippe Egalité, and place him on the throne! And yet he had never been one to cherish resentments; the old quarrel with the profligate father, begun away back there when he had returned the first time from the American war, had left no rancour to be visited on the son; the present Duke, at fifty-seven, was an amiable fellow, who had suffered much and learned much in the long wanderings of his exile; pov-

erty had cured him of all the illusions and pretentiousness of royalty. His principles were liberal; he had been secretary of the Jacobins, a general in the republican armies, had terrible memories of the Revolution of '89, and had the history of it at his finger tips. The republic filled him with horror, not only by its excesses, but by the deplorable notoriety it had given to Philippe Egalité, whose evil reputation he had tried to live down. He possessed all the *bourgeois* virtues and was a prince of the blood of Louis XIV.

But more than all else he had been in America and at Mt. Vernon; he had known Washington, that is, he had drunk at the sacred fount, he had seen the perfect and ideal government in full swing and operation; how could he do other than imitate it? If France must have a king, where could she find a better one?

## IV

That morning, waiting at the Hôtel de Ville for the Duke to come, La Fayette heard shouts and going down to the perron saw a curious and motley procession debouch into the Place de Grève. It was led by one lame drummer, beating a broken drum; then came the *huissiers* of the Chamber of Deputies, in their long black coats and chains of office. Then, on a gentle cob, as became a respectable *bourgeois* king in embryo, the portly Duke d'Orléans, in the uniform of a general officer—rather too tight on a day of such torrid heat—followed by a single aide-de-camp. Behind this modest bourgeon of royalty the Deputies, not in uniform to-day, but wearing the clothes in which they had travelled from the provinces. M. Laffitte, lamed by the gout, and Benjamin Constant who was ill, were borne in

sedan-chairs. An enormous crowd trooped along with them, waving the tricolour, firing guns in the air, making a fine Latin hubbub and din, and as the Duke ambled along, his ruddy face a deeper red, the perspiration streaming down his pendulous jowls, he fraternized with the people, leaning from his saddle to shake moist and grimy hands. And yet, as he rode into the Place de Grève, the crowd gave something very much like a groan. Then, cries of *"A bas les Bourbons!"* and *"Vive La Fayette!"* arose.

He went down the steps to greet the flushed and perspiring prince; the Duke dismounted and came up, smiling and holding out his hand, and as they were going up the stairway of honour, the Duke, turning to those about him, said pleasantly:

"Messieurs, it is an old National Guard who comes to pay a visit to his former general."

They entered the great assembly hall, the Salle du Trône, to be received with almost sinister silence. The crowd was composed of the victors in the three days' fighting, the young men of Paris, still covered with the sweat and dust of conflict; they were all republican in sentiment, and to a faint and timid cry of *"Vive le Duc d'Orléans!"* they shouted a discouraging antiphon *"Pas de Bourbons! Vive La Fayette!"*

The sense of a great responsibility weighed heavily upon his aged shoulders, heavier still upon his young heart; he "felt himself charged with the future fate of his country." Those ardent youths were of his party; he shared their republican inclinations, but he frowned slightly and made a sign to them to be quiet. Through the open windows, into the suffocating and fetid air of that crowded hall, came the disapproving murmur of the crowds in the Place de

Grève and along the quays. The Duke was disturbed; the enterprise was trembling in the balance. The Deputy Viennet unfolded a paper and read out a manifesto, written in Guizot's most polished style and adopted by the Deputies, promising all the liberal reforms. But it was received in suspicious silence. Then an incident occurred, one of those insignificant incidents that, in such moments, may prove decisive of great events, like Pascal's grain of sand. The ridiculous "General" Dubourg suddenly appeared again.

"Monseigneur," he cried, addressing the Duke, and pointing through an open window to the crowds below, "I should like to believe that you will remember your promises, but if you fail, we shall know how to make you keep them!"

The thing was not going off at all. And then La Fayette had one of his inspirations; with his French gift of improvisation and his knowledge of the French crowd, he impulsively waved aside the tiresome intruder, seized a large tricolour flag, pressed it into the hand of the Duke, took him by the arm, led him out to the balcony, and throwing his arms about him, kissed him on both cheeks. The Duke waved the flag, and at the sight of the old emblem of liberty, now, after fifteen years proscription, held aloft in royal hands, a mighty shout rolled up from the Place de Grève.

*"Vive le Duc d'Orléans! Vive La Fayette!"*

A balcony, a blue, white and red flag, a *beau geste,* and the French crowd was won. The Duke d'Orléans had crossed the street, as Palmerston had said he would, and the "republican kiss"—as Chateaubriand called it—of the Hero of Two Worlds had made a King.

The Duke departed in noisy triumph; the tumult and the shouting died away, and La Fayette was left with those

republicans who remained sullenly behind. They began to grumble. This spectacular visit was all very well, but what guarantees had the Duke given that he would be any more liberal than his predecessors? And they threatened to take up arms again and go on with the revolution.

He argued with them in his persuasive way and got them to agree not to trouble the tranquillity of Paris for twenty-four hours; he was obliged, by the etiquette of these things, to return the Duke's visit at once, and when he went to the Palais Royal, he would obtain the desired assurances. Then he drew up a statement of the concessions they demanded —national sovereignty at the head of the Constitution; abolition of a hereditary peerage; a complete renewal of the magistrature; popular election of municipal and communal officials; no property qualifications for voters; and all this to be adopted provisionally pending the sanction of the nation.

He took this programme which he summed up by saying that "it was a question of a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions," and went to the Palais Royal, where he was received with great shouts by the crowds in the gardens. The doors of the palace were open to everybody, and the footmen wore no aristocratic liveries—so had democracy prevailed, even in the courts of princes! The Duke d'Orléans received him with effusive and grateful affection, put his arm about him and led him into a private room.

"You know," La Fayette began, "that I am a republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most nearly perfect that has ever existed."

"I think as you do," the Duke replied, with a promptness that was wholly convincing. "It is impossible to have passed two years in America and not to be of that opinion. But, do

you think that in the present situation of France, it would be wise to adopt it?"

"No," said La Fayette. "What the people of France need to-day is a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions—" he paused and added for emphasis, "entirely republican."

"That is precisely the way that I understand it."

How could one doubt such a frank and friendly, such a simple and sincere man? The Duke was perfectly sound and orthodox in his liberal views; promised everything. The Duke was so cordial, so affable, so full of concern and above all so grateful to him for all that he had done. The Duke trusted that he was not too greatly fatigued by the patriotic efforts of which he was so prodigal; really he must be careful and conserve his strength. And he went with him to the door, his arm about his shoulder.

He returned to the Hôtel de Ville wholly reassured. His intransigent republican friends were waiting, and he was glad to be able to assure them that the Duke and his son shared all their opinions, that all that they had proposed was the very expression of the intimate thoughts of the house of Orléans; they could rely on them to assure the happiness of France. They were full of republican distrust and suspicion; still, if La Fayette said it, it was so; they were willing to leave it to him, who had fought for liberty long before they were born. And so Armand Marrast and others went out to visit different sections of Paris and tell the patriots what the old chief had said.

Diligences were rumbling along the roads bearing the proclamation of La Fayette; everybody in France knew what had happened; everybody except Charles X. He had retired from Saint-Cloud to the Trianon, and from there had gone to Rambouillet, where he was lodged in the

*château* in which Napoleon, flying from Malmaison, had passed the first night of his exile. He had with him still eight thousand troops and artillery. When he heard that his cousin had been named Lieutenant-General of the Realm, he appointed him to that post, and sent to the Palais Royal his abdication and that of his son the Duke d'Angoulême, asking that his little grandson, the Duke de Bordeaux, son of the Duchess de Berry, be proclaimed King of France under the name of Henry V. Louis Philippe replied that he would lay the letter of abdication before the Peers, and, as a friend and well-wisher, advised him to leave France at once.

Schonen, Marshal Maison and Odilon Barrot were sent as commissioners to Rambouillet to assure him safe conduct, but Charles X refused to receive them. They returned to Paris and at six o'clock the next morning, August 3, La Fayette, who had barely got to bed, was roused by a message from the Palais Royal. He went in haste; something must be done to frighten Charles X; he must send the National Guard to Rambouillet. He returned to the Hôtel de Ville and gave orders that General Pajol, with Colonel Jacqueminot as chief of staff and George, who had arrived at last from Auvergne, as aide-de-camp, were to take a force of National Guards and march on Rambouillet. Drummers began to beat *la générale;* rumours spread; crowds surged through the streets, and early in the afternoon a huge and undisciplined horde had gathered under the trees of the Champs Élysées, grotesque as the brigands of melodrama. The few uniforms of the National Guard and the small number of *bourgeois* coats were lost in the oceans of blouses and jackets, and all sorts of military costumes picked up at the barricades. There were bearskins of the Guard, shakos of the Lancers, cuirasses worn over rags; there were

muskets, pistols, long sabres, halberds and even spits from kitchen chimneys, bayonets and broom-sticks. All sorts of vehicles, omnibuses, cabriolets, drays, fiacres, had been requisitioned to transport this bizarre army to Rambouillet, and before they set out, La Fayette came to pass them in review. As he rode up and saw them, he thought of that October day, forty-one years before, when another mob had set out on this very road to Versailles; but this horde was not so sinister or ugly; Paris, this August afternoon, was not in its hideous, savage mood; this was the expansive and noisy gaiety of the Parisian populace on holiday. There were twenty thousand of them, but what were they against the disciplined Guards and the forty cannons of General Lamarque?

"At the first whiff of grape-shot," remarked Jacqueminot, "they will *f—— le camp* like a flock of sparrows."

La Fayette knew that too well and he was troubled. But recalling the ways of the Indians and the old tactics of Washington, he told Pajol that, in case of an attack, they were to scatter in the woods of Rambouillet and shoot from behind trees.

With a great shout of *"Vive La Fayette!"* the strange column moved out, those seven or eight hundred overloaded vehicles, each omnibus a human pyramid, with men on the imperiale indulging in horse-play, coarse buffoonery, and bawling "La Parisienne" and "La Marseillaise."

The motley army had gone, but it had left behind another mob to surge through the Place de La Concorde across the river to the Palais Bourbon, where the session of the Chambers was to be opened that day by the Lieutenant-General. He went across the river to find the Palais Bourbon surrounded by a clamouring multitude, excited young republicans, students, members of the Société des Amis du

Peuple, with street orators to inflame them; already they were threatening to chase the Deputies from their chamber. He gained the palace by the grand court, and once more the leaders appealed to his authority over the crowd, that popularity which they ridiculed when all was going well, and behind which they sheltered when things began to go badly. He went out and faced the mob alone. He raised his hand and silence fell.

"My friends," he said, "it was my duty to take measures to defend the Chamber of Deputies against all attacks on its independence; I did not do so, and I was wrong, though after all that has happened during the Revolution I could hardly foresee such violence as that which is being used to-day. I have no force to oppose to you; but if the liberty of the Chamber is violated, the dishonour of it will fall upon me who am charged with the maintenance of public order. I place my honour, then, in your hands, and I count sufficiently on your kindness to be sure that you will retire peaceably."

Instantly the crowd shouted:

"Well, all right; let us retire. *Vive La Fayette!*"

## V

That evening, at eleven o'clock, a courier brought news from Rambouillet. The King at last had received the commissioners, and when Maison had told him that the Parisians were marching on Rambouillet and in another hour would invade the *château,* the King had asked him, on his honour as a soldier, how many there were. The Marshal had replied that there were from sixty to eighty thousand. Then the King had given in. The crown diamonds were turned over to the commissioners. The carriages were drawn up

in the Court of Honour. The little Duke de Bordeaux had appeared, followed by his mother, then the Dauphin and his suite, then last of all, Charles X, leaning on the arm of the Sous-Préfet Frayssinous. He climbed wearily and heavily into his coach, gave a nod of his head in sign of adieu and the coaches rolled away for Maintenon.

The old dynasty had been overthrown, but the new was not as yet set up. As Chateaubriand said: "The monarchy is at the Chamber, the usurpation at the Palais Royal, and the republic at the Hôtel de Ville." There, La Fayette was trying to keep peace in his turbulent republican family. The Charter was to be revised; a constitution to be drawn up; patriots had dropped the pike and taken pen in hand; there was no time to lose. Bérard was dashing off a most liberal document; the Duke Victor de Broglie was doing another, less liberal, with the able assistance of that worthy *bourgeois,* M. Guizot.

But the General was too busy to take part in framing the new Charter, and during the night of August 5, the Duke Victor de Broglie and Casimir Périer came to the Hôtel de Ville, charged by the Duke d'Orléans to negotiate with him. Broglie was an old friend, and Casimir Périer was the uncle of Natalie, and, with the strong family feeling of the French, this was a bond. Broglie had brought his draft, hoping to reconcile it with that of M. Bérard, which La Fayette preferred; they talked all night but La Fayette would not give in, especially on the question of a hereditary peerage, and at dawn Broglie and Casimir Périer went away, troubled and perplexed.

The draft was to be presented to the Chamber for adoption that day, and early that morning he was called to the Palais Royal to hear it read. They read the draft very rapidly—the Chamber was waiting—but not rapidly enough

to conceal the fact that the article relating to the peerage had not been changed. There was no time to change it then, and they went to the Chamber. And when the article came up for adoption, he climbed into the tribune and objected to it, as "a disciple of the American school," who had never understood how there could be hereditary legislators.

That afternoon the Deputies, escorted by a detachment of the National Guard through the crowds in the streets, went to the Palais Royal, where the Duke d'Orléans, surrounded by his family, received them. The Duke listened with calmness and dignity while M. Laffitte read the declaration that modified the Charter and offered him the crown, then he made a little speech, seized the hand of his banker and burst into tears. In the great *salon* and in the courts and corridors and the Place of the Palais Royal rose the cry:

*"Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive toute la famille royale!"*

Then the Duke, taking La Fayette with him, went out on his balcony, and to the delight of the multitude threw himself into La Fayette's arms "as though in the arms of the nation personified."

And La Fayette, with a wave of his hand towards the new King, cried:

"There is the King we needed! There is the most republican solution that we were able to find."

And King, veteran, Deputies, people, all gave way in ecstasy to their emotions.

One question remained; what name should the citizen King assume in ascending the throne? Broglie and his conservative friends were for calling him Philippe VI, but La Fayette was opposed; that title would awaken unfortu-

nate memories of the old filiation; the new King was to be a citizen King, the *Roi citoyen,* chosen by the people, not ruling by any divine, hereditary right; La Fayette insisted that he be called simply Louis-Philippe. The Duke agreed, and wrote a charming letter to the General in his own bold hand, and dropping into English, as befitted a correspondence between two men so deeply attached to American institutions, concluded: "You see you have carried the point."

He carried another point, of some subtlety; Louis-Philippe must be King of the French, and not King of France; the old theory of divine right was dead; in the royal republic of La Fayette the King was chosen by the people; it made all the difference in the world.

The coronation took place on August 9. No breaking the little phial, no anointing with holy oil this time, amidst mediæval pomp and ceremony in the Cathedral of Rheims as in the case of Charles X five years before, but a simple ceremony at the Palais Bourbon. No royal troops, but the National Guard keeping in order the vast crowd that had been gathering on the quay ever since early morning, waving blue, white and red flags, singing the songs that had been popular in 1789. In the Chamber the throne was placed as for the opening of parliament. The hangings with *fleurs de lys* had disappeared; the throne was flanked instead by four tricolour flags. The Peers and Deputies took their places; the Duchess d'Orléans with her children and Madame Adelaide were in the royal box; at half-past two the Duke, preceded by deputations of the two Chambers, entered, accompanied by his sons, the Duke de Chartres and the Duke de Nemours, and they were assigned to modest, almost democratic camp stools. Four Marshals of France, Mortier, Macdonald, Oudinot and Molitor—who had attended Charles X at his coronation—stood behind

the throne, bearing cushions on which were the insignia of royalty—the crown, the sceptre, the glaive and the ivory hand of justice. The new Charter was read, the Duke declared his acceptance, and stood up, uncovered, while Dupont de l'Eure read the oath. The Duke signed his name and took the oath; the Marshals presented the royal insignia, then he seated himself on the throne, while the Chamber rang with shouts of:

*"Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive la famille royale!"*

The tribunes burst into a fine agitation of white handkerchiefs and large beaver hats, and Louis-Philippe, having thus received his crown from the people, read his speech to their representatives who, for the first time in France, remained seated before a king.

And when the ceremony was over, the new Queen made her way through the excited throng to La Fayette, and even before he could bend to kiss her hand, she impulsively seized his hand in hers, and exclaimed:

"It is really to you, General, that we are indebted for all this!"

Meanwhile, Charles X was travelling along the well-worn road into exile; travelling by stages so easy that Paris was irritated—but royal etiquette had to be observed, even when one was dethroned. That night he was at Argentan, and six days later his coach rolled into Cherbourg where, in an American ship, the *Great Britain,* hailing from Baltimore, and owned by Mr. Patterson, the father-in-law of Jérome Bonaparte, the august exile set sail for the Isle of Wight.

## VI

And so the Revolution of 1830 came to an end; not a very inspiring revolution, directed by rich, middle-class old

gentlemen in spectacles and preposterous cravats, who knew precisely what they wanted and how to get it. The blue, white and red flag had replaced the white flag of the Bourbons and the *fleurs de lys;* pantaloons had prevailed over the white satin breeches and the silk stockings. The legitimists, the old aristocracy of the Restoration, had retired to musty *salons* in the faubourg Saint-Germain, hung with tapestries and furnished—like their minds—in pure Louis XIV, giving themselves over to futile reminiscence and unavailing regrets. Withdrawn in loathing from any contact with the King of the Barricades and a modern world of hopeless middle-class vulgarity, they dwelt there in a soft half-light, dreaming of the past, and only now and then startled into momentary consciousness of the actual world by some wild impossible hope of another restoration. The *bourgeois* had replaced the nobility and clergy as the governing class; MM. Guizot and Thiers were launched on promising political careers, and, best of all, the five per cents of MM. Laffitte and Casimir Périer were safe. They were all duly grateful, for a while, to La Fayette for the loan of his popularity, and the Hero of Two Worlds, with one more revolution to his credit, was fêted on every hand. Wherever he appeared, his ears rang with applause, the very air about him vibrated with adulation, and the limping patriarch of seventy-three was as popular as the dashing youth of twenty-three returned in an aureole of pure romance from the American adventure of half a century before. The Parisians hauled two little cannons to his door and presented them to him, to be placed in the hall of La Grange; Stendhal wrote in enthusiasm "the admirable La Fayette is the author of our liberty"; the City of Paris offered him a banquet; addresses poured in; deputations from all over France came to present felicitations; verses

were written and songs were composed in his honour; books and brochures were published, engravings were struck off, celebrating the moving scenes on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville and on the balcony of the Palais Royal. The most popular of the engravings was the one by Lemercier, after a drawing by Maurin; it bore the title: "General La Fayette giving the accolade to King Louis-Philippe," and the legend ran: "Here is the King we needed; this is the best of republics!" Already the phrase he had pronounced had undergone the inevitable deformation.

Louis-Philippe was indefatigable and effusive in expressing his affectionate gratitude; he wrote La Fayette a letter every day; La Fayette was his first thought in the morning and his last at night; "I can not wait, *mon cher Général,* to know how you feel after this great day; for I fear that you must be very tired." . . . "I can not go to bed, *mon cher Général,* without thanking you for your good efforts to-day, and for the success that you have obtained. I only fear that you must be greatly fatigued."

The King at once appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of the realm, and in the familiar old uniform, a blue swallow-tail coat piped with red and with white facings—the bottom buttons of the tunic left unfastened, for he was not quite so *svelte* now as he had been in '92, and wearing white pantaloons and gaiters instead of the small-clothes and boots—he went about communicating his enthusiasm to the citizen-soldiers, organizing the legions and brigades, with old Matthieu Dumas as inspector general and Carbonel as his chief of staff, and of course George as an aide-de-camp.

He soon had the National Guard on foot, and was ready for a grand review on the Champ de Mars. On August 29 the National Guard—sixty thousand strong—assembled

there; on the banks of earth around the field was gathered an enormous crowd, three hundred thousand persons, it was said; at half-past twelve, amidst salvos of artillery, the King arrived, with the Duke d'Orléans, the Duke de Nemours and a glittering staff, escorted by four squadrons of mounted guards; La Fayette received him in a tent near the Ecole Militaire; a great shout went up all round the field, the guards spun their shakos on their bayonets and from all those thousands of moustached mouths came a roar of:

*"Vive le Roi!"*

The King distributed flags to the legions; then they all swore the oath, and, as in 1790, a deep roar arose from the vast plain:

*"Je le jure!"*

And the King, quite overcome, flew to the arms of his *cher général,* and embraced him, crying: "This is worth more than a coronation at Rheims!"—and burst into a flood of tears.

Meanwhile, every throne in Europe was trembling. The Revolution had shaken the world. It had delighted the Whigs and Radicals in England; even the Tories had kind words for the French, who had avenged them on Charles X for Algiers. "La Parisienne" was sung all over London; on all the hustings the French, for once, were praised. Deputations from English cities came across the Channel with congratulations. In America the enthusiasm was unbounded; La Fayette had done this. And so in all the cities bells were rung, "there were bushels of tricolour cockades"; all the orators burst forth into eloquence and perspiration. "Hail La Fayette, Virtue's Champion! . . . Hurrah for old La Fayette and France!" New Orleans sent a flag to the City of Paris, and Baltimore one to La Fayette; President Jackson mentioned the matter in his Message to

Congress, and marched at the head of a procession in Washington City. The Americans felt an almost proprietorial interest in it, and were really encouraged by this proof that Europe, at last, was beginning to heed their wise advice.

They were somewhat disappointed, perhaps, that a republic had not been established, but they had confidence in La Fayette's judgment; besides, Louis-Philippe was only a puppet king, a mannikin in the hands of La Fayette.

But Louis-Philippe had not been King a week before tiles, as the French say, began to fall on his head. The first was the arrest of the Ministers of Charles X. Three of them, Montbel, d'Haussez and Capelle, after some hairbreadth adventures, had escaped to England. But officials, filled with too much zeal—the worst vice, according to Talleyrand, that a public servant could have—arrested Polignac at Granville at the moment he was about to embark for the Isle of Jersey, and Chantelauze, Peyronnet and Guernon-Ranville were captured on the road to Tours. The government thus found itself with four white elephants on its hands. The popular fury broke out as the prisoners were being taken to the *château* of Vincennes; a man aimed a gun at Peyronnet and cried: "Down on your knees, scoundrel who fired on the people, and beg pardon!" Even the National Guard joined in the chorus that demanded the blood of the ministers.

Was the new reign to be inaugurated by executions? The Chamber tried to find a way out of the dilemma; Victor de Tracy introduced a law abolishing capital punishment for political offences, and La Fayette rushed to the tribune to support a measure so much in accord with his own humane principles, and when, on the anniversary of the execution of the four sergeants of La Rochelle, the republicans

organized a demonstration and opened a subscription to erect a monument to their memory, he took advantage of the occasion to secure thousands of signatures to a petition urging the abolition of the death penalty.

Then another tile fell on Louis-Philippe's head. The French had succeeded so well with their revolution that the Belgians had got up one of their own, organized on the same model, barricades and all, and Louis-Philippe was accused of fomenting it. The Belgians, not satisfied with three, had five glorious days. The audience at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, after applauding madly Germain Delavigne's opera "La Muette de Portici," poured out into the streets, swarmed into the gilded Grand' Place and up the hill of Truerenburg to the Parc Royal, fired on the Palais Bellevue and in short, drove out the Dutch and set up a kingdom of their own. At this advance of liberty, La Fayette could only applaud, and when he was informed that the Prussians were massing troops on the Belgian frontier, he was ready to lead the National Guard to the defence of the little kingdom. It was not many weeks before the Belgians, casting about for a king, thought of La Fayette, and tentative propositions were brought to him, but he laughed at them. "It was already too much for my republicanism to have helped to found a throne," he said, "and as the Marshal de Saxe replied when asked to become a member of the French Academy: 'That would become me about as well as a gold ring would a cat.' "

The revolutionary spirit was contagious; Poland rose in revolt against Russia, and La Fayette, the old comrade of Kosciuszko, expressed his sympathy in the tribune of the Chamber and headed a committee to help the revolutionaries. He encouraged the Spaniards who were in arms against Ferdinand, promised them assistance and induced

Louis-Philippe to give them a hundred thousand francs to help their cause along.

The infection spread to the little states in Italy and they rose against their petty princes. Even in Germany, at Dresden, in Brunswick and Hanover, there were hoarse guttural shouts of *"Hoch La Fayette!"* In Mexico, in Chili, at Bogota and all over South America there were *vivats* for his magic name. The blue, white and red cockade was making the tour of the world indeed!

All of which was very flattering to La Fayette, but rather embarrassing to Louis-Philippe. For Louis-Philippe had not been recognized as yet by any of the powers except Great Britain. The apparition of this citizen-king or king-citizen, or whatever the dangerous La Fayette called his latest political innovation, was alarming enough as it was. La Fayette had been the nightmare of legitimate kings in Europe for fifty years, and now that he had risen again and enthroned a king on the preposterous theory of popular sovereignty, the old coalition against France was revived and the Holy Alliance consecrated itself anew to its divine mission.

But he was incorrigible; he went on making those troublesome speeches about liberty, and proudly led to the Hôtel de Ville and presented to Odilon Barrot, now Préfet of the Seine, a delegation of citizens from Philadelphia come to felicitate the Parisians on their triumph. At the great banquet in the Hôtel de Ville that evening he said:

"I hesitated this morning, not knowing on which side I ought to take my place, whether I should stand with those who presented the address or with those who received it. This evening I find all the memories as well as all the sentiments of my life fused together here, the grandsons of my companions in America, the sons of my comrades of

'89, and my new brothers in arms of the Revolution of 1830. It is in this Hôtel de Ville, twice the cradle of European liberty, that have just been presented the resolutions of Philadelphia, that city where, on July 4, 1776, was promulgated the Declaration of Independence, date of a new era of liberty in the Two Worlds; a liberty that, for the first time, was founded on the veritable rights of humanity. Five years ago, at a great anniversary at Boston, in proposing a toast to the 'emancipation of the American hemispheres' wrought in the course of half a century, I added that the toast of the quinquagenary following would be 'Europe freed!' May that prediction be verified!"

Then he asked them to fill their glasses and rise.

"To the memory of Washington!" he said.

He received, by the hand of General Lallemand who had returned to France, a letter from Joseph Bonaparte still in exile in New Jersey. Joseph regretted that he had not placed his nephew, Napoleon II, the little Duke de Reichstadt, on the throne, but he felicitated him nevertheless and hoped that now the way might be opened for him to return to France.

To the mild reproaches of his old friend La Fayette replied that one of his first cares, after the elevation of the Duke d'Orléans to the throne, had been to express to him the wish that Joseph Bonaparte and his family might be allowed to return to France, but Louis-Philippe had objected that, whilst he himself should be delighted, the treaties with the European powers would not permit it. La Fayette was frank with Joseph; he did not hesitate to say what he thought of his "immense brother" or that the Napoleonic system had been a "reign of despotism and servitude." And he defended Louis-Philippe, "the young republican of '89,

the soldier of Valmy and Jemmapes, the teacher in Switzerland, and the traveller to the United States."

The first condition of the republican principle [he wrote], being to respect the general will, it was impossible for me to propose a purely American constitution, the best of all, in my eyes. It would have been to ignore the wishes of the majority, to risk civic troubles, and to bring on a foreign war. If I was mistaken the solution was at least against my own inclination at all times and even, supposing that I had a vulgar ambition, against what would be called my present interest. A popular throne, in the name of national sovereignty, surrounded by republican institutions, there is what we thought we were able to do: such was the programme of the barricades and of the Hôtel de Ville, of which I made myself the interpreter.

## VII

He had grown intimate with Louis-Philippe and liked him; he had been admitted to the domestic circle, and the simplicity he found there was most promising; it was quite like a *bourgeois* home—the royal family sitting round the evening lamp, the women sewing, Louis-Philippe, as a *bon père de famille,* in slippers, reading out the newspapers to them, that is, those parts they could understand, and commenting, explaining, elucidating for their benefit. But now doubts were beginning to rise; Louis-Philippe hardly came up to his prospectus. It was, indeed, impossible that he, or any man, should; the task was too great. To avoid the shoals of internal politics, to keep France out of war, to allay the fears of legitimate kings, to satisfy the timid *bourgeoisie,* and at the same time to dance to the republican tune that the indefatigable old patriarch of liberty and Hero of Two Worlds was piping to him, was beyond his powers.

This thing of being *roi citoyen* was not what it had been cracked up to be. In the first place he dare not call his soul his own; this democracy, this anonymous thing called the people, was a tyrant far more terrible than any Bourbon had ever dreamt of being; he had to cringe before it and fawn upon it all day long. He could not eat a meal in peace. Every evening a crowd would gather before the Palais Royal and shout themselves hoarse calling for:

*"Le Roi! Le Roi!"*

And he would be obliged to go out on the balcony and bawl "La Marseillaise," keeping time with uplifted hand and tapping his foot to the inspiring measure.

*"Allons enfants de la pa-tri-e!"*

That last high note was a strain on the throat of a sedate, middle-aged and somewhat puffy gentleman of fifty-seven, father of a large family, and all the thanks he ever got from the *enfants de la patrie* was to have them say that his head was shaped like a pear, and adopt the name of that fruit as their slang word for stupidity. If the crown could only be worn at such a cost as that it would have been better to keep to the beaver hat and the calm and retirement of that oft-regretted garden at Neuilly, with M. Laffitte to advise him about his investments, but otherwise leaving him in peace.

The new Queen, Amélie-Marie, an Italian princess, a dignified woman who was universally respected, had been opposed to his taking the throne; but she did her best; she loved her husband, and considered him the best man in France. She received in her *salon* the wives of "Messieurs the officers of the citizen militia" and there they would sit and sew together, like housewives of the middle classes.

This royal democrat was as demagogic as his father, Philippe Egalité, but he had not his vices. His habits were irreproachable, and as simple as they had been in the days of his exile and poverty when he lived by giving lessons in drawing at Reichnau. He rose early in the morning, laid his own fire in winter and shaved himself while receiving his aides-de-camp. After a frugal breakfast—he had a *bourgeois* fondness for the *pot-au-feu*—he went straightway to work. He did not wear royal dress; when he went out he always carried a green gamp, that "large sentimental umbrella" which Heinrich Heine, the poet, and Henri Monnier, the caricaturist, celebrated each in his manner, walked in the muddy streets, bowed affably to all the passers-by and delighted the *bourgeois* who saw in him a man quite like themselves; in short, he fitted in very well with the plush and carved walnut of the Louis-Philippe period.

But he could not keep up the pace; no enterprise begun with so much gusto and enthusiasm, no sudden new friendship so glowing and ardent as this could last long; the new government was not in power a month before the inevitable conflict developed. The Liberals, the first flush of victory over, divided into right and left wings of their own, the "party of resistance" and the "party of movement," led respectively by Périer and Laffitte, both bankers, both rich and already rivals. There was a ministerial crisis in November, and La Fayette, of course, ranged himself on the radical side with Laffitte, and so clashed with Périer and Broglie. Laffitte became Prime Minister and La Fayette succeeded in keeping his old friend Dupont de l'Eure in the ministry and prevented the dismissal of his young friend Odilon Barrot. But the struggle did not end here; in November the Ministry had to heave to once more for repairs. These changes were but the opening moves of the game,

and La Fayette watched them with impatience and disdain. He knew the technique of revolution, and the technique of parliamentary manœuvre, but he was always a bad hand at political bargain and sale and held it in contempt. For him the battle field, the white horse, the barricade and the tricolour flag, the passionate appeal to sentiment or the doctrinaire application of principle; but not this sly scheming and whispered conniving, this traffic in places. He must do everything in the grand style, with the *beau geste,* scorning to seek anything for himself. It was not long before he realized that he had been tricked; he had already separated, politically, from Broglie and Casimir Périer; Guizot, whom he had made deputy one short year before, had turned on him and now he observed that the King who owed him his crown was growing distant and evasive.

It was very painful to me to have to displease my friends Broglie and our family of Périers [he wrote home to La Grange]. We are on good terms, MM. de Broglie, Guizot, Périer and I, but they are none the less dissatisfied with the part that I took in favour of those who were more nearly in accord with my views. I try to repair what they consider my public wrongs by all the marks of personal friendship I can. . . . Many friends of the present order are greatly troubled by my existence, and by my political surveillance, and seek to depopularize me in order to render less dangerous the pain of losing me. One was much more at ease on the barricades.

But the new and unstable dynasty still had need of his popularity, for in the trial of Polignac and the three other ministers of Charles X, it was facing the most terrible crisis it had known. They had been duly accused by the Chamber of high treason for having signed the decrees of July 25, and were to be put on their trial before the House of

Peers on December 15. The Paris mob was in full cry again, besieging the Palais Royal and howling:

"Death to the Ministers! The head of Polignac! *Vive la République!*"

The General took every precaution for their protection. The feeling against the Ministers was so high that it would have been impossible to transfer them from Vincennes to the Chamber of Peers twice every day, and the Petit Luxembourg was transformed into a state prison and heavily fortified. On December 10 the prisoners were transferred there under the protection of mounted National Guards commanded by Carbonel, a squadron of chasseurs under General Fabvier and a detachment of artillery, and the relieved King could not go to bed that night without writing his dear General an affectionate letter of congratulations.

But over Paris lay silence and a mighty fear. The *bourgeoise* were in a panic; they feared a general pillage; women hid their jewels or sent them over to England; in the quarter of the Luxembourg the shopkeepers put up their shutters. Angry crowds besieged the Luxembourg and he would go out and harangue them as he used to do forty years before. Early on the morning of the 20th, the trial having been in progress for five days, and nobody as yet having been condemned to death, the mob packed the rue de Vaugirard along the front of the Palais du Luxembourg and surged far down the rue de Condé and the rue de Tournon. Accompanied by George and Sarrans, he hurried to the scene. The mob was not composed now of those workmen with bare hairy arms, black with powder and streaked with sweat, who had fought behind the barricades during the three days of July; here were the sinister faces, the shaggy heads, the familiar visages of the riff-raff of the *faubourgs;* the ragged hordes of the underworld of

Paris. George and Sarrans implored him not to venture among them, but he would not listen; he plunged into the mob, made his way on foot down the rue de Tournon, through the crowds massed in the rue Vaugirard and came to the Palace of the Luxembourg. He launched heavy columns of the National Guard into all the streets, and slowly, patiently, drove back the mob, step by step, until all the avenues to the Luxembourg were evacuated. All day he held the mob at bay; but its bellow could be heard in the Chamber of the Peers. The trial was nearing the end; Crémieux was making his appeal for Guernon-Ranville; the clamour outside drowned his voice. Crémieux fainted; from bench to bench the rumour spread that the National Guard was not to be depended upon. Pasquier, the President, put on his hat; the session was adjourned. But once more La Fayette drove back the mob, and that night the National Guard bivouacked in the streets and in the court of the Luxembourg around great fires, while inside he sat in council until dawn with Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, Pasquier, Sebastiani and Odilon Barrot, devising means of protecting the prisoners when that day the sentence of the high court should be pronounced. The arguments were concluded that afternoon, the four accused ministers were placed in a closed carriage and protected by cavalry, driven at the gallop to the *château* of Vincennes. At six o'clock the boom of a gun at Vincennes announced to La Fayette and the ministers waiting in the Palais du Luxembourg their safe arrival.

That evening the high court rendered its judgment; all four were found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life; and in addition Polignac was condemned to civil death. La Fayette dispersed the mob. The danger was over;

the critical moment was happily passed; he had saved the monarchy he had made. He issued an order of the day thanking the National Guard; the law had triumphed, protection had been afforded to the accused and respect for the judgments of the courts preserved; "everything has been done for public order; *our recompense lies in the hope that everything is now to be done for liberty!*"

He received a warm letter from the King; signed by that familiar and intimate initial *D:* "But first of all I must thank you, my dear General, you who have just given once again, in these days of trial, the example of courage, patriotism and respect for the law, as you have done so many times in the course of your long and noble career."

On the 23rd he received another note from the King, saying that as he was going to take advantage of the fine weather to ride out on horseback, he should pass by the twelve *mairies* and stop to thank the National Guards. "I do not ask you to accompany me, for that would be too fatiguing for you, but you will give us pleasure if you will send General Carbonel to me at noon to accompany me. You know all my friendship for you. D."

The next day the Chamber passed a bill which, by abolishing the post of Commander of the National Guard of the Realm, dismissed him from his place.

## VIII

All that week in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, Deputies, envious of his popularity, had been whispering about this new Cromwell, the "Mayor of the Palace," "Milord Protector"; a clever epigram flew from mouth to mouth, instead of a citizen king they now had a king citizen. The ambassadors of the legitimate sovereigns of

Europe had been busy whispering as well. Articles in foreign newspapers asserting that the King was nothing but a puppet in the hands of La Fayette were shown to him, with political cartoons, one of which represented him, crown in hand, standing before La Fayette, who was saying: "Sire, you may keep on your hat."

And so, hurriedly, on the evening of the 24th, the Chamber passed the law abolishing the post of Commander of the National Guard, and placing them under the Minister of the Interior.

He received news of this amazing insult at his headquarters in the Chaussée d'Antin; no other blow could have wounded him so deeply, for it touched that sacred and inviolable spot in the heart of a man of honour, his *amour propre*. But he received it with calmness. He called in Matthieu Dumas and told him to take his orders thenceforth from Montalivet, the Minister of the Interior; he instructed Carbonel to make the details for the service that night. That was all; it was Christmas Eve, the hour sacred to the memory of Adrienne, dead that night twenty-three years before. . . .

On Christmas morning he wrote out his resignation and sent it to the Palais Royal, and his aide brought back an instant and hurried reply from the King:

Saturday morning, 25 December, 1830.

My dear General, It is with very deep pain that I receive the letter that you have just addressed to me. I can not reply to it otherwise at this moment, not having yet read either the debate in the Chamber yesterday, or the decision that was reached there; I shall look into it as soon as possible, and you may be sure that it will be with all the consideration that your noble character merits and inspires in me, your devotion to your country and the great services that you have constantly and at all times rendered to the cause of liberty, as well as with the deep

and sincere friendship that I bear for you with all my heart, and which will be always unalterable.

D.

P. S. I hope that you will say nothing of all this until we can see each other and can talk it over together. I have a Council at one o'clock, but I shall be free afterwards, that is, about four or five o'clock or in the evening, and I hope very much to persuade you to reconsider what you have announced to me, which gives me so much pain.

That evening La Fayette went to the Palais Royal. Louis-Philippe had never received him so affectionately; the soft, ruddy face in the midst of all that luxuriant curly hair, those silken, curly whiskers, was reproachful and sad, as who should say: "How could you!" He regretted more than he could say what had happened in the Chamber the day before, and above all the part that his ministers had taken in it; they had been maladroit, but their intentions had not been bad. "However," said the King, since the bill had not come before the Peers, "the deplorable article has not yet become law, and I can very easily—"

"Sire," said La Fayette, "the umbrage of my colleagues and their action in dismissing me from office, so far as lies in their power, make it necessary for me, as a man of delicacy, no longer to retain an authority that gives offence to them." Furthermore, as he was determined to do all he could to bring about the abolition of a hereditary peerage, he would not place the Peers in the embarrassing position of having to appear either resentful or conciliatory.

"Besides," he went on, "I confess to Your Majesty that I see in this instance, not only a duty, but an occasion."

"What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Sire, your system of government is no longer mine; it seems to me that the confidence of the people has given

me a mandate; I will not say where it is written; it is in public opinion, perhaps in the very air. But at any rate the French people and many patriots in all countries are persuaded that there where I am, liberty will not suffer hurt. Now I see that liberty is menaced and compromised, and I should not like to deceive any one. The line pursued by your government, at home and abroad, is not that which I believe to be in the interests of liberty, and it would be insincere on my part to remain longer as an opaque body between the people and the ruling power. If I withdraw from the government, every one will know better what to count on."

They talked far into the night; the King offered over and over again to postpone, to modify, or to withdraw the "deplorable article," he made profuse protestations of friendship; but La Fayette was not to be moved.

"Sire," he said, at the conclusion of the long and painful conversation, "you offer me a great many personal concessions, but nothing in the interest of the public good, and it is that, and not myself personally, in which I am interested."

The King asked him to wait twenty-four hours in order that he might have time to reflect, and he agreed to sleep at his headquarters again that night.

The members of his staff had resigned in anger; loud and angry talk went on in that outer *salon* where they gathered and visitors were received with black faces. His old friend, Dupont de l'Eure, promptly surrendered his portfolio as Minister of Justice.

All the next day his antechamber was crowded; men urged him to reconsider, to wait and see what the Peers would do, to accept the title of honorary commander which the King was ready to bestow. Colonels in the National

Guard came with tears in their eyes; Odilon Barrot, rather enjoying his position as Préfet of the Seine, and fearing that, as a friend and partisan of La Fayette, he might have to "solidarize" with him and himself resign—as Dupont de l'Eure had already done—came to expostulate and to plead. And La Fayette received them all with that exquisite politeness, that almost forgotten grace of the eighteenth century —and never yielded an inch. The worried politicians in the Palais Royal, at their wit's end, induced Philippe de Ségur to intercede. He was La Fayette's cousin, a son of the friend and intimate of his youth. Ségur came to see him, and with the confidence and eloquence of a budding minister, made his argument and his plea. La Fayette listened patiently, and when Ségur had said all he could think of, smiled and said:

"No, no, my dear Cousin, I know my position; it is time for me to retire. I weigh, I know, like a nightmare on the Palais Royal; not on the King and his family, who like me and are the best people in the world, and whom I like immensely, but on their *entourage*. Did I not hear Viennet cry out before the King on seeing me enter: 'There is the Mayor of the Palace!' Was it without intention that the King himself read to me the newspapers from America in which I was depicted showing to Europe my mannikin of a republican King in order to seduce her? We laughed, but how? Without doubt I was of some use in his coming to the throne; but if I sacrificed to him some of my convictions it was only on the faith of the programme of the Hôtel de Ville. I announced there a King supported by republican institutions. They forget that declaration, but I insist upon it very strongly, and that is what they do not forgive me at Court. Do I not know that they even go so far as to accuse me of having organized the last riots, those

which demanded the heads of the ministers of Charles X, and to have exaggerated the danger of it in the eyes of the King? For to-day, when the danger is past, they try not to believe in it any longer. Laffitte himself pretends that the King did not have a moment's anxiety, which is false, since he sent to me for news of it a hundred times an hour! In short, the peril was so pressing that I was almost a victim of it, and you know it; the Luxembourg was almost invaded by the people during the trial, and after the judgment by a part of the National Guard. From all that the conclusion is that I have become a burden. I make the best of it. I shall have for the royal family the same friendly feeling, but I have only one word, and I can not change my convictions.

"As to my general command, certainly I might expect gratitude from the Peers, and the rejection of the act that abolished it, but that would not seem very dignified to me; I should accept a service for which, with my opinion against the hereditary principle, I could only show ingratitude. You see then, by respect for the Chamber, for the King, and for myself, I must resign a power that they dread, and take from me, believe me, only with premeditation.

"As for the National Guard of Paris, of which they wish me to remain the chief, I understand the motive, but it is not fitting that I should submit to it. And listen, judge for yourself; suppose that they should offer to Marshal Soult a position similar to that which they propose to make for me. Do you think that he would condescend to remain at the head of one of the divisions of an army of which they had deprived him of the chief command?"

Ségur, who had known La Fayette longer and better than any of them, understood him perfectly, and when he re-

ported to the Palais Royal, he said that those "who knew the calm inflexibility and the gentle and polite stubbornness" of La Fayette would not be surprised at his failure.

The early darkness of the December afternoon had long since closed in and the candles had been lighted for an hour in the *hôtel* in the Chaussée d'Antin, when Laffitte and Montalivet were announced; they had just come from a Council of the Crown at the Palais Royal, and Laffitte bore a letter written by the King's own hand. La Fayette put on his spectacles, read the letter, laid it on his table and turned to his two callers with a smile as gracious as though their visit were merely one of that friendship which Laffitte so volubly expressed. They begged him to accept the command of the National Guard of Paris, but he only said:

"No, thank you; nothing could persuade me to retain part of a command that the decision of the Deputies forces me to abandon entirely. Besides," he added, "I had decided to resign, not wishing any longer to appear to approve a system of government that my conscience disapproves."

Laffitte, newly rich and a somewhat vulgar *parvenu,* always glib and plausible, and confident in the power of his glibness, tried to persuade him. He almost went on his knees before him and offered to bring him a letter signed by the King promising that electoral and communal laws in conformity with La Fayette's opinion should be presented to the Chambers on any day that he might designate. To all this La Fayette replied with his bland, disarming smile, and for half an hour Laffitte gave himself up to that abundant and facile eloquence which he considered irresistible. He was so far from doubting his success that he left without waiting for a reply.

But on the stairs outside Montalivet reminded him that

he had done all the talking, and that, after his first response, La Fayette had made no reply to all that he had said; they were leaving, as they had come, without knowing whether the National Guard of Paris still had its general or not.

"What!" exclaimed Laffitte, "after what I have just said to him, can you doubt it?"

"Ah, you spoke admirably," said Montalivet, "you were listened to attentively, and even conducted to the door with the most affectionate grace and the most exquisite politeness. But that is a pillow too uncertain for us to sleep on to-night; we may wake up to-morrow morning without a chief, and with no course laid out, in the midst of a revolt. Let us go back again, and at least, if your eloquence has triumphed we shall carry away the certainty of it."

But Laffitte, with his habitual lightness, went away, saying that he had every confidence in the effect of his argument, and besides, it was getting late and he had people coming to dine that night.

Thus it came about that, a few moments later, Montalivet was announced once more, and La Fayette looked up to find him standing in the doorway, apologizing for his return and explaining it on the ground that, as Minister of the Interior, he was responsible for public order. Might he count on his assistance?

"Why no," replied La Fayette. "How could Laffitte have thought that that would suffice? There must be other guarantees for liberty, and first, a change of ministers!"

"Myself included, no doubt?" Montalivet observed with a smile.

La Fayette, smiling himself, agreed with such a "chivalrous frankness, and was at the same time so civil," that Montalivet, as he told Ségur afterwards, was "tempted to consider it a compliment."

"But that is not all," La Fayette was going on, "I want a message from the King dissolving the Chamber in order to call another with the sole mission of passing an electoral law according to which a definitive Chamber shall be evoked. As for the House of Peers, I ask you, is that one of those republican institutions with which the throne of July must surround itself? Should it not already have been replaced by a Senate without the hereditary principle?"

"And the Charter!" exclaimed Montalivet. "But, General, you impose on me there the rôle of M. de Polignac and ask me to propose decrees to the King!"

Just then they were interrupted; Guinard of the General's staff stalked into the room and hastily saluting cried in a loud, rude voice:

*"Mon Général,* all the reports announce for to-morrow morning the most redoubtable insurrection!"

*Mon Général,* however, remained calm and imperturbable. To the old Revolutionary insurrections were mere incidents in the normal course of things, and not redoubtable at all. But the young Minister of the Interior was alarmed; with all his youthful heat he implored the General, in the name of public order, to moderate his demands. But the General would not yield; all he would promise to do was to wait one more day and to sleep that night at his headquarters in the Chaussée d'Antin.

That evening he wrote a note to the King to remind His Majesty that he had resigned, and to repeat that orders must be given for the morrow's service. "Believe me, Sire, that the duty I believe I am fulfilling is more painful to me than I can express, and that to-day more than ever, I have need to add to the homage of my respect that of my profound and unalterable attachment."

Shortly after midnight a messenger on the King's service came with a note expressing deep regret. "But, after what you announce to me, I shall take measures so that the service shall not be interrupted, and to fill the void that I should so much like to have prevented, and which gives me so much pain. It is always, with all my heart, my dear General, that I assure you of my sincere and inalterable friendship for you."

La Fayette's first thought was for order in Paris. He dictated an order of the day, asking "the National Guard to prove their attachment to him and their regret at his retirement by redoubling, if that be possible, the punctuality and activity of their service. He will know how to appreciate the new testimony of their affection and their indissoluble union with him in their common devotion to liberty and public order. It is with all his heart, and not without emotion, that their old and grateful friend dictates for them these few words."

That same day he went to the Chamber and made a speech giving his reasons for retiring.

"To-day," he said, "my conscience is fully satisfied so far as public order is concerned, but I must confess that, so far as liberty is concerned, it is not satisfied at all. We all know the programme of the Hôtel de Ville; a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions. It was accepted, but we do not all understand it in the same way. . . . This, Messieurs, is what I felt I must say to my colleagues, who, I hope, will keep for me their esteem and their friendship."

Through the Chamber there ran a thrill of sympathy, and as he came limping down out of the tribune the hemicycle rang with applause.

There were a few days devoted to the details of turning

over his command, and of touching farewells to the National Guard, and then, as the fateful year went out, he laid down, without a word of bitterness for any one, the command of which he had been so proud.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE LAST PHASE

*1830-1834 Aet.: 73-77*

## CHAPTER XII

### THE LAST PHASE

### I

WISH you a Happy New Year with all my heart," he wrote to a friend on New Year's Day, 1831. "The last one passed off well for France, for Europe and for me; though it snagged a little during the last days. I am neither angry nor sad, but all that was not very nice. I did all that I could to put everybody on the right road. I have decided to remain on the right road myself, but what a lot of ill feeling I raised among the doctrinaires! . . . Hardly anybody is left to me, I believe, except M. de Polignac, who is grateful to me, they say, for not letting him be massacred. In the *salons* of the Palais Royal they took seriously the *bon mot* of *citoyen roi* with regard to the *roi citoyen;* and after that, in the malevolence of their fear, they tried to alienate the Guards from me. . . . I did not hurry. The essential thing was to pass without trouble the great crisis of the trial of the ministers. . . . They loved me so much during that time! You see that afterwards they did not lose a single day."

He was, if anything, more popular than ever; pamphlets were published in his praise, engravings were made after his portrait by Ary Scheffer; the new calendar for 1831 bore his picture, La Fayette cockades were worn; his own *arrondissement* of Meaux struck a medallion in his honour; the National Guard opened a subscription to present him a monumental vase in silver gilt, and a sword of honour. As

Odilon Barrot said to him in a speech at the Hôtel de Ville:

"You may have abdicated the military command that placed you at the head of all the enlightened classes of the nation, but you can never abdicate that moral magistracy which, thanks to fifty years of a life without reproach, you exercise over all minds; you will always be the standard around which all the friends of civilization and of the liberty of the peoples will rally."

And so he flung himself into the opposition, and with all his old dash began to lead the forlorn hope; it was the rôle for which he was indubitably cast, the rôle in which he was happiest.

Laffitte was struggling with a task too heavy for his powers. In home affairs his policy of *laisser aller* was partly responsible for the riots at the old Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois where the Carlists gathered at a mass for the repose of the soul of the Duke de Berry. The mob invaded the church, broke down the altar, smashed the statues and crosses, then sacked the palace of the Archbishop of Paris, and threw the books of the library into the Seine. Frantic bibliophiles rushed along the river banks trying to save rare books that, in their morocco bindings, floated down the swift current. For two days and nights the mob raged and the riots degenerated into a sinister carnival. Gavroche made ribald holiday; street arabs clothed in sumptuous dalmatics ran about splashing passers-by with filth from the gutters and crying out: "Here is holy water for nothing!" La Fayette offered the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Hyacinth de Quélen, a refuge in his house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, and in the Chamber deplored the excesses committed in the name of liberty, which "unhappily assumed an irreligious character, and might cause it to be believed in France and outside of France, that the popular

sentiment is contrary to the liberty of the cults, a principle so sacred, that an entire nation would not have the right to deprive a single individual of it."

Foreign affairs, too, were in a ticklish state; the old European coalition was ready to close in on the King of the Barricades. The Belgian question was forcing Louis-Philippe's hand. The Conference of London, that shrewd invention of Talleyrand, had undertaken to settle it, but the Belgians insisted on managing their own affairs, and, in spite of Palmerston, who favoured Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, elected Louis-Philippe's second son, the Duke de Nemours, King of the Belgians. England would not accept such a solution; she might as well allow France to annex Belgium as to place a French prince on her throne; the two historic enemies were on the verge of another war, when Louis-Philippe gave in, and refused the Belgian crown for his son.

The French people had been enthusiastic over the Belgian revolution; and now they were even more enthusiastic over the revolution in Poland and the insurrections in Italy against the Pope and the dukes of Parma and Modena. Crowds in the street sang "La Varsovienne," and shouted long life to the Poles and the Italians. In the tribune La Fayette taunted the government with timidity and indecision, and lashed with sarcasm Louis-Philippe's famous policy of the *juste milieu.*

But Louis-Philippe was a realist; to help the Poles meant war with Russia; to aid the Italians, war with Austria, and he would not risk war. The country grumbled. Business lagged; unemployment was increasing; under the windows of the Russian Embassy mobs were howling *"A bas les Russes!"* and in the garden of the Palais Royal "Work or bread!" Poor Laffitte was impotent; Louis-Philippe de-

ceived him, kept dispatches from him and corresponded with foreign governments behind his back. As if this were not enough, Laffitte was in financial straits; there had been some shady transactions in his Ministry of Finance; he was no longer possible; and at last, ruined politically and financially, the man who had been the banker of Napoleon and of Louis-Philippe, and helped to place Louis-Philippe on the throne, was compelled to resign, and Philippe de Ségur induced Casimir Périer to accept the post of Prime Minister.

He was loath to do so. "Remember," he said to Ségur, "that if I enter the ministry, I shall come out feet foremost." He was in wretched health and subject to fits of rage; cold in manner, imperious, impatient and dictatorial, with rude gestures—but he had a backbone of tempered steel. When Marshal Soult, Minister of War, in his Gascon way, showed signs of independence, Périer said: "Do not permit yourself such things, or I will break you like glass!" And one day when d'Argout, his Minister of Public Works, was saying foolish things in the tribune, Périer, from his place on the government bench, called out, as a hunter might call his dog: "Come here, Argout!" And d'Argout came obediently to heel.

His ministry came into power on March 13, 1831, and the moment he took over the command he put the helm hard down, threw overboard the programme of the Hôtel de Ville and the whole stock of liberal principles and veered sharply toward the Right. His first visit was to La Fayette, and on the new Prime Minister's day of reception La Fayette went to return his call. "So much for the sentiments of family and friendship," he wrote to a friend, "but our political opinions are far from being in harmony."

In fact, the new government had not been in power a fortnight before he clashed with Périer in the Chamber.

The law relating to rioting was under discussion, and Périer, taking a cavalier tone, rated La Fayette. At this the old proud, imperious spirit of La Fayette flared up and he mounted the tribune.

"I do not recognize in myself," he said, "the right to give to others such rude lessons of liberty and public order, of devotion to the country and of perseverance in principles and public engagements and affections; but I believe that I have the right, at the end of my career, not to accept any such lessons from any one!"

His cutting sarcasms soon had the Left laughing, and Casimir Périer, leaning forward on the government bench, was white with rage. La Fayette arraigned his government for its arbitrary character, and the Left shouted "Bravo! Bravo!" but when he accused it of breaking its promises, Casimir Périer could control himself no longer. He leapt to his feet and stood there, in his long, grey frock-coat, a tall figure of wrath, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating, so angry that for an instant he could not speak; then he clenched his fist and shouted angrily:

"What are those promises? For this must, at last, be explained! This thing has got to stop! I demand of M. de La Fayette to say whether it is he, or I, who made these promises."

The thin figure, trembling with rage, stood there in the dim light, and the stillness of the Chamber, challenging him. And he was as calm, as suave, as polite as ever.

"In replying to Monsieur the President of the Council," he said, "I shall abstain from entering into particular details, still more into those details that are confidential." He paused an instant to allow this allusion to the broken promises of the King to make its effect, and then he went on, and closed his speech by taking up a boast of Périer's, who

had said that after a long series of unhappy trials they had found in the Revolution of 1830 the combination most favourable to their liberty, to their situation and to their security. "Messieurs," said La Fayette, "it seems to me that we have not been, my friends and I, altogether strangers to that discovery. And it is because we were not strangers to it, Messieurs, that we have, as much as anybody, the right to give our opinion on the principles and the engagements of this new order of things. . . ."

The Left benches were applauding, and Casimir Périer, nervously mounting the steps of the tribune, shook his fist at La Fayette, and cried:

"They talk to us of a Programme of the Hôtel de Ville, which they say has not been accepted or executed. I was there myself at the Hôtel de Ville, and I did not hear any serious discussion of anything except what is in the Charter. The Charter—there is our programme, the programme of us all. The King promised nothing to anybody except France; France demands nothing more of the King than he has promised. The promises of internal policies are in the Constitution. Is it a question of foreign affairs? There are no promises except the treaties; French honour can not be interested except in questions that touch that honour, and French blood belongs only to France. Help has been promised, it is said. By whom? To whom? Never by the government. If some one has spoken in the name of France, and without her knowledge, it is his duty to accept the responsibility of his promise in declaring it."

La Fayette realized that there would be no intervention in favour of Poles or Italians or others struggling for liberty. The *bourgeoisie* of France had got what they wanted, and now, in the smug enjoyment of their material possessions, were content to take their own ease and comfort and let

Cossacks from the Don slit the throats of Polish patriots as much as they pleased.

He thought of going to Poland himself to fight with the insurgents there; and it was a proud moment when a letter came from the Count Antoine Ostrowski to inform him that the Poles had elected him a member of the Polish National Guard. But alas, he was old now, and age was more and more demanding its melancholy renunciations. He could no longer cut a heroic figure on the battle fields of liberty, and in the letter he wrote to Count Ostrowski to thank him he said, with the regret of an old man whose spirit was as young as ever:

"If only it were possible for me to prove it to them myself by sharing their perils and their glory!"

The Chambers had been dissolved and the new elections fixed for July 5. He had gone to La Grange; it was spring and he was happy to be in the country once more, to go about over his fields, already vivid green with the promise of crops. Then, one day, word came that La Tour-Maubourg was dying at his house in Paris, and wished to bid him a last farewell. He hastened back to Paris and to the bedside; Maubourg stretched forth his hand to greet him, but would not allow him to remain long, for he realized how deeply it afflicted La Fayette to see him suffer. He died that day, May 28, 1831, and La Fayette went back to La Grange, plunged in grief.

## II

But for him there was only one thing to do; he must persevere in what Philippe de Ségur called "that republican and democratic mission for which he had so evidently been created. Everything about him, from his birth to his end,

especially his devotion—naïve, invariable and without reserve—seemed to attest a veritable predestination to that terrible mission. Its end blinded him to sacrifices, even those that were in contrast with the pure and gentle qualities of his heart, the kind and loving graces of his delicate and accomplished mind and the honest goodness and generosity of his noble character."

In his library at La Grange he was writing a manifesto to his electors, and over their heads to Louis-Philippe and the country at large. He was standing for two constituencies, his own old division of Meaux and that of Strasbourg. The manifesto was a lengthy review of his political career, from the "American era"—which had "founded liberty"—to the Revolution of 1830, and as a proof that he had been true to his principles he could point proudly to the fact "that after years of absence, it was solemnly declared to me in the name of the United States, in the bosom of their national congress, that each of my European acts had been worthy of a disciple of the American school."

By way of reply to Casimir Périer he set forth verbatim his conversation with Louis-Philippe at the Palais Royal, and his urbane phrases did not conceal his conviction or very much soften the charge that these promises had not been kept. The document was, in a way, his political testament, setting forth the doctrine of liberalism, and glowing with sympathy for the oppressed of all mankind. It was published and widely circulated, and King, Court, ministers and Bonapartists all were furious—but especially the King, who was deeply offended by the paragraph relating to the programme of the Hôtel de Ville. There was no longer the old welcome at the Tuileries, where Louis-Philippe was now in residence, no more notes scribbled at bedtime by a citizen-king unable to go to sleep until he was assured

that his dear general was not feeling too tired. On one of his last visits to the Tuileries an officer of the King's household said loud enough even for his deaf ears to hear: *"Adieu l'Amérique!"*

And when, with the other deputies, he appeared at a ceremony at the Panthéon to the memory of the citizens who had been killed during the "three days," the King cut him dead. The rupture was definitive and complete.

"We are in the position," said La Fayette, "of two gentlemen who have given each other the lie; circumstances will not permit us to go to the Bois de Boulogne, but they prevent our exchanging visits."

He was elected in both divisions and opted for his old division of Meaux, and a month later he was interpellating the government again, curious to know if they were going to let Russia strangle Poland. He had his answer when news came that the Russians had crushed the Polish army at Grochow and after a bombardment had taken Warsaw and, amidst horrible scenes of carnage, burned the city. Five thousand Polish proprietors of land were deported to Siberia, and a ukase of the Czar annexed Poland to the Russian Empire.

Paris was in emotion, business was suspended, the theatres and the shops were closed and mobs rushed through the streets with shouts of "Vengeance! War on Russia!" To the cry of *"Vive la République!"* they shattered the windows of the ministries and assaulted the Palais Royal; the Carabineers, in their shining cuirasses, charged. Day after day vast crowds in the Place de la Concorde, held back by troops, gazed across the river to the Palais Bourbon, where, in the tribune of an uproarious chamber, La Fayette, trembling with indignation, was flaying the ministry.

"Messieurs," he exclaimed, "the whole of France is Polish,

from the veteran of the Grand Army who talks of his Polish brothers, down to the school children who send us every day their slight savings to aid the Polish cause. Yes, the whole of France is Polish! The French government, I like to think, is Polish also; but, in the name of God, let it show it in an energetic manner; for, at last, it is only by energy that we can succeed."

Casimir Périer had been restless and irritable during this speech, and now, pointing to him and to his friends, General Lamarque and Maugin, "No," he cried out fiercely, "the sorrows of Poland can not be ascribed to the French government, but to those who gave her bad advice!"

The debate raged for days; La Fayette was attacked by the government orators, his whole past was raked up, even Washington and John Jay were brought into the controversy, and he was forced, after Thiers had spoken for two hours, to climb up into the tribune, George—that "second adopted son of Washington" as he called him—standing by to remind him now and then of some point he had overlooked.

"However honourable political struggles may be," said La Fayette, "it is neither according to my situation nor to my tastes to consecrate the seventy-fifth year of my life to them. . . . But at the same time, if we do not wish war at any price, we do not want peace at any price either."

*"Très bien! Très bien! Bravo!"* the Left was shouting.

"We do not want peace at the expense of peace, or at the price of peace itself!"

But the majority was not for the heroic measures that would have suited the old paladin. The *bourgeois* had been eager enough to seize all the privileges of the nobility, but they had no intention of assuming its responsibility of knight-errantry. Casimir Périer, the banker and man of

affairs, got up and put it to them in his business-like and brutal way:

"Peace or war? Who wants war?"

And the majority flocked to the urns and voted solidly for peace.

They were growing a little weary of La Fayette, this tireless old man, hero of two worlds, and crusader in all the quixotic causes of the earth; ready to fly himself, and expecting them all to fly with him, wherever any one was crying in distress. Why, he had not even had sense enough to feather his own nest when he had the chance; he was a ninny, just as Napoleon had said; they had had enough of him and his dreams and theories!

Indeed, the generous and naïve idealism of the eighteenth century survived alone in him; a new age had dawned, the age of plush and carved walnut and stewing *bourgeois* comfort to which Louis-Philippe gave his name.

Not that one defeat the more could matter to an old soldier of liberty and leader of the lost cause; he had grown used to defeat, but he would not give in to despair. After all, he had toppled kings off their thrones in his time, and overturned a good many institutions, and a fortnight had not passed before he was mounted again, his lance couched, ready to tilt at the Chamber of Peers. When the revision of the Charter came up for discussion, he once more proposed the abolition of the hereditary peerage. He made a long speech, declaring that aristocracy was a bad ingredient in politics, and he cited the experience of the United States —always the conclusive argument with him—and in spite of that won his cause.

In the flush of this success he went further, and in a humorous speech opposed a law providing penalties for those who assumed false titles of nobility. The piquancy of

the spectacle amused the Chamber; that a man who bore one of the oldest titles in France, a member of the nobility of the sword, should encourage rich and vulgar upstarts to assume any rank they pleased was diverting to a *blasé* assembly. Reminding them that Condorcet, on the adoption of the decree of June 19, 1790, had said that it was an interference with personal liberty to prevent a man from calling himself what he would, he glanced significantly at Charles de Lameth. Lameth had been at Yorktown with him, voted in the Constituent for the levelling decree, recanted and served Napoleon, and now sat as a conservative.

"The scythe of time," La Fayette observed slyly, "has spared two members who sit to-day in this hall, and who supported with the greatest warmth the decree of which I speak."

The Chamber roared, and Lameth leapt to his feet and demanded to be heard, and as all eyes were turned on him, La Fayette made the *amende honourable* to Louis XVI when he said, with the winning smile that still retained its charm:

"There was perhaps a certain amount of exaggeration in the form of the decree."

He insisted that to punish those who pretended, whether with reason or not, that their fathers used to call themselves count or marquis, now, after the Revolution of July, would really be too ridiculous, and the Chamber voted with him.

That autumn he had accepted an appointment of the government as mayor of his own commune of Courpalay, in which La Grange was situated, because, though opposed to the appointment of municipal officers, he "did not wish to appear pedantic." This office, one of the surviving appurtenances of the lord of the manor, did not demand much of his time, which was occupied just then, when he was not at the Chamber, in encouraging the Polish refugees who

were flocking in large numbers to Paris. He received them with open arms, and on November 29 donned the uniform of a grenadier of the Polish National Guard and went to the banquet to help the Polish *émigrés* celebrate the anniversary of the Polish insurrection. They gave him a great ovation. He made a speech and at its close, as chairman of the American committee, and an old companion in arms of Pulaski and Kosciuszko, presented addresses from the cadets at West Point, "worthy sister in patriotism and feeling of the École Polytechnique of France," and flags presented by the youth of Boston who "await the moment to appear at the head of your legions when the anniversary of this day shall be celebrated in Warsaw, and all French and American hearts will unite to cry with you: 'Glory to Poland! Long live Poland!'"

## III

The New Year of 1832 found him as active as ever, speaking in the Chamber, writing letters to liberals all over the world, giving asylum to the hunted and relieving the oppressed and sending off with his blessing his grandson Jules de Lasteyrie to fight with Dom Pedro against Dom Miguel in Portugal. Palmerston's diplomacy had prevailed and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had been elected King of the Belgians, and La Fayette gave him a character as "an honest man" by writing to President Jackson to present the first Belgian Minister to Washington, a letter that would have more weight with the old democrat than the letter of credence of any King, people's or other, could have.

Thus, things were going well in some quarters, at any rate, and mankind was making progress. Hope was in the air, for it was spring; the weather had never been so fine and he was thinking of La Grange and longing for the country,

when suddenly, late in March, the cholera broke out in Paris. It had started in India, swept through Asia Minor, decimated the Russian and Polish armies, broken out in London and had become a world-wide epidemic. Washington Irving, who was in Paris, fled for home, and Mr. Van Buren sought refuge in Holland.

At first it was confined to the populous *faubourgs* of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, but soon it emerged, more terrible and devastating than any mob that had ever poured out of those dark and filthy purlieus, and, like the mob, attacked the *bourgeois* quarter of the city. On April 9 there were eight hundred and sixty-one deaths. The dead were hauled away by night in vans; the rattle of the chains, the shock of coffins one against another, filled the people with terror. The churches were hung in mourning; at night the red lights of *postes de secours* added a lugubrious note to the dark and melancholy streets. The physicians knew nothing of the disease or how to treat it. The people in their superstition resorted to mediæval charms and amulets, wore sachets filled with herbs and carried flasks of aromatic spirits. Along the streets were placed great jars, filled with chloride water. The theatres were closed; those who could do so fled; and among those who remained a kind of madness broke out. In the *faubourgs* it was rumoured that scoundrels were going about throwing poison into food, wine and wells; in short, that there was a plot to exterminate the poor. Then, the mob once more; it was "Down with the doctors!" now, and "Death to the poisoners!"

La Fayette sent George to La Grange to aid the peasants there, whilst he remained in Paris to help the Polish *émigrés*.

Then one day he heard that Casimir Périer had been stricken by the cholera. He forgot all political differences

and went to see him at the house in the rue Neuve du Luxembourg; in a few days they brought him word that Périer was dead. "In one of the two great parties into which France and Europe are divided he leaves a profound regret and a high renown," he wrote, "in the other a feeling of bitterness that will soften when they come to know better that he was not the chief of the deplorable system adopted inside and outside France. And for us, we have only our family feeling and our friendship for him."

Louis-Philippe would not replace Casimir Périer; he would govern without a Prime Minister, or be his own. He was growing vastly unpopular; no monarch was ever such a victim of the liberty of the press; he was reviled and ridiculed, caricatured as *"la poire,"* an "imbecile from head to foot, big, fat and stupid." He "looked like his own head on a five franc piece, rather jovial, but without genius." One day, seeing a boy trying to draw a pear on the wall of his garden at Neuilly, the King, remembering those days when in exile at Reichnau he had lived by giving drawing lessons, took the chalk from the lad and showed him how to draw a pear; then he gave the gamin a louis, and said: "There is a pear on that, too."

In all these troubled waters the legitimists and the republicans fished together. The opposition deputies, meeting at Laffitte's to decide upon a programme, drew up an address to the electors: "The restoration and the revolution are face to face; the old struggle that we thought ended, begins again. Let the government choose. The France of 1830, like that of '89, thought that in a hereditary monarchy, surrounded by popular institutions, there was nothing irreconcilable with the principles of liberty. . . . For us, united in devotion to this great and noble cause for which France has fought for forty years, we will not abandon it either in success or in

reverses; we have consecrated our lives to it, and we have faith in its triumph."

It was, of course, as every one could see, written by the hand of La Fayette; and under the suave phrases there was a menace that made the *compte-rendu* a veritable manifesto of insurrection. One hundred and forty deputies signed it, La Fayette and George among them. General Lamarque, dying of the cholera, sent Mauguin to sign his name to it. A few days later, on June 1, he died. His death meant the loss of one more old friend to La Fayette; they had been greatly attached to each other. Lamarque was a popular deputy; he had fought under Napoleon, was a hero of twenty battles, and had always refused to recognize Waterloo as a defeat for France. He had the secret of making phrases. "The peace of 1815," he had said, "is not a peace; it is a halt in the mud." The people adored him.

His funeral on June 5, 1832, mobilized all the enemies of the monarchy of July. The day was hot, and the muggy air was charged with electricity; great clouds, black and menacing, hung low over Paris; thunder growled. Lamarque's remains were to be taken for burial to Mont-de-Marsan in the Landes, and the funeral procession, starting from the Madeleine, was to follow the boulevards round to the Place de la Bastille and so on to the bridge of Austerlitz, where the last adieux were to be said before the body started on its long journey to Gascony. As La Fayette, bareheaded, walked along beside the hearse holding one of the cords of the pall, a great mass moved along behind, Liberal deputies, members of the Amis du Peuple and other secret societies, moustached old soldiers of the Empire who had fought with Lamarque under the eye of Napoleon, men who had been condemned for political offences, the inevi-

table bands of students in velvet caps, the artillerymen of the National Guard, and political refugees from all countries, Poles, Italians, Spaniards and Germans. The procession moved into the Boulevard de la Madeleine to cries of *"Vive La Fayette!" "Vive la liberté!"* Banners tossed, muffled drums rolled lugubriously and every now and then there was a long wail of "Honour to General Lamarque!" Some one proposed to make a detour and visit the column in the Place de Vendôme. This happy inspiration was at once acted upon; the hearse with its plumes and lighted lamps, its flowers and wreaths, was turned from the Boulevard des Capucines into the rue de la Paix, and the *cortège,* with La Fayette and Marshal Clausel arm in arm at its head, marched round the column of Napoleon amidst "the applause of the National Guard, whose members saw with transport this homage rendered to the glory of France." This patriotic duty performed, the procession crawled back to the boulevards. It was two miles long; a hundred thousand men, it was said, were in column. And then it began to rain, pelted down in torrents, and the crowd reached the Place de la Bastille drenched and bedraggled, its banners limp. . . . The hearse drew up beside a tribune and the flags were massed around it, the tricolour of France, the flags of Poland, Italy, Portugal, Spain and the ancient red, gold and black flag of Germany. The great square was black with the immense crowd; then speeches, impassioned and interminable; Marshal Clausel spoke for the army, Mauguin for the Chamber of Deputies, then representatives of all the revolted peoples in Europe; earnest, bearded, myopic patriots in spectacles, drew formidable manuscripts from the breasts of their frock-coats, and holding them close to their noses, began one after another to read their discourses in strange, foreign accents. The restless multitude shouted *vivats* and

when he thought that the speeches had all been made, La Fayette heard the old, familiar shout:

*"Vive La Fayette! Vive la liberté!"*

He stepped forth. At sight of the old patriot, about whose tall figure there shone the aureole of fifty-five years of combat, a great roar went up and struck him like a strong wind. He made an impromptu apostrophe to liberty, paid a tribute to Lamarque and to the Revolutions of 1789 and of 1830 and pointed to the place where once, in his youth, the Bastille had stood, and then to the flags, "not of kings, but of the peoples of Poland, of Portugal, of Italy, of Spain and of Germany, children of our tricolour flag." The multitude went wild, and in a kind of frenzy proposed to drag the remains of poor Lamarque to the Panthéon. There were scuffles with the *sergeants de ville* and quarrels with the *état-major de la place*. La Fayette dissuaded them, asked them to respect the wishes of the deceased and of the family and advised them to disperse quietly now that the ceremonies were over.

"Do not spoil this patriotic day!" he implored.

They had turned to go away, when suddenly, from no one knew where, there appeared a red flag, bearing the device, "Liberty or death!" and crowned with the red Phrygian cap. The crowd saw it and was instantly transformed into a maddened mob, bellowing:

*"A bas Louis-Philippe! Vive la République!"*

They began to sing "La Marseillaise." The bearer of the emblem of terrorism bore it towards the platform; La Fayette suddenly felt some one place a wreath of immortelles on his head; he snatched it off in disgust and threw it to the ground.

"Come on!" said George, there beside him.

They made their way as rapidly as they could towards

their carriage. But in the confusion they could not find it; George found a fiacre and they got in, then a crowd of students surrounded their vehicle, took out the horses, attached a long rope and hauled him away in triumph. He protested, but was powerless. The mob surged about him, demanding that he go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the republic. He knew none of the faces in that mass of faces, and yet they were familiar; he seemed to have seen them all half a century before, in the Place de Grève, along the quays and in the faubourg Saint-Antoine; dark, sinister faces, advanced now impudently, threateningly, over the sides of his fiacre.

"Give the order to attack!" the mob shouted. "It is by order of the people!"

"You are not the people," he said, "and besides, the first order for me is that of my conscience and of good sense."

They hesitated, disputing among themselves, while he waited, helpless, in his small fiacre, caught in that mad crowd, milling there in the narrow street. He heard some one behind him say:

"What if we killed the General and threw his body into the river? The people would think the government had done it; his death would be a good call to arms!"

Well, why not? He looked on as it were objectively at this strange scene. He even calculated the probable effect of his death on the cause—all that mattered, now, at seventy-five; all, indeed, that had ever mattered. He waited calmly, having looked death in the face so many times before. The mob hesitated.

Then, suddenly, a fusillade, shrieks of women and children, cries of panic, the sharp clatter of horses' hoofs, and two squadrons of dragoons charged into the Place de la Bastille, and cutting and slashing, rode down the mob.

In the confusion some of his friends laid hold of the ropes and dragged his fiacre away, with one of Fouché's *agents provocateurs* marching beside him, brandishing a sabre and shouting all the while:

*"Vive la République!"*

Thus, along the wet boulevards, filled now with excited and terrified people, the shutters going up rapidly at shop-windows, the crowd drew him homeward. At half-past six o'clock that evening, sick at heart, he gained his house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré with what dignity he could command.

## IV

The wildest rumours were flying through the streets: the insurgents had drawn La Fayette's carriage to the Hôtel de Ville and he had proclaimed the republic; his body, pierced by bayonets, had been borne through the streets by republicans calling on the people to rise and avenge his death; the government had seized him and thrown him into the dungeon at Vincennes. Excited crowds gathered about his door, and deputies came with anxious inquiries. As they sat in his *salon* wondering what to do, they could hear the sound of firing, and they begged him to go and intercede with the King. But he shook his head; that time was past. They decided to meet that night with other opposition deputies at Laffitte's house, as they had done in those July days two years before, and went away to summon their colleagues. A score of them were gathered when La Fayette and George arrived at Laffitte's house that evening.

He was, for once, discouraged; in two great moments of his life, his efforts to reconcile monarchy and popular sovereignty, had failed, and when they urged him to head a deputation to present an address to the King, he refused;

no words of his could influence Louis-Philippe, and his presence could only remind the King of his violation of solemn promises, and rouse bitter memories that would be too painful for His Majesty and for him. They talked until midnight and then separated to meet in the morning.

As he and George went the short distance from the rue Cerutti to the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, fighting was going on in the heart of Paris. At the Tuileries, courtiers were in terror, recalled Charles X and prepared for flight. But however timid in political affairs, Louis-Philippe was not wanting in personal courage. He mounted his horse, and in the glare of torches on the Place de Carrousel passed the guards in review, and the next morning rode through the faubourg Saint-Antoine, the Place de Grève and along the quays. The troops beat the mob back to its old lair, the small crowded quarter bounded by the rue Montmartre, the Passage du Saumon, and the rue Montorgeuil, and there, in the cloister of the old Church of Saint-Merry, sixty men commanded by a man named Jeanne, who had been decorated for bravery in the combats of July, made their last stand. . . . .

La Fayette that morning was at Laffitte's house, with the Liberal deputies. The majority decided—La Fayette voting as usual with the minority—to send a deputation to the King; and Laffitte, Odilon Barrot and Arago, downcast and despairing, drove away in a calash to the Tuileries. La Fayette could never be quite sure of what happened there; no public report was ever made of the audience, and in what they said privately the four men who took part in it all gave different accounts. The only thing of which he could be certain was that Louis-Philippe had said that the system of March 13 was his own, and not Casimir Périer's, and had

once more denied that he had ever agreed to what La Fayette called the programme of the Hôtel de Ville.

Perhaps it did not matter much, for at that very moment, when the three deputies were sitting in Louis-Philippe's study the artillery was battering down the Cloître de Saint-Merry, and by four o'clock that afternoon the insurrection was all over.

The thing that wounded La Fayette most of all was the reiterated denial by the King of the promises he had made. It hurt him more than all the calumnies or the threats of vengeance. For, as at every other moment in his life, the blame for all that had occurred was being laid upon him. He was accused of having organized and fomented the rebellion, and to the long list of lies that had been circulated about him, to be repeated with improvements and embellishments down the years—the lie that he had declared insurrection to be a sacred duty; the lie that he had fallen asleep on the 5th and 6th of October; the lie that he said "this is the best of republics"—a new one had just been added. It was said that, as a signal for the riot to begin, he had crowned the red cap of liberty with a wreath of immortelles, and that afterwards, in craven fear, he had run away from the scene of disorder, and, on reaching his house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré had exclaimed: "At last, I am saved!"

He had always refused to stoop to explanations or denials; it was a part of his naïve faith to trust the truth to make itself known at last. But Madier de Montjou, a Deputy and a supporter of Louis-Philippe, wrote him an impertinent letter that raised the question in such a way that he could not ignore it, and replying with cold ironical politeness, he ended by saying: "As for those who pretend to have been assured of this, even certain persons who have declared that

they saw it, I feel greatly at my ease in repeating that their assertion is at the same time a piece of stupidity and a lie."

He had intended to go to La Grange, but hearing that the government had ordered his arrest he would not leave, and remained in Paris, as he wrote to Dupont de l'Eure, "to brave the deluge of calumnies and show myself for a while before the government. . . . It has happened to me to keep on my feet before a despotism more glorious than this one."

The tyrannical measures adopted by the government after the insurrection pretty well convinced him at last that his "royal democracy" with a "throne based on popular sovereignty and surrounded by republican institutions," was a dream. He was filled with disgust, and resigned his place as mayor of Courpalay and member of the General Council of the department, "not wishing to have any more to do with the counter-revolution of July 1830 than with that of '89." This gesture alarmed some of his expectant friends; they were anxious to know what they should do if posts in the government were offered to them, and, to their relief, he advised them to accept if they felt that thereby they could do any good. But as for him: "It has been my personal destiny ever since I was nineteen years old, to be a sort of type of certain doctrines, or certain directions, which, without placing me above others, nevertheless sets me apart from them. . . . To-day arbitrary government has replaced the engagements of the Charter, for what can last fifteen days without opposition can last fifteen months, or fifteen years, as in the two precedent régimes. In principle it is the same thing. The King has declared that the system of the 13 March—that refrigerator of internal liberty at home, that extinguisher of our consideration abroad—was his own. Since his accession to the throne he has denied his engagements with me; that, no doubt, is not important for France,

but it is very important for me; for there exists between us a formal question of veracity. In these circumstances any official position that would not be the result of a popular election, no longer becomes my individual situation."

And so, inflexible as ever, he retired to La Grange.

## V

The entire family opposed his return to La Grange, because of the cholera, but he would not listen, and he arrived, bringing with him Dr. Thierry and great quantities of linen, flannel, blankets, food and medicaments for the peasants. George had already summoned to La Grange a young physician, Dr. Cardinal, and with him had been visiting the sick in their cottages; Anastasie and Virginia had nursed them, dressed the dead for burial and sometimes even laid them in their graves, for the villagers fled in terror. They took over a *pensionnat* at Courpalay and transformed it into a pharmacy, where they furnished medicaments for rich and poor alike. The General visited all the sick, provided for their needs and by August he could write to a friend that "when this letter reaches you, we shall be rid of the cholera, but I can not say the same of our political situation." He passed a few quiet weeks there—"happily for my repose, my personal situation and my age exempt me from all agitation"—and in the autumn spent two glorious days at Rozoy with George and Lescuyer, his steward, attending the fat stock show, and came home triumphant, having won four blue ribbons.

Then, late in September, he was writing to Dupont de l'Eure to say that he had asked them to mark his seat in the Chamber "beside yours, on that fourth bench at the left"; and early in November he was back at Paris for the opening

LA FAYETTE IN HIS OLD AGE

From a Portrait Painted in the Park at La Grange by Madame Joubert.

*Now in the Musée de l'Armée at the Hôtel des Invalides.*

of Parliament. The political scene was changed; the party of resistance, or the "doctrinaires," as the phrase of the moment designated the reactionaries, was in power; Louis-Philippe had laid aside his liberal masquerade, and was consolidating his throne. If his son could not be a King, his daughter could be a Queen, and he married the Princess Louise-Marie to Leopold I. The little Duke of Reichstadt, ex-King of Rome, died opportunely at Schoenbrunn, and Louise-Philippe was disembarrassed of the Bonapartist pretender, for no one thought of Louis Bonaparte, a vague dreamer just then fighting with the Romans against the Pope. The only pretender left was the young Duke de Bordeaux, and his mother, the Duchess de Berry, had landed in France and raised the white flag of the legitimists in the Vendée. Thiers, Minister of the Interior, bribed one of her *entourage* to betray her, and she was arrested at Nîmes. Thiers was proud of his exploit, but Louis-Philippe found himself confronted with a terrible problem—what was he to do with her, now that she was in his hands? Opinion was shocked; the faubourg Saint-Germain put on mourning. The romantic adventure of the plucky Duchess had excited the sympathies of the sentimental masses. But Louis-Philippe was lucky and the Duchess by her own weakness relieved him of embarrassment. She married an Italian Count, and that finished her. A duchess, and a royal highness, dressed as a peasant, wandering through France and evading the police of a usurper, struck the imagination; but the wife of a petty Italian noble was another thing.

The session opened on November 19, and as Louis-Philippe was riding across the Pont Royal on his way to the Palais Bourbon to open Parliament, a pistol was fired. Instinctively he ducked in the saddle, then, straightening up, bowed to the crowd to show that he had not been touched.

After the royal session the deputies went in a body to the Tuileries to offer their felicitations on the escape.

But La Fayette was not among them. He would not go because, for one reason, he was convinced that no one had fired on the King; he thought it all a farce arranged by the police in order to win sympathy for Louis-Philippe. And then, he felt that "after having given each other the lie in the face of the whole world," it would be more respectful not to show his face at the palace. "They will not suspect me of applauding methods of assassination, even supposing this to have been serious, which I greatly doubt." His absence was remarked and, of course, criticized, even by the King, who complained of it to one of La Fayette's friends. But in his pride and disappointment he held aloof, as he had done under the Consulate, the Empire and the Restoration. His consolations continued to come unfailingly, as they had always done, from America. James Fenimore Cooper gave a dinner, and presented to him on behalf of a regiment of the New York National Guard, a "superb jewel," mounted in gold from North Carolina. He was deeply moved; "here it has been fifty-five years," he said, "that these proofs of confidence and affection are perpetuated without the least alteration. How could one fail to be profoundly touched!" He recorded it as a *"belle soirée,"* but he seldom went out in the evening any more. Strong as was his constitution and excellent his health, the time had come at last to conserve his strength and George watched over him as though he had been his child.

During all that session of 1832-1833, on that fourth bench at the Left, with Dupont de l'Eure on one side and George on the other, he sat in a kind of Noachian dignity, as one who had survived the deluge of the Revolution. He still had the manner and the manners of the eighteenth century,

all its generous idealism and graceful charm, and he was still living in his Utopian dream. He had its wit, its taste in epigram, and spoke with its accent to express ideas and outline political reforms far in advance of his day. His speeches were parliamentary events. When he was attacked by Barthe, the Keeper of the Seals, who in his day had been an enthusiastic member of the Carbonari, La Fayette, in his reply referred to him as "my old accomplice"; the Chamber roared with laughter and Barthe crumpled up.

And yet, not for the world would he hurt anybody's feelings, and when Barthe came to him privately to complain of his pleasantry he went to the clerk to have his irony stricken from the journal.

On January 23, when the Chamber was discussing pensions for the men who had taken part in the destruction of the Bastille, Gaëtan de La Rochefoucauld, in opposing the measure, said that the attack on the Bastille had turned the Revolution from its natural course, plunged it into all the excesses of anarchy and set the example of rioting and massacres. This was too much for La Fayette; his memory went back to a morning long ago in the Salle des Menus Plaisirs, and he mounted the tribune. He had a duty to fulfil; he could not allow that glorious July 14 to be called a riot. "And I will cite for the benefit of the previous speaker the words of his illustrious father. When, on learning of the fall of the Bastille, the unhappy Louis XVI exclaimed: 'It is a great riot!' La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt replied: 'No, Sire, it is a great revolution!' "

And then, in the midst of these struggles came distressing news from America—South Carolina was threatening to secede, the Union was to be broken up. . . . For a moment the world reeled beneath his feet. Was that sure rock of liberalism, which had stood immovable in the welter of

anarchy and despotism of the world, that republic which he had helped to found, to which he had always confidently pointed as the model for mankind—was that, too, to go down in chaos? In sorrow he took his quill and wrote a letter, pleading "with those in the United States who were forming projects of separation from the Union to wait at least the little time until he and the few old soldiers of the Revolution who still survived should have joined their comrades in arms and the first promoters of independence." The touching letter was published in the United States, and was not without its effect on public sentiment. But there was a man in the White House, a terrible old man, whose steely blue eyes could blast an opponent where he stood, and when La Fayette heard of the banquet at which, after twenty-four Nullification toasts had been drunk, this old man had risen and proposed "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved!" and made them drink it, he wrote to Andrew Jackson—the seventh President with whom he had been on intimate terms— "It is superfluous to tell you with what anxiety I have been longing for news from our dear land of America. . . . How happy I am to learn that all has ended without a collision!"

And then, there was the old quarrel between France and the United States over the spoliation claims, that had dragged on ever since the days of the Empire. It had been settled by a treaty, signed on July 4, 1831, by the terms of which France had agreed to pay five million dollars in indemnities and to liquidate the claims of the heirs of Beaumarchais against the United States. The treaty, however, had not been ratified by the French Chambers, and Andrew Jackson's vigorous methods, as well as Rives's shirt-sleeve diplomacy, had ruffled the sensitive susceptibilities of the French, and America was unpopular at Paris.

The treaty was coming before the Chamber for ratification and his political enemies were preparing to take advantage of the situation to "depopularize" him; they thought that he was in a dilemma from which he could not escape; he must choose at last between his two countries. "This intrigue," he said, the day before the treaty was to come up, "will be baffled by my frankness."

And so he took the bull by the horns and made a speech in favour of ratification. America, he said, "was the only nation that in 1814 and 1815 did not unite with our enemies, and let me say in passing, if she had, her claims would have been settled long ago, as were those of all the hostile powers."

At the end of his speech he said: "I shall close by replying in advance to a probable objection; it will be said that in this affair I am a good American. Messieurs, that is a title which honours me; it is a title dear to my heart; but no one, I believe, will say that I have ever been a bad Frenchman."

He was eager for the session to end so that he might go back to La Grange, and he went there for that lovely summer, whose superb days he described in a letter to the Princess de Belgiojoso as "warm, pure and all alive," as beautiful as any she would find at Tours, the paradise of France. His heart, however, was heavy, for political darkness hung persistently over Europe. Would the long night never end, the dawn never come? Should he never live to see a world at peace and free in the light of liberalism? There had been riots at Lyons, and the government had taken harsh measures. "It is forbidden at Lyons," he wrote to the sprightly Princess, "to sing *La Marseillaise,* which Louis-Philippe used to sing so well, and that would seem to be jealousy between virtuosos." But on the other hand,

"There is the best news from Oporto; they are expecting an insurrection at Fiqueras."

He took part, with what enthusiasm he could, but with sad reflections, in the fêtes with which the villagers celebrated the second anniversary of the new monarchy, founded in the "three glorious days" on which he had set such high hopes. Louis-Philippe had celebrated the event at Paris by doing honour to the memory of Napoleon at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme; a bit of theatricalism that La Fayette viewed with ironical amusement; he spoke of it as the *amende honourable,* and thought that now it "would be inconsistent not to allow the family of Bonaparte to enter France." He wrote as much to the Prince de Canino, Lucien Bonaparte, in acknowledging the gift of Lucien's volume on Etruscan vases.

But, however dissatisfied with a stupid and arbitrary government, he was calm and serene in those summer days at La Grange. He drove about the farms in his small Russian calash—he seldom rode any more—and watched the maturing crops, inspected the stables and the orchards where the five thousand apple- and pear-trees were flourishing. La Grange had prospered; his theories in that domain at any rate had proved to be sound; his experiments had succeeded, and he had fructified the heritage that Adrienne had left to their children. They were all about him now, that large family, Anastasie, George and Virginia and their children; all those little Brigodes and Duperons, and Périers and Bureaux de Pusys, and Rémusats and Corcelles, a rosy circle of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; they sat down more than thirty now, to the long table at dinner in the late afternoon.

He lived with frugal simplicity; the wing of a chicken, a bit of bread and a glass of the native wine sufficed for

his dinner. When, in September, he celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday he had none of the infirmities of age, except that he was slightly deaf and had a twinge of gout now and then.

Madame de Montagu and her two sons-in-law, M. d'Auberville and M. du Parc, came often to La Grange, and he went often to Fontenay. Madame de Montagu had accepted the Revolution of July with a truly pious resignation; she had said, "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do." She and her brother-in-law were on the best of terms, and never discussed politics any more. Besides, Madame de Montagu was tactful and for nothing in the world would she have damped the joy of all that buoyant youth at La Grange. So when she came they all amused themselves, read aloud, played at "proverbs," guessed riddles and had a wild and exciting time.

There were always visitors; the diligence hardly ever rumbled into the public place at Courpalay without bringing one or two Americans come to pay their court. Polish refugees, patriots of other lands and proscribed friends of liberty came to see him; most of the time he had two or three hidden on the place, like the Count Ostrowski and Joachim Lelewell, the Polish savant.

They flew to him as birds fly to a lighthouse in a storm. And there were reformers with panaceas for saving the world, obsessed by their own infallible programmes. They bored him, but he listened patiently and benevolently.

Kings might reign and flourish still, and liberty might be bleeding, but in the peace of La Grange he had recovered all his old hope and equanimity. "I do not know what will become of our own affairs," he wrote, "but I was always of a hopeful nature, and hope is far from abandoning me in

this present crisis." One revolution had succeeded at any rate, that in Portugal; Dom Miguel had been driven out, and La Fayette had been honourably represented there by Virginia's son, Jules de Lasteyrie, who had been wounded and shed his blood at this new Brandywine.

The days passed swiftly, as days do when one is old and they are growing few. Autumn was there. White mists rolled knee deep over the fields when Bastien awoke him and he looked out of his window of a morning; the labourers were gathering the apples in the orchards, and the presses were squeezing out the celebrated cider of La Grange. How lovely was La Grange! How lovely this France of his! The summer was gone, how soon! Like the years, since that day when he and old Kalb had watched the shores of Europe fade away, and then had seen the shores of America rise mysterious and vague out of the sea. It was late November now, and time to go back to Paris to continue the old struggle to the end. It was hard to leave La Grange. But he must go on, no matter how often defeated.

"The independence of my character yields to nothing but my own convictions," he was writing to a political friend. "No obstacle, no disappointment, no grief can cause me to slacken or turn aside in pressing towards the one goal of my life—the well-being of all, and liberty everywhere."

At Paris just then the conservatives were complaining of his radicalism, and the radicals of his conservatism. Once more he was being ground between the upper and nether millstones, the fate of the liberal always. But no matter. He would not yield to either. "What—to speak only of me —would the man of the 11 July, '89, the companion and friend of so many patriots in the Constituent and of so many other deplorable victims—often with no other accusa-

tion against them than that of Fayettism—what would he do there, he who always protested in the name of the republic against the profanations of its name—he, in a word, who, associated with Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, is not tempted, at the end of sixty years, to change his parish for the patronage of Robespierre, Saint-Just and Marat?"

He laid down his quill; a shepherd was herding a flock of sheep across the lawn to fold them for the night. The light was fading from the fields of La Grange.

## VI

When the session opened he was in his usual place in the Chamber—leaning a little forward, his sparse blond eyebrows knit in a slight scowl of concentration, his hand held behind his ear the better to hear the speech from the throne. On January 3, 1834, he had his say on it in the tribune. He had never spoken better, or to better purpose. The crowded benches listened intently while he preached once more the doctrine of liberalism, and denounced the counter-revolution. He had come to realize that liberty was never wholly won; it had to be won over and over every day, and could be preserved only by constant, unflagging resistance. It must "always be a living thing and never be relegated to the archives."

And then he took occasion to dispose of an old and persistent fable. In the debate of the day before, M. de Mornay had used the phrase: "As the honourable General La Fayette, that intrepid and persevering defender of liberty, once said: 'the best republic is—ours!'"

And La Fayette, closing his speech, said:

"I take advantage of this occasion to thank my honourable colleague, M. de Mornay, for having given me the means

of rectifying an impression that, by error, had been attributed to me by several journals. No, Messieurs, it would not have been becoming in a man who declared himself, even at that epoch, a *disciple of the American school,* a man who had been the friend, the associate, if I may be permitted to speak thus, of Washington, of Franklin and of Jefferson, to say that the combination that we made, and which we then thought to be in the interest and according to the will of the nation, was *the best of republics.*"

He had given up at last his old hope of a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions, and had grounded his new hope on a pure republic. But it was too late; except the few words he pronounced on January 25 on behalf of some Polish refugees, it was the last time that his voice was heard in the old palace of the Medicis. The day before there had been an incident in the Chamber between Dulong, Deputy for the Eure, and General Bugeaud. Four days later they fought with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne. George de La Fayette and Cæsar Bacot acted as witnesses for Dulong, and Dr. Jules Cloquet as physician. At the first shot Dulong fell, mortally wounded, and died the next morning.

Dulong was an intimate friend of Dupont de l'Eure, who, disgusted with the reactionary government of Louis-Philippe and all the broken promises and shattered hopes, and despairing of liberty itself, had not come to Paris for the session of Parliament. Now, at the news of the wanton sacrifice of his friend, he decided to resign. The Liberal deputies met at La Fayette's house under the sombre impression of the tragedy and distressed by the fear of losing Dupont de l'Eure. They sent him a joint letter imploring him not to resign, but La Fayette, that afternoon, wrote him an appeal of his own; to the "tender sympathies and earnest prayers" of his other colleagues he would add those of

your old friend and brother in liberty. . . . George, who was chosen by our poor Dulong to fulfil a sad and unfortunate last function of friendship, begs me to mention him to you; he is filled with the deepest affliction. Adieu, my dear Dupont; do not abandon us; let us stay, both of us, side by side, where the confidence and attachment of our compatriots have placed us, and let us hold to the result of this double sentiment while waiting for better times. They will come, you may be sure of it; it would be unfortunate for the future of our country if we yielded to a very natural disgust. The feeling excited by the loss of our friend, and by the circumstances that will be reported to you, has been very strong. Adieu, my dear and excellent friend. Do not leave us.

The funeral of Dulong was held on Saturday, February 1, 1834, and he insisted on walking behind the hearse, all the way from Dulong's house in the rue de Castiglione to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. It was a long and painful march for him, lame as he was. At the grave there were the interminable speeches, and he must stand bare-headed in the cold, raw February air while they were made. The exposure brought on a chill, and when he reached home he was obliged to go to bed, prostrated by fatigue and suffering great pain. George was alarmed and sent for Dr. Cloquet and Dr. Guersent, and after a few days the General was so far recovered that they allowed him to receive a few friends, though they would not hear of his returning to the Chamber, as he was impatient to do.

The newspapers were full just then of the debates in the Chamber over the vote of credits to pay the spoliation claims, and of old Andrew Jackson's undiplomatic rage and his quarrel with the Senate, and he was eager to take part in these discussions. In fact, convalescence was slow and tedious, but he made the best of it.

His thoughts were going back over the long, tumultuous

years, back to his youth; back to America; he told stories of Washington, whose bust by Houdon stood before his writing-table, and was reproduced on the tiny Louis XVI clock on the mantelpiece, with the bronze bas-relief of the surrender of Cornwallis at its base. His mind went farther back, to the days of the Black Musketeers and old Louis XV; he told stories of Madame Dubarry, how, one evening at cards, while he, a stripling, stood looking on, the favourite, throwing down her hand in despair, cried, *"Ah, je suis frite!"* and the old King blushed with shame at his mistress's vulgarity.

Dr. Cloquet ordered Madeira wine, and La Fayette said to Bastien:

"Give me that from La Grange; it will do me more good than any other."

It was wine that had been given to him by some Americans and possessed the special virtues to be found in all that was associated with that land, except perhaps the two volumes of *Mémoires* in which Gouverneur Morris drew such a perfect portrait of himself. They had just come out, and the General was strong enough to read them now, and when he was able to dictate letters, he wrote to J. Fenimore Cooper:

I have read the *Mémoires* of a distinguished statesman to the memory of whom I am attached by the sentiments of a friendship of youth and those of an affectionate gratitude for the great services that he rendered to my wife and children; however, I can not deny that his communications with the royal family in which he represented me as an ultra-democrat too republican even for the United States, may be counted among the numerous causes that encouraged them not to listen to my counsels and not to take into any account public opinion. As for me, during the course of a long life, I have always found that distance, far

from weakening, seems to reanimate all the more my feeling of American pride.

He expected to be entirely well in two or three weeks and was making plans for the future, inviting friends to visit him at La Grange and showing all of his old interest in public affairs. He was distressed by the insurrections at Lyons, and by the illiberal laws that were being brought in by the government. He wrote a long letter to Murray of Glasgow, President of the Society for the Emancipation of the Negro, and applauded the measures taken by the British parliament to pay for the freeing of the slaves. One dream was coming true, at any rate!

He had a little white bitch of which he was very fond; during his illness she never left him for a second, and would permit no one except Bastien to touch her master's clothes. When he was depressed, she moped, but when he rose from his bed, she danced about with joy; for Dr. Cloquet she was a kind of infallible thermometer registering his patient's health, which, as Dr. Cloquet had long since observed, was sensitive to his mental moods. The long confinement was proving irksome, and now that spring had come, the Doctor decided that his patient must go out of doors and take the air. And so, every morning in a closed carriage, he drove to Beauséjour, a country house at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne, where he would pass a greater part of the day with his granddaughter, Madame Adolphe Périer.

On May 9 he drove out to the Bois as usual. The morning was fine, but at midday a thunder-storm came up, the temperature fell suddenly and a glacial wind blew from the northwest. He was drenched by the pelting rain and exposed to the icy wind; when he reached home all the old

symptoms returned, and Dr. Cloquet called into consultation Drs. Fouquier, Marjolin and Andral.

The General objected; he had entire confidence in his physicians, but Dr. Guersent explained:

"We are responsible to your family, your friends and all the French people, whose father you are."

"Yes, their father," he replied, with his old dry humour, "on condition that they do not have to heed a word of what I say to them."

He grew rapidly worse. Bastien watched night after night until he was quite worn out, and would fall asleep on his chair.

"Let him sleep," said the General. Extra nurses were summoned, bulletins were issued; anxious crowds gathered in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré. One day he read in *La Gazette de Suisse* the announcement of his own death.

"*La Gazette de Suisse* has me dead," he said, laughing, handing the newspaper to Dr. Cloquet when he came in, "and you know nothing about it. *Eh bien!* I will tell you something more, that in order to make me die according to all the formalities, they have consulted a celebrated doctor whom I hardly know. After that, have confidence in newspapers!"

Then, overcome by a great weariness, he fell silent, and was for a moment sad. But instantly he recovered his old serenity.

"*Que voulez-vous?*" he said to Dr. Cloquet. "Life is like the flame of a lamp; when there is no more oil—*zest!* It goes out, and it is all over."

He lay in the bed with the yellow silk hangings; his family were all about him, Anastasie, George, Virginia and

their children. They watched all night, while the *curé* of the Church of the Assumption prayed.

The pale light of morning was showing through the yellow silk curtains at the windows when George noticed that with an uncertain hand he was feeling about for something on his breast. George leant over, took the locket which his father always wore about his neck, and placed it in the feeble hand. The locket contained a miniature of Adrienne de Noailles, and a lock of her hair, and was engraved with her last words: *Je suis toute à vous.* La Fayette grasped the locket and pressed it to his lips. . . . It was dawn on the morning of Tuesday, May 20, 1834.

## VII

He lay in the darkened room, with the flames of candles making tiny nimbuses of light about him—the candles of Lord Cornwallis, which Bastien had brought from America, and, suddenly remembering, had lighted of his own notion, and set about his master's bier. Ary Scheffer came, and made one more sketch of him; David d'Angers took a death mask.

It had been his wish to lie in Picpus Cemetery, beside his wife, in earth brought from America in the *Brandywine.* The funeral was to be held on Thursday, and the people would have turned it into a great popular demonstration in his memory. But to Louis-Philippe, La Fayette dead was as dangerous as La Fayette living; he had not forgotten the funerals of Manuel and Lamarque. And so the government took charge, declared the obsequies to be official, and extinguished them under the hypocritical pomp of a military funeral. The programme was published in the official *Moniteur* of the 21st; there were to be no demonstrations

and funeral orations were forbidden. The public indignation found expression in an article in the *National,* written by the republican Armand Carrel: "Hide yourselves, Parisians! The funeral of an honest man and a true friend of liberty is passing by!"

The sun was blazing in a clear sky when, at nine o'clock that Thursday morning, the procession left the house in the rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, for the Church of the Assumption. The funeral car, with the tricolour flag at its four corners, moved slowly, almost hidden in the column of infantry, massed, with bristling bayonets, closely about it. Behind the hearse walked Bastien, bearing a black velvet cushion, on which were laid La Fayette's sword and epaulettes. Then George and the family, and a great host of friends, the men bare-headed in the sun; then a delegation from the Chamber, but not a Minister of State. There were three thousand men of the National Guard, in full dress uniform, without arms, wearing *crêpe* and commanded by Marshal Lobau. The parvis of the Church of the Assumption was filled with old members of the National Guard, and as General Dwernicky and his Poles bore the coffin into the church, the old Guardsmen pressed forward to touch, as it passed, the coffin of their old commander. The Poles bore it into the church, transformed into a *chapelle ardente* by its black velvet and silver hangings, and placed it on the catafalque; the blue flames of the lamps at its four corners wavered in the dark shadows that filled the church.

After the mass, the long slow march to Picpus, across the Place Vendôme, by the rue de la Paix and the boulevards, to the Place de la Bastille, with crowds massed along the *trottoirs,* silent, sorrowful, cowed by the great display of military force, with cavalry and artillery posted at every

*carrefour,* and his old Paris in a state of siege. Then through the faubourg Saint-Antoine, whose streets, once so tumultuous, were silent now, he passed on his way to Picpus. The sun had gone under a cloud; the afternoon sky had closed in, grey, cold and melancholy.

Chateaubriand was standing with the crowd on the Boulevard Saint-Martin at the very spot where, in 1790, he had seen La Fayette for the first time—young then, and astride his white horse, surrounded by his staff. Now he stood, uncovered and watched the old leader of the lost cause pass for the last time. "I was in the crowd," he wrote, "at the entrance of the rue Grange-Batelière when the funeral of M. de La Fayette passed by; at the top of the rise in the boulevard the hearse stopped; I saw it, all gilded by a fugitive ray of the sun, gleam above the helmets and the arms. Then the shadow returned, and it disappeared."

## VIII

When, a month later, America heard the news of his death President Jackson ordered that the same military honours be rendered to him that had been rendered to Washington. At every post in the army and on every ship and station in the navy twenty-four guns were fired at day-break, flags were lowered to half-mast, and all day long, every half hour until sunset, a gun boomed solemnly. The officers of the army and navy wore brassards of *crêpe* for six months. The Senate and House adopted a joint resolution expressing the sorrow of Congress, and requested the President to send a copy of it to George Washington de La Fayette with a letter expressing the sympathy of the American nation. The members put on mourning for thirty days, the halls of Congress were hung in black until the end of the session and

John Quincy Adams was invited to pronounce the oration before the two Houses assembled in joint session.

Memorial services were held in every city in the land; the La Fayette Guards marched once more, and the Order of the Cincinnati and the few surviving veterans of the old Continentals turned out for their last parade. And everywhere men, women and children wore signs of mourning for him, if nothing more than the little satin badge stamped with the portrait of the Marquis. For, in a kind of gallant and immortal youth, the Marquis he always was to them, bringing into their lives the only romance they had ever known. Europe, old and weary and cynical, might sneer at him as ingenuous and naïve, laugh at his illusions and rejoice that his cause had not been won. Perhaps it never would be won. But those vast American crowds somehow felt that he had won, at any rate. For in their dim, intuitive way, they realized that it is not so much the victory that matters, as the way one fights, and the Marquis had fought, his whole life long, with courage, with chivalry and with faith.

## NOTE ON THE SOURCES AND AUTHORITIES

The principal and best source of information about La Fayette is his own *Mémoires,* that is, the six volumes published at Paris in 1837 and 1838 by the La Fayette family under the title, *Mémoires, Correspondance et Manuscrits du Général La Fayette.* The *Mémoires* themselves, usually cited as *Mémoires de Ma Main,* are occasional and fragmentary essays dealing with various periods of his life. They were written from memory, and unfortunately in a style far too concise to concern itself with those personal details that one is apt to be curious about. They are invariably modest, impersonal and objective, never specious or misleading, and in their fairness and accuracy have successfully withstood all the attacks of La Fayette's enemies and detractors. Furthermore, as M. Henri Doniol says, *"l'inclination à composer son personnage, qui est toujours l'écueil de ceux que se racontent, n'y joue qu'un petit rôle."*

M. Doniol's monumental work, *Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États Unis d'Amérique,* published in five superb quarto volumes by the French government in 1886, is in many respects the richest of all the mines of interest. The work is based on a scholarly study of the official archives, and for the light that it throws on the War for American Independence is unsurpassed in importance. It describes the vast *épopée* on a scale as large as the world, and there is enough material of fascinating interest in it to supply modern biographers for twenty years.

On a level with this work in interest and importance—but, alas, not in typography—is *The Revolutionary and Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States,* edited by Francis Wharton and published in conformity with an Act of Congress at Washington in 1889. This book was distributed as a public document, which no doubt accounts for the lack of appreciation from which it has suffered. Then there is *Le Général de La Fayette,* by

Étienne Charavay, published at Paris by the *Société de l'Histoire de la Révolution Française* in 1898. M. Charavay, from the *Mémoires de Ma Main,* the great work of M. Doniol, the official archives, the Bibliothèque National, the Musée Carnavalet, and other sources, public and private, has composed the *curriculum vitæ* of La Fayette in a form that is highly valuable to the student.

In addition to these authorities there are many *mémoires* of the times, such as *Souvenirs et Anecdotes,* by the Count de Ségur, *Voyage dans l'Amérique Septentrionale,* by the Marquis de Chastellux, *Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amérique,* by the Abbé Robin, and the *Mémoires* of the Count de Moré de Pontgibaud, though the last is more interesting than accurate. These books pretty well cover the period of the American War and in the main concern only La Fayette's public career; for the private and personal side there is, first of all, that moving little book, *La Vie de Madame de La Fayette par Mme. de Lasteyrie, précédée d'une notice sur la vie de sa mère, Mme. la Duchesse d'Ayen, 1737–1807.* This volume contains the life of the Duchess d'Ayen, which Madame de La Fayette wrote in the prison of Olmutz; her daughter Virginia, Madame de Lasteyrie, in her turn, wrote the life of her mother, and the two were brought out in one volume. As a companion to this volume there is the interesting book about Madame de La Fayette's sister, the Marquise de Montagu. For the later periods of the life there is, among others, the *Correspondance Inédite de La Fayette,* by Jules Thomas, with an *Étude Psychologique* that tells us more about the psychology of its author than that of its subject, though the letters are exceedingly valuable for the light they throw on the Olmutz period. And then there are the two volumes of *La Fayette en Amérique en 1824 et 1825,* written by his secretary, A. Levasseur, Lady Morgan's *La France, La Fayette et la Révolution de 1830,* by Sarrans, and *Souvenirs sur la Vie Privée du Général La Fayette,* by La Fayette's physician, Dr. Jules Cloquet.

For the general history and atmosphere of the various periods and phases other books which, while not dealing directly with La Fayette, still have a bearing upon his times, have been read or examined. They will be found in the list published below.

I should like to express my thanks to Count Louis de Lasteyrie for the interest he has shown in my book, and to the Honourable Walter P. Gardener, of Jersey City, and to Mr. Stuart W. Jackson, of New York, for their kindness in allowing me to examine their important private collections of letters; to Major Alfred Huger, of Charleston, South Carolina, for generously placing at my disposition his most interesting documents and correspondence; to Mrs. Francis Lawrance, for allowing me to read certain family papers; and to the Duke and Duchess de la Force, Mrs. Murray Crane, Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn, Miss Madeline Mason-Manheim, Miss Agnes J. Pearson, Mr. Rutger Bleecker Jewett, Mr. Blake-More Godwin, Mr. Rupert Hughes, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, Colonel Edward M. House, Mr. Albert Jay Nock, Mr. Norman Armour, the Honourable Simeon D. Fess, and Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, for various aids and suggestions, and to Mr. Jean J. Bannier of Paris for his kindness in looking out for me certain books and documents in France.

BRAND WHITLOCK

*Cannes*

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